

RAZZORCAKE

#72 \$4 US

We Do Our Part | Non-profit Punk Rock

Peter Case & Paul Collins of
THE NERVES
LEMURIA
WHITE NIGHT



RIP THIS PAGE OUT

Curious about how to realistically help Razorcake?

On our site we have a webstore stocked with contemporary punk records. They aren't there for speculative collectability. They're there because that's why we're all here.

Punk records are what got us to where we are, and they will take us to where we're going. Running a record label is harder than ever, and any way within our means that we can help small labels distribute records, we truly try to do it. We don't have a super large distro because we're pretty busy doing a million other things. But we love all the records we stock.

Remember, buying records from independent labels isn't mindless consumerism. It's supporting a culture and community that you identify with. Whenever you place an order through the site, it's a reminder that we're not alone, and an inspiration to keep doing our part.

razorcake.org/store/music

If you wish to donate through the mail, please rip this page out and send it to:

Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.
PO Box 42129
Los Angeles, CA 90042

NAME:

ADDRESS:

EMAIL:

DONATION
AMOUNT:

Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc., a California not-for-profit corporation, is registered as a charitable organization with the State of California's Secretary of State, and has been granted official tax exempt status (section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code) from the United States IRS. Our tax ID number is 05-0599768. Your gift is tax deductible to the full extent provided by law.

SUBSCRIBE AND HELP KEEP RAZORCAKE IN BUSINESS

RAZORCAKE

We Do Our Part

www.razorcake.org

Subscription rates for a one year, six-issue subscription:
U.S. – bulk: \$16.50 • U.S. – 1st class, in envelope: \$22.50
Prisoners: \$22.50 • Canada: \$25.00 • Mexico: \$33.00
Anywhere else: \$50.00
(U.S. funds: checks, cash, or money order)

Name _____ Email _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

U.S. subscribers (sorry world, int'l postage sucks) will receive either *Abolitionist*, *It Used to Rain* (1859 Records) or *Give Back: Volume One: A Benefit for Chintimini Wildlife Center* (1859 Records).

Although it never hurts to circle one, we can't promise what you'll get.

Return this with your payment to: Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
If you want your subscription to start with an issue other than #73, please indicate what number.



THANKS from:

RAZORCAKE

for another

**GREAT
YEAR**

your donations help
keep us...



Death Eaters

I stared at a wall inside a punk record store on the other side of world. It was almost like being in a Los Angeles punk record store, aside from some tiny variations. Bummer. I was looking for something different. The wall was lined with collectible punk giants: Misfits bootlegs, Minor Threat, Dead Kennedys, Ramones, Black Flag. It felt like an interior designer had invented this recurring wallpaper of undeniably great, expensive records. Those willing and able to pay top dollar for chunks of playable history are in luck, though. They can still buy their way in. Some things never change.

As punk rockers, we eat death. Dead memories fill our heads. Dead bands fill our ears. Dead eras are reshaped, repopulated, and recreated in books and zines. Dead friends are remembered. We ingest all of this death. It helps give us meaning, a foundation, history, and lineage. Like slaughtered flesh and fruits and vegetables pulled from the earth, the food we eat is rarely ever alive. The same goes for most music, unless you're walking or living along that thin edge of creation.

The past is seductive. That's the allure of its design. Its packaging is containment and comfort. But, beware of spending all of your time in it. It can quickly turn into an embittering sedative—a mind-closing, burned-out circuit. As a culture—I'm talking specifically about contemporary DIY punk now—we can't effectively accelerate into the future looking into the rear-view mirror of the past, of death.

For me, the finds in record stores come from the hips on down—bending, digging, getting dirty. My largest record finds have come in miscategorized bins and at flea markets where the seller doesn't specialize in records or areas where terrestrial radios don't get good reception.

On our best days, I treat Razorcake as a continuum—a place where life and death are both eaten. The cool thing about history is that it can inform what we're doing today. It can give us a springboard, a wiring diagram, a template. What death can't do is create new music. It's no longer a live wire. What death can't do is synthesize all the options and challenges facing you today and make decisions for you. Creation's often scary, incomplete, and messy. New creation can be a lonely, poverty-stricken affair where people endlessly shit on you, ignore you, or attempt to control you. Conversely, it can be a thrilling world where little-known creators are involved in an exciting, durable culture. It doesn't have a clean, death-defined shape, but it has a horizon to drive towards.

Very few things that make sense come to me in dreams. My hands are raw, nicked, and bleeding. Several people who died last year are sitting around a large table that seats twenty or more, and we're all stitching this thing together with members of my family and the Razorcake crew. The mood is light, but everyone's hands are severely bleeding. I'm hit with an aerial shot of the room just before the dream ends. From the view looking down, we'd all been busy making a massive "Welcome" mat. The biggest one I've ever seen.

Don't give in quite yet.

I tell myself this almost every day.

—Todd Taylor

Razorcake
PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042

razorcake.org
gorskypress.com
facebook.com/razorcake
twitter.com/razorcakegorsky
youtube.com/RazorcakeGorsky
razorcake.tumblr.com
razorcake-records.bandcamp.com
gorskypress.bandcamp.com

ADVERTISING / CONTRIBUTOR DEADLINE

ISSUE #73

Feb. 1st 2013

Visit razorcake.org

Click "Ads" for rates and details.

Ad rates start at \$40.

Cover design by Amy Adoyzie
Cover photo by Tiger Lily

"Superstition and all the nastiness and abominations of daily life were necessary, since in the process of time they worked out to something sensible, just as manure turns into black earth. There was nothing on earth so good that it had not something nasty about its first origin."

—Anton Chekhov, "Ward Number 6"

THANK YOU: "Belt out another one, Eric!" thanks to Amy Adoyzie for the cover design and for Tiger Lilly for the photo; Goobba gabba goobba gabba thanks to Brad Beshaw for his illo. in Dr. Sean Carswell's column; It wasn't a clean machine thanks to Craig Horky for his illo. in Jim's column; "Hurm" Rezillos thanks to Alex Barrett for his illo. in sharp-kneed Norb's column; Chicken hands corndog off to god. Please paint this on my bathroom ceiling thanks to Bill Pinkel for his illo. in the Rhythm Chicken's column; Lee Ving was awesome in Flashdance thanks to Aphid Peewit for writing a Fear review that was column-length and for Josh Rosa for illustrating two mockings of a messiah within four pages; Gentlemen, he is no Youtube gimmick thanks to Marcos Siref for his illo. in Nardwuar's column; You really should order every Geneva13 back issue available, nice quilt, and lustrous locks a-flyin' thanks to Kevin Dunn, Amy Adoyzie, James Davecat Willet, Nicole C. Kibert, and Curtis Grimstead for all their respective contributions to the Lemuria interview; "Hangin' on the Telephone" wasn't written by Blondie and these dudes were up against the Grateful Dead juggernaut. The results are nothing short of miraculous. Give thanks to the Nerves and to Jeff Proctor, Lauren Measure, and Rob Stephen for all of their interview help; Do not learn to play your instruments too well. Ever. It's served the Oblivians for decades thanks to Ryan Leach, Amy Adoyzie, Bully Rook, J. Dennis Thomas, Renate Winter, and Tod Seele for their collective help with the Eric Oblivian interview; There is no "K" in front of "night," Captain-Kirk-smooching-Uhura-approved, shamans-get-EBT thanks to Babe for her photos in the White Night interview; It sounds so easy. "Listen to/read/watch this. Explain it in an interesting way. Put some context on it. Would you buy it yourself?" (For the first time in our history, one of them turned into an unexpected guest column.) These folks reviewed records, books, zines, and videos that were sent to us through the postal mail and we thank them (in loosely chronological time of turning them in to HQ): Art Ettinger, George Rager, Kurt Morris, Rick E., Keith Rosson, Ryan Horky, Nighthawk, Sal Lucci, Garrett Barnwell, Billups Allen, Tim Brooks, Kristen K., MP Johnson, Ian Wise, Juan Espinosa, Jimmy Alvarado, Matt Average, Ty Stranglehold, Paul J. Comeau, Dave Williams, Sean Koepenick, Bryan Static, Mark Twistworthy, Norb, Aphid Peewit, The Lord Kveldulfr, Dan Ozzi, CT Terry, Craven Rock, and Dave Brainwreck; 540 square feet. That's how large RCHQ is. The following people helped us out by coming in or remotely taking time out of their busy schedules to lend us a hand: Candice Tobin, Andrew Wagher, Kari Hamanaka, Matthew Hart, Marty Ploy, Chris Baxter, Mary-Clare Stevens, Rene Navarro, Adrian Salas, Megan Pants, Adrian Chi, Jenn Swann, Alex Martinez, Robert El Diablo, Ever Velasquez, Joe Dana, Juan Espinosa, Sean Arenas, Aaron Kovacs, Nicole Macias, Julia Smut, Jenn Witte, George Lopez, Donna Ramone, Tim Burkett, Jeff Proctor, Josh Rosa, Toby Tober, Sal Lucci, Johnny Volume, Jennifer Federico, Malcolm McLaren, Nighthawk, Marcos Siref, Ronnie Sullivan, PJ Fancher, Kurt Morris, and Katie Dunn.

This issue is dedicated to the birth of Milo.



**Scream,
Milo,
Scream!**

BAD ACTOR-NO DONUT



TOYS THAT KILL

Famby 42 LP/CD
The Citizen Abortion LP (repress!)

TREASURE FLEET

Cocamotion LP

Summer Vacation

Condition LP

TAPANTHER

Beets, Limes and Rice LP/CD

LANDLORD

Beneath The Wheel LP

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND

Knows Your Sins LP/CD

Bird Roughs LP/CD

LENGUAS LARGAS

S/T LP

ARRIVALS

Volatile Molotov LP/CD

Marvels of Industry LP/CD

Go to store.recessrecords.com for mailorder

Recess POB 1666 San Pedro, CA 90733

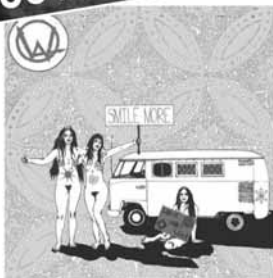
WWW.RECESSRECORDS.COM



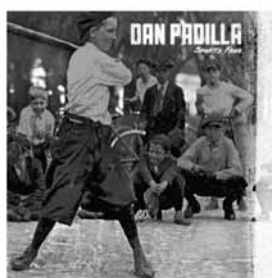
DIRT CULT RECORDS

www.dirtcultrecords.com

OUT NOW:



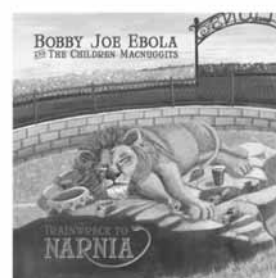
Wide Angles
Smile More LP



Dan Padilla
Sports Fans LP



Big Dick
S/T LP



Bobby Joe Ebola & The
Children MacNuggits
Trainwreck to Narnia LP

ALSO OUT NOW

Occult Detectice Club - Alright Gentlemen 7"

Big Eyes - Hard Life tape

Autonomy - The Art of Work in the Age of

Digital Reproduction LP

Muhammadali - S/T 12"

Sundowners - S/T 7"

Marked Men - Ghosts tape

Marked Men - Fix My Brain tape

Marked Men - On the Outside tape

Marked Men - S/T tape

Crusades - The Sun is Down and

the Night is Riding In tape

RAZORCAKE

Issue #72 Feb. / March 2013

PO Box 42129
Los Angeles, CA 90042
razorcake.org

WE DO OUR PART

COLUMNS

- 6 Sean Carswell *A Monkey to Ride the Dog*
- 8 Jim Ruland *Lazy Mick*
- 10 Liz Prince *I Don't Want to Grow Up*
- 11 Shanty Cheryl *Photo Page*
- 13 Mitch Clem *My Stupid Life*
- 14 Designated Dale *I'm Against It*
- 16 Rev. Nørb *Power Pop Police*
- 19 Dan Monick *Photo Page*
- 20 Rhythm Chicken *Dinghole Reports*
- 23 Ben Snakepit *Snakepit*
- 24 Yumi Sakugawa *Guest Column #1*
- 25 Kiyoshi Nakazawa *Won Ton Not Now*
- 26 Aphid Peewit *Guest Column #2*
- 29 Art Fuentes *Chico Simio*
- 30 Nardwuar The Human Serviette *Who Are You?*
- 32 Adrian Chi *Bite the Cactus*
- 33 Rachel Murray Framingheddu *Photo Page*
- 35 Matt Average *Guest Photo Page*

FEATURES

- 36 *Lemuria* by Kevin Dunn
- 48 *The Nerves* by Jeff Proctor
- 56 *Eric Oblivian* by Ryan Leach
- 66 *White Night* by Daryl Gussin and Todd Taylor

FAVORITES AND REVIEWS

- 76 Top 5s *Masonic Lodge Hollywood Forever Cemetery...*
- 78 Record *Some kind of unholy brogasm. I can't unhear this shit...*
- 104 Zine *The poor likeness and oddity of the sculpted beard hairs are moot...*
- 109 Book *The Japanese aesthetic of wabi-sabi where imperfection is not only accepted but actually valorized...*

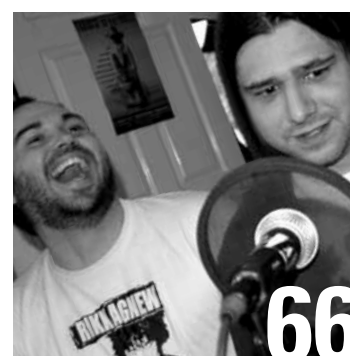
Razorcake/ Gorsky, Inc. Board of Directors are: Todd Taylor, Sean Carswell, Dan Clarke, Katy Spining, Leo Emil Tober III, Catherine Casada Hornberger, and Daryl Gussin.

This issue of Razorcake and the last two months of razorcake.org were put together by: Todd Taylor, Daryl Gussin, Sean Carswell, Skinny Dan, Katy Spining, James Hernandez, Candice Tobin, Andrew Wagher, Kari Hamanaka, Matthew Hart, Marty Ploy, Chris Baxter, Mary-Clare Stevens, Rene Navarro, Adrian Salas, Megan Pants, Adrian Chi, Jenn Swann, Alex Martinez, Robert El Diablo, Ever Velasquez, Joe Dana, Juan Espinosa, Sean Arenas, Aaron Kovacs, Nicole Macias, Julia Smut, Jenn Witte, George Lopez, Donna Ramone, Tim Burkett, Jeff Proctor, Josh Rosa, Toby Tober, Sal Lucci, Johnny Volume, Jennifer Federico, Malcolm McLaren, Nighthawk, Marcos Siref, Ronnie Sullivan, PJ Fancher, Kurt Morris, and Katie Dunn.

Want to distribute Razorcake? Email us via the "distro" link on the razorcake.org

Razorcake is bi-monthly. Yearly subscriptions (six issues) are \$16.50 bulk rate or \$22.50 first class mail. Plus you get some free gooch. These prices are only valid for people who live in the U.S. and are not in prison. Issues and subs are more for everyone else (because we have to pay more in postage). Visit razorcake.org for a price. Prisoners may receive free single issues of *Razorcake* via Prison Lit. Project, c/o Bound Together Books, 1369 Haight St., SF, CA 94117 or Books to Prisoners, 92 Pike St., Box A, Seattle, WA 98101 (who don't ship to CA prisons).

"See?" said proxy Sarah. "You don't even know what you're complaining about. You don't even know what you're not listening to." —Mickey Hess, *The Nostalgia Echo*



Moving? Have a subscription to Razorcake? Please do us both a favor and contact us before you move. Bulk mail doesn't forward and we won't resend the issue.

Individual opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.



This issue of *Razorcake* is made possible in part by grants from the City of Los Angeles, Department of Cultural Affairs and is supported by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors through the Los Angeles Arts Commission.



A MONKEY TO RIDE THE DOG

SEAN CARSWELL

“One way or another, I’d be committed to a mental institution at the end.”

Gooba Gabba

Dusty sunlight filtered into a room in the old Camarillo State Mental Hospital. I sat across a table from three doctors as they shot questions at me. I did my best to play it cool. A lot was at stake here. While the psych hospital had closed down seven years earlier, a California State University had taken over the building, and the doctors who shot questions at me were actually Ph.D.s in Spanish, political science, and education. My lifestyle was still at stake here. I was interviewing for a part-time position teaching university-level critical thinking classes. I’d never taught critical thinking and, truth be told, I didn’t have the right degrees or qualifications for this gig. All I had was an ill-fitting suit and a line of bullshit. But don’t discount that, I told myself.

Hell, I had taught university-level courses. I’d thought critically. When I was invited to interview, I thought critically about how I’d teach the class, went to the library, got a couple-three textbooks on the subject, and made a syllabus. The doctors seemed impressed. It seemed as if one more madman would be welcomed into this old mental institution.

We all stood and shook hands at the end of the interview. As I opened the door to leave the conference room, the woman in charge of the interview said to me, “Oh, I meant to tell you. I was glad to see that you like both kinds of music: punk and rock.”

I smiled. I thought, Oh shit. I’m not gonna get this job. How the hell am I gonna make rent now?

This was 2004. I got the job. As it turned out, one of the interviewers was a big Swingin’ Utters fan. She’d read the interview I did with them in *Razorcake*. Whether or not the other interviewers recognized my bullshit for what it was, they took a chance on me. I started by teaching critical thinking classes part time. The next fall, the English department took me in and made me a full-time lecturer. This meant I had comforts I never really expected out of my life born in blue-collar America: health insurance and a retirement plan; the ability to sleep straight through the thirtieth night of each month. My wife and I were able to move out of an apartment so small that we called it The Puzzle Box. Like a puzzle box, any movement inside of the apartment required obscure and complicated

maneuverings. We rented a two-bedroom pad fifty yards down the block.

But it wasn’t just the money. Working at this university changed something in me. I’d taught at colleges and universities before, but I never committed to them. See, the dirty secret of higher education in America is that the majority of the people teaching classes at colleges and universities (slightly over fifty percent, statistically speaking) are part-timers. They get paid very low wages. While not hourly employees—if you add up the number of hours it takes to prepare for the class, teach it, and grade the students—part-time instructors typically make in the ballpark of about ten bucks an hour, if they’re lucky and don’t work too hard. Most of my time teaching prior to coming to this university was under these conditions. It was miserable. I did it because I could put in a half-ass teaching effort and free my time to write and publish books through Gorsky Press and run half of *Razorcake*. But I didn’t take the job very seriously. I wasn’t paid enough to.

This new university was different. I liked it. That was partly because I was paid enough to care, but mostly because it was brand new. There were no crusty faculty talking about the old days. There was no tradition. Like the good old DIY punk rockers, this university was trying to build its own culture. Part of this culture meant that there couldn’t be divisions between the disciplines. This meant I got to teach classes with a physics professor where we studied the science and stories of nuclear weapons. I could have lunch one day with an environmental science professor who told me about his work in the wetlands of Turkey and have lunch the next day with a math professor who could explain to me the ζ function. I love this kind of thing. It’s endlessly fascinating. I decided I wanted to commit myself to this mental institution.

That commitment is easier said than done. It meant that I’d have to get a Ph.D. while working full time. I’d have to survive years of budget cuts as California refused to raise taxes and balanced the budget on the backs of students and teachers. If I did all this, I’d then have to wait for a tenure-track position in English to open, apply for that position, be selected out of the hundreds of applicants for a telephone interview, perform well on said interview, be invited to a campus interview, and really start jumping through

hoops. Odds were against me at every stage. When I was applying to doctoral programs, I came across a statistic that one out of every two students who enter a doctoral program in English drop out. Of those who remain, one out of every two who finish course work don’t finish their dissertation. And, of those who do finish their dissertation, only about half get a tenure-track position. Bad odds.

My other option was to stay in my current position as a full-time lecturer. It wasn’t bad. All I had to do was teach ten classes a year. Period. No more responsibilities. As long as I didn’t mind making a low salary and not getting a raise from 2007 until at least 2014, as long as I didn’t mind having no say in which courses I taught, as long as I didn’t mind getting laid off every summer and hired back (hopefully) every fall, as long as I didn’t mind being left out of the construction of the university culture, the job was okay.

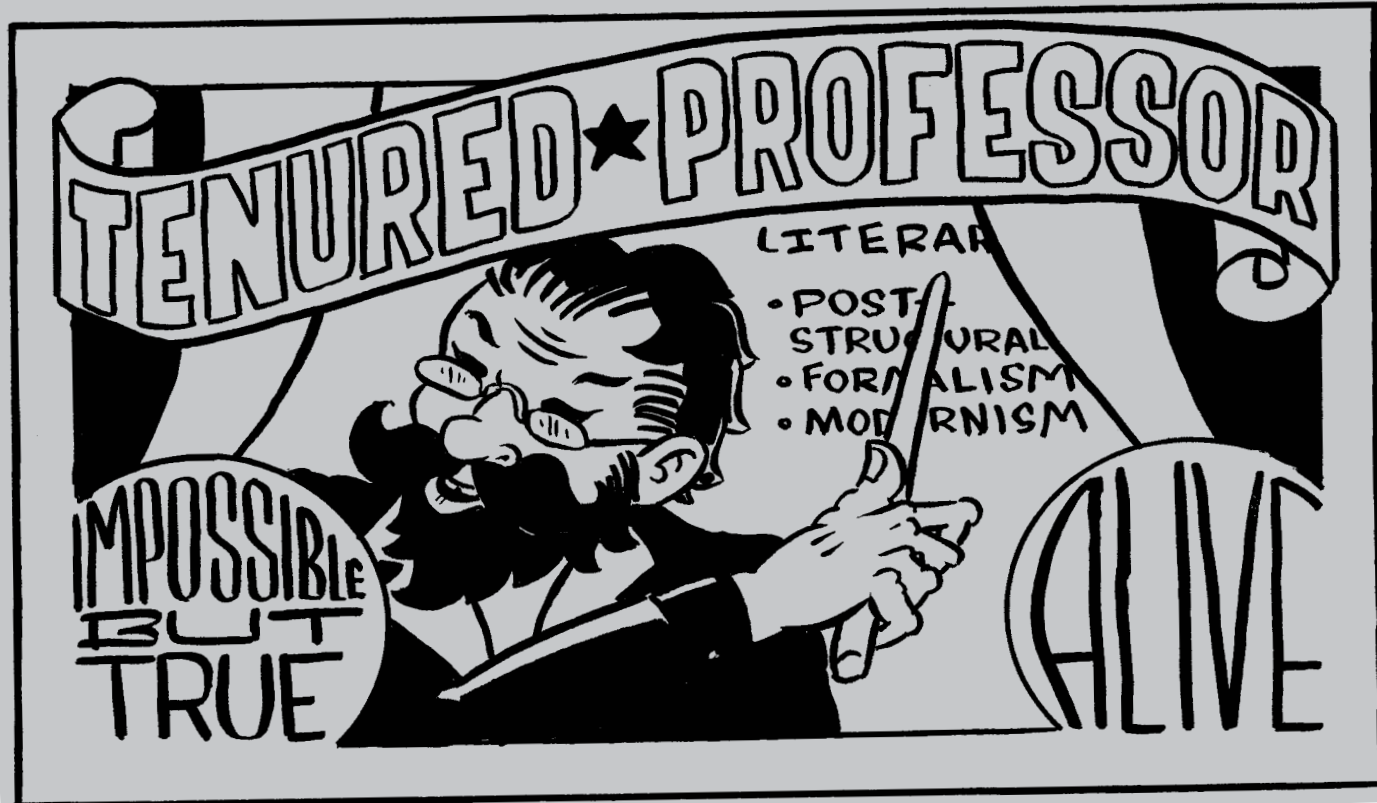
Problem was, I was starting to mind those things.

I thought about the long tenure-track odds on my first day of doctoral classes. There were sixteen students in my cohort. All of us were there in hopes of getting a tenure-track job. Statistically speaking, two of us would. In reality, this cohort wasn’t at Stanford or Princeton or even a UC. It was at Indiana University of Pennsylvania. Shit, I thought. We’ll be lucky if one of us gets a tenure-track job. Am I gonna be that one?

Thinking about all this process would entail convinced me that, one way or another, I’d be committed to a mental institution at the end.

Two weeks ago, I drove south down highway 101. I wore a suit and sang along to the most recent Mean Jeans album. I thought about my last *Razorcake* column, where I talked about my adolescence working construction, where I confessed that “working construction” more often than not meant hauling trash to the dump. And here I was: the old trash man’s assistant wearing a suit and heading to meet with the university president and provost and associate vice president of Arts and Sciences to see if I could get this goddamn job.

The interview process lasted a total of fourteen hours over two days. Only about four hours of that consisted of sitting in an actual room, being asked questions by a



BRAD BESHAW

All I had was an ill-fitting suit and a line of bullshit. But don't discount that, I told myself.

boss and giving answers. The rest of the time was spent doing other things. On the first day of the interview, the day when I interviewed with the president and provost and AVP, I was also required to spend a few hours just trying to get the other university employees to like me. This was a tough thing for job candidates who didn't already work at the school. They had to walk that balance beam between friendly and sycophantic. They had to act sincere, which is a hard thing to fake. For me, it was easy. I already know most of these people. I like them. I liked having the chance to chat with them, to hear who was doing what new research, who had just gotten back from chasing whales in Hawaii, who took a week off to see her new nephew enter this world, and so on. In a lot of cases, I got to just chat about music and books and other monumental things.

Then, my wife almost fucked it up for me.

I got home from the first day of interviews and told her all about it. When I got done, she said, "Goobba Gabba Goobba Gabba."

I knew exactly what she was talking about. Tod Browning's 1937 classic film

Freaks, and the scene where the trapeze artist marries her way into the clique of sideshow attractions. The half man, the bearded lady, the bird lady, the pinheads, and the little people all pass around a chalice of champagne called "The Loving Cup" and sing, "Goobba Gabba Goobba Gabba, we accept her, we accept her, one of us, one of us."

On the second day of interviews, when it was becoming more and more clear that I was going to get the gig, that scene kept playing in my head. Every time a colleague shook my hand and wished me luck and told me they hoped I'd get the job, I heard *Freaks* in my head singing, "Goobba Gabba Goobba Gabba."

This mutated to the Ramones take on this scene, in which Joey sings The Loving Cup song and launches into "Pinhead." To calm myself for the teaching demonstration and the research presentation and every other hoop I jumped through, I sang, "I don't wanna be a pinhead no more" all the way up to the good old, "Gabbba Gabba Hey!"

What a way to spend a day.

Physicists know of only one speed faster than the speed of light. That is the speed

at which, when I find a suit and tie on my body, I want to remove it. I was lucky to have a stitch of clothing on my body by the time I got home.

The following Tuesday, I got a call from the university president. He offered me the job. In eight years I'd taught nearly a hundred classes and close to two thousand students. I'd published three books and a dozen shorter pieces in academic journals. I'd earned the degree beyond which there are no degrees. I'd championed various programs to help empower students and faculty. I'd done a million other tiny things to make it into the thirty percent of higher education faculty who have permanent jobs. After all this, The Loving Cup was extended to me. This new university on the old mental hospital grounds has clinked its fork on the table and sang to me, "One of us. One of us."

Gabba Gabba Hey.

—Sean Carswell



RAZORCAKE 07



LAZY MICK

JIM RULAND

**“Human
passengers on
life raft earth.”**

A Walk in the Woods

Part 2

There was a witness.

His name was Kazimierz Sakowicz. He was born in Vilnius in 1894. His family came from Poland.

As a young man, Sakowicz studied law in Moscow. When he returned to the city, he worked for various newspapers. He opened a small print shop that remained in operation until 1939. When the Soviets occupied the city, Sakowicz closed his shop.

He and his wife moved to a small cottage near the railway station in Paneriai. He rode his bicycle into the city to perform odd jobs. There wasn't much work, but he had to provide for his family, and it was cheaper to live in the woods.

Everything changed on July 11, 1941.

Imagine Sakowicz sitting at his kitchen table. It's four o'clock in the afternoon. He has just finished eating a bit of bread, perhaps with a little marmalade. His tea grows cold on the table as he reads the papers he has brought from the city, papers full of news of the arrests of the Jews.

Can you see him lifting his cup to his lips as his eyes scan the page when gunshots ring out from the forest?

Sakowicz goes up to his attic where he'd watched the Soviets dig massive trenches for a fuel depot.

Now, there were men wearing blindfolds lined up before those trenches and riflemen who ready, aim, fire on the victims.

The men tumble into the pit, and the next group is brought in.

This goes on and on, well into the evening.

The men are doctors, lawyers, wealthy landowners. Educated men in well-made clothing. These are the Jews Sakowicz had been reading about in the paper.

He is impressed with the quiet dignity with which they meet their death.

He knows exactly what he must do.

*

“Quite nice weather, warm, white clouds, windy, some shots from the forest.”

That's how Sakowicz's diary begins: with a weather report.

It's a sad, shocking sentence. Even on that first day, the diarist had an inkling as to how commonplace the gunfire would become. How frequently the reports of rifles would echo through the forest.

By Sakowicz's count, two hundred Jews were murdered on that first day.

The following day, three hundred more. Executions continued daily for a week. By the end of the month, 4,675 men had been killed at the pits at Paneriai.

By the third day, the Lithuanians were making their victims strip down to their underwear before herding them toward the pits. Sakowicz puts it like this: “For the Germans, 300 Jews are 300 enemies of humanity. For the Lithuanians, they are 300 pairs of shoes, trousers and the like.” Shoes and trousers that they would sell on the road to Vilnius.

Business was good. The word Sakowicz uses again and again is “brisk.” Sometimes the riflemen would find money or jewelry sewn into hidden pockets.

Once, a peasant inquired about clothing for his wife. One of the riflemen told the couple to wait and he would bring something back in her size. Horrified, the couple went away. When the riflemen returned he was angry for he'd taken the trouble of selecting a woman who was just the right size.

Imagine being singled out because of the dimensions of your coat.

Who were these monsters?

They were Lithuanians. Lithuanians killing Lithuanians.

The Gestapo was responsible for rounding up the Jewish population, making arrests, and bringing them to the police station or the jail. Then it was up to the Lithuanians to do the rest.

There were three groups. Those who brought the Jews to Paneriai, a second group who guarded the facility and kept people away from the pits, and a third group who carried out the executions.

Most had been members of Lithuanian military units that had been disbanded. Many of these men were subsequently assigned to the police force. A select group of 150 men were formed into a special unit, the Ypatingi Buriai, aka “The Special Ones.”

Sakowicz refers to them simply as riflemen.

Even the Germans were offended by the riflemen's practice of selling clothing and personal effects for profit.

Whenever the Gestapo oversaw an execution, the riflemen would kill their victims fully clothed, and cover them up with a thin layer of sand.

After the Gestapo left, the riflemen would dig up the bodies and remove the clothing. Whatever money they made they used to purchase alcohol for their drinking parties.

*

In the beginning, the Jews believed they were being sent to work camps. Sakowicz could hear the women asking their captors, “Where is the work?” For their impertinence, they were rewarded with butchery.

“November 19. More than 200 women and children were brought. It was cold, with a cool wind. They had no bullets. But instead of bullets they took the little ones from their mothers and killed them with rifle butts.”

One of the children clung to the leg of a noncommissioned officer, begging and pleading for his life. Sakowicz reports that the boy's mother tried to intervene.

“She grabs the rifle butt, kisses it, kneeling on the road at the entrance to the killing grounds. Then the soldier snatches the crying boy, swings him around, and throws him like a log past the wire; there the rifle butt is raised to kill the child. The Jewish woman rushes forward and runs past the wire and shields the child. And when all is said and done, this is what it was about, wasn't it?”

That last part kills me.

I wonder what Sakowicz was thinking, what he meant.

Did he mean that a mother will always try to protect her young, no matter the consequences?

Or was he saying that the manner in which we live our lives matters less than the value of the shoes on our feet, the coats on our backs?

In short, we're either among the killers or the killed.

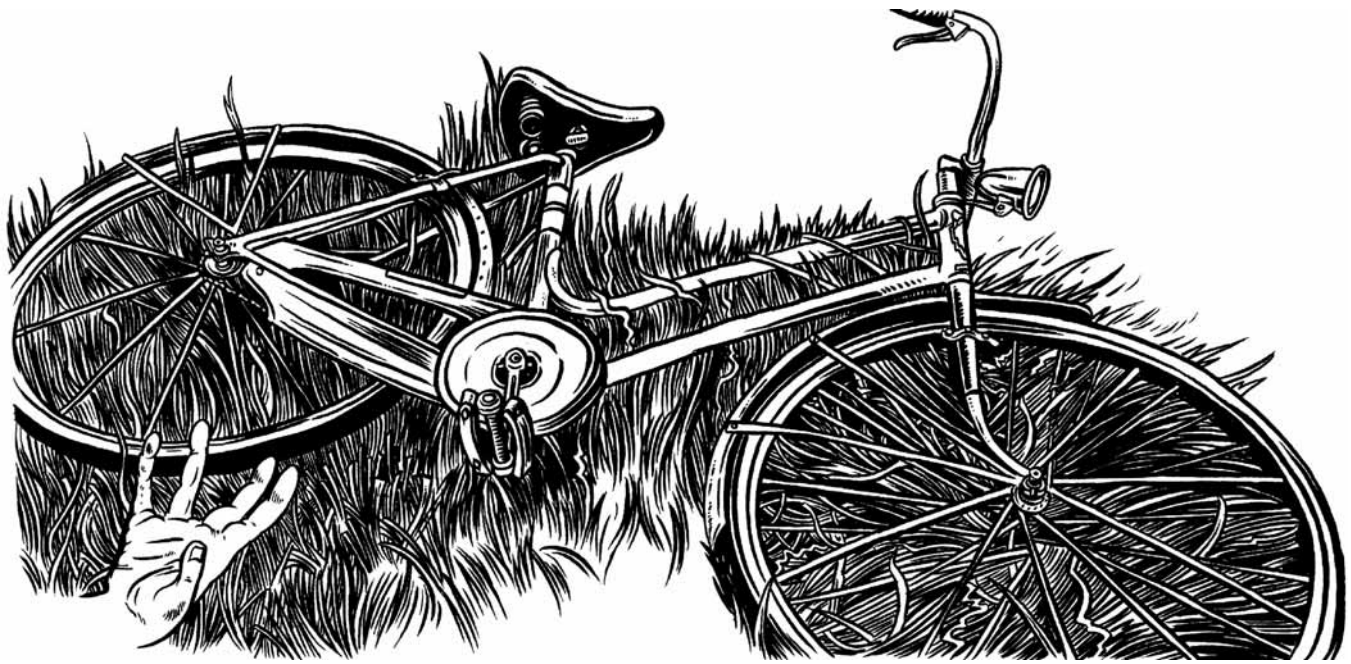
Human passengers on life raft earth.

I hope that's not what he was saying.

At the very least, Sakowicz's story tell us that for many years in this corner of the universe life was very, very cheap.

*

As the diary goes on, the numbers add up and the mind goes numb. Our brains weren't made to compute this kind of math.



CRAIG HORKY

Who were these monsters?

That's why Sakowicz's diaries are so valuable. They provide a record of what happened. I don't mean the kind of records the Nazis kept. Columns of numbers. Ledgers of the dead. Volumes and volumes of books that would never balance.

Sakowicz was a newspaperman. He had a nose for detail. He did not try to paint the rifleman as being more repugnant than they were. The word evil doesn't appear in his diaries.

At times he appears to criticize the riflemen for the sloppiness of their work. Escapes were common. Jews would run naked through the forest for miles and miles.

Sometimes the riflemen would let them go, especially if they were naked or in their underwear and it was very cold.

Sometimes the riflemen staged hunts. After the victims were unloaded from the trucks they were set loose in the forest and set upon by the huntsmen.

The entry on the day of a hunt is brutally concise. "Trucks. Hunting. They scattered."

Imagine working the fields in a nearby village and then, suddenly, a naked man comes running through your meadow, the sound of gunshots echoing in the forest.

What would you do?

No, really. What would you do?

The escaped Jews, Sakowicz tells us, were a problem. Those who managed to get away had nowhere to go. They banded together in the woods and raided farms and villages, taking what they needed. Food, clothing, whatever it took to survive.

Sakowicz disapproved of these Jews. In his view, a thief was the most dishonorable thing a person could be, no matter the circumstance. He respected the Jews who joined the Resistance or died with dignity,

but those who preyed on the hardworking farmers were simply marauders.

I like knowing this about Sakowicz. A diary is a place where one makes his truest feelings known. Sakowicz's diary tells us that his heart had hardened against the people whose secret history he furtively recorded.

This tells us that he believed what he was doing was necessary. In spite of the monstrousness he witnessed with his own eyes and ears every day, he had not lost hope.

He believed a time would come when the horror would end and something like civilization would be restored, and then he would file his report.

Sadly, he never got the chance.

*

The preface to Sakowicz's diary calls it a "by-stander's view of the activities of the Nazi extermination machine."

I disagree with this assessment. It's too easy. For one, the exterminators weren't German Nazis but Lithuanians. Secondly, the word machine suggests efficiency.

Perhaps the word is a useful descriptor in the death factories that masqueraded as work camps, but it doesn't apply here.

There was nothing efficient or economical about the tens of thousands of murders that took place at Paneriai. Just because the numbers are mind-boggling doesn't make it any less messy.

Paneriai was not just a place where Jews were executed. It was a dumping ground, a body farm. The corpse-strewn pits reeked of death. They attracted carrion. Animals dug up the bones. By 1943, Sakowicz believed that so much blood had been shed at Paneriai that it was no longer safe to drink the water without boiling it.

And you don't even want to know about Myskza, a dog owned by one of the peddlers. One day, Myskza came trotting along with a length of intestine. The riflemen shooed Myskza away and the dog dropped the intestine, which the children of the village hung from the peddler's fence. Tell me, what is "machine-like" about this story Sakowicz has preserved for us?

*

Kazimierz Sakowicz was found dead on the road to Vilnius, a few feet from his bicycle.

He was shot, but we don't know by whom. It could have been a German occupier or a Russian liberator or a marauder on the road.

I see his bike lying on its side, the wheel spinning while his life leaked out.

Somehow, his diaries survived. He'd buried the pages in bottles throughout his property. The record is not complete. It took a long time to gather the pages together and translate them.

Today, Sakowicz's *Ponary Diary* (Ponary is the Polish spelling for Paneriai) stands as a unique testament—to what I'm not quite certain.

Intolerance? Depravity? Faith?

Maybe it's simply the story of how a beautiful forest was defiled by the worst of man.

In all the many millions of books that have been written, there is nothing like Sakowicz's diaries.

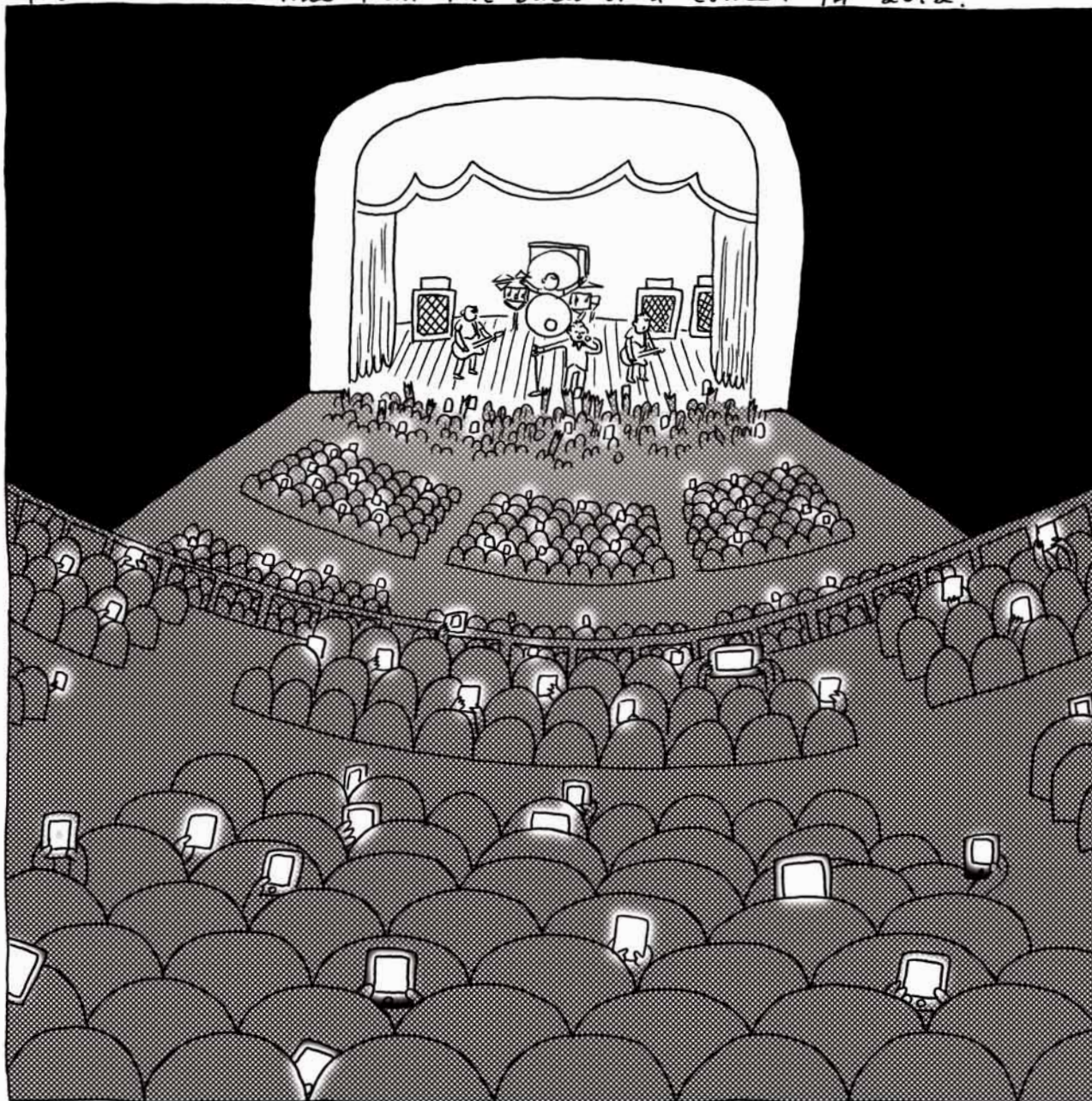
He knew the risk he was taking.

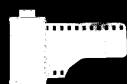
Read his words and so will you.

—Jim Ruland



I was more than a little disappointed to learn that this is what the view looks like from the back of a concert in 2012:





Shanty Cheryl's Photo Page

White Murder at Mime School, Los Angeles, CA

SOLID M.F.G.

HTTP://GETSOLIDMFG.COM

P.O. BOX 501 • E. SETAUKET, NY

11733 USA • LONG ISLAND

INFO@GETSOLIDMFG.COM

PACKAGING FOR VINYL RECORDS



Solid MFG offers a full range of top-quality packaging products for 12", 10", and 7" vinyl records. We print jackets, gatefolds, inner-sleeves, board sleeves, folders, flap folders, a wide variety of inserts, and more.

1,000	Full Color Jackets for 12"	\$700
500	B+W Jackets for 12"	\$400
300	Full Color Folders for 7"	\$255

NEWSPRINT AND FANZINE PRINTING



Solid MFG is very proud to announce newsprint and fanzine printing! We can do full-size and half-size fanzines in both regular and newsprint stock. We also offer folded newsprint posters in a variety of sizes.

2,000	Newsprint Posters 33"x22"	\$795
1,000	Newsprint Posters 22"x22"	\$650
500	Newsprint Posters 17"x22"	\$530

PACKAGING FOR CASSETTE TAPES



Whether you're dubbing your cassettes at home or having them pro-duped and silkscreened, a nice high quality j-card is a must. Solid MFG offers j-cards ranging from 1 panel to 6 panels. We print on thin cardstock and accurately score the panels, so folding and assembly is always easy.

Check www.getsolidmfg.com for prices.

HIT US UP ONLINE FOR MORE INFO

- Free shipping on your project to any one U.S. location.
- Prices up front: no charges for over-run, pdf proofing, etc.
- Instant quotes and template downloads on our website.
- Easy order process with painless proofing and job tracking.
- Send us an e-mail to request samples of our work.

getsolidmfg.com • twitter.com/solidmfg • facebook.com/solidmfg



AVAILABLE NOW:

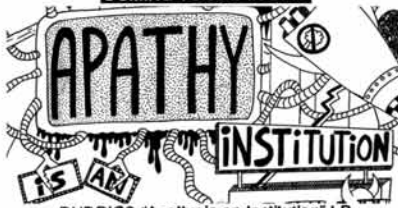


EIGHTY-SIXED FANZINE #1
\$3ppd. or free with order

UPDATED WEBSITE & DISTRO

400+ items from tons of domestic and international DIY record labels and bands. The new website makes browsing and ordering easy. Read reviews and stream music, right from each item's page. \$4 Unlimited shipping the USA. Packed right and mailed fast.

COMING TO 86'D IN 2013



RUBRICS "Apathy is an Institution" LP
V/A "Celebrity Internment Camp" CD/DVD
DEAD UNCLES "Stock Characters" LP
RATIONS "Martyrs and Prisoners" 7"
plus UTTER FAILURE LP. THANKS 7"

MMLSR! DIY!

Dead Uncles "Stock Characters" LP and Rations "Martyrs and Prisoners" 7" are both being released internationally as massively multi-label split releases: decentralized, non-hierarchical, D.I.Y. distribution. Any labels interested in joining the network of friends for the international D.I.Y. punk conspiracy, get in touch!

EBAY AUCTIONS

In Feb. and March we'll be auctioning off tons of old Traffic Violation Records stuff on ebay. Records, CDs, tee-shirts, test presses, posters, flyers, etc. from bands like Contra. On The Might of Princes, The Insurgent. Operation: Cliff Clavin. Striped Bastards. I Farm. Hewhocorrupts and more.

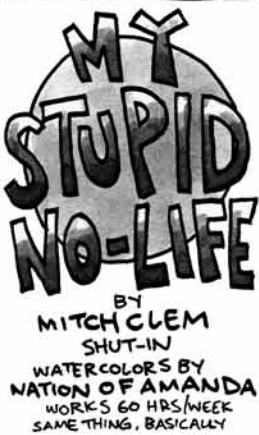
myworld.ebay.com/manowells

<http://86drec.com>

wells@86drec.com

the workers of 86'd
& Solid MFG blog at:

SMILETRICK.WORDPRESS.COM





**“Be exemplary,
not dysentery.”**

Call Me Animal

There are many things that can divide us, some of which people will hold onto until their deaths. There are the not-so-bright types who alienate themselves from others solely because of race and/or skin color. This kind of behavior has been going on for centuries. When you stop and consider the past years, it's kinda baffling how technology has actually surpassed the way some people interact or are tolerant of others. This has got to slow down to snail's pace sooner or later, especially with a whole lot of mixed-race children being spawned onto this ever-evolving planet.

My wife and I were recently at our friends' wedding (who are a mixed couple themselves: white groom, Dominican bride) and overheard some tipsy meathead talking to the father of the groom: “So, I guess you can't wait for your checkered grandkids to come soon, huh?” The groom's father, a classy dude himself, answered, “You know something, I hope a *lot* of people from this point on have mixed race kids, and then soon no one will have any reason to be racist about anyone. Everyone will be pretty much in the same boat.” Laughing, I looked over at Mr. Glug-Glug, who flashed a weak, crooked smile and walked away.

The same goes for those types who drive a spike between themselves and those of a different sexuality. I like to think that there's been a good amount of road gained in this area, as far as tolerance is concerned, but it seems like there's some miles to be clocked to get to where it needs to be. I just can't wrap my head around the idea that there are people who want to deny rights, let alone be “outraged,” with same-sex couples who bust their asses just as much as straight couples.

Respect them to let them do their thing, just as you'd want them to let you do yours. Let's just say for the sake of argument that since the dawn of time, same-sex couples were all that walked the earth, both genders giving birth to offspring as nature's cycle allowed (think the movie *Enemy Mine*, where humping is not necessary for procreation). Now, with that in mind, think about how the same-sex couples would react to “those other couples,” who were nothing more than one male and one female. Would the majority react differently with these couples? I would hope not, but I'm betting they would.

There are those folks who draw boundaries by defining themselves from where they are instead of who they are (see my column in *Razorcake* #70), and I'll say it again: buttholes, crime, pollution, etc. run thick and thin no matter what part of this country (or world) you happen to live in. Be exemplary, not dysentery. This world already has enough shit running through it. The last thing anyone wants is backed-up plumbing.

I know this has been talked to death/reincarnated/death/reincarnated ten-fold, but the whole arguing over “whose music is better than whose” thing is tiring. Now, I'll be the first person to admit that I love nothing more than to fuck with/rib friends about their more “questionable” tastes in music, but there are those people who insist on making their opinions straight-up law with others. It's annoying. Even backing your reasoning and explaining every valid point in the world won't make someone feel exactly as you do about a band or style of music—so zip it.

It's like telling someone who's deathly allergic to any kind of alcohol, “Man, *fuck you*. You don't know what you're missing because you're refusing to try it, you puss.” Hey, stupid—they don't want any part of it, *period*. Okay? And that annoyance goes double for straight-edge types who won't or can't keep their meddling two-cents to themselves. Again, respect each other's own thing.

Now, with these four quandaries mentioned above, you'd think the simpler things to agree or disagree on would be a cake walk to figure out, right? Nah, you'd be assuming wrong. Take the whole “cats or dogs?” argument. First off, there's no right answer to this. Why? Because some people die by the sword with one, the other, or in some cases both.

Although not a parent by any stretch of the imagination, I've always thought the people who love cats just as much as they do dogs are the same way with their children—they “love them all the same.” Well, what if you don't happen to like children? What if you happen to prefer one species over the other when it comes to the feline/canine world? There's still no definitive right answer, and there are a lot of entertaining reasons as to why one would edge out the

other, but, even so, I am a proud card-carrying cat person.

Let me get started by saying that I was raised with cats since I was born. No, smartasses, that doesn't mean I was raised amongst a pack of roaming feral cats running wild in the streets of Los Angeles. It means that there were always cats in our house, even before I was born. My parents had a dog or two, but they never really lasted. Don't get me wrong, I do like dogs, but I've always leaned in the direction of the *kitteh*—more personable and less dependant (with me, anyway).

The first cat I remember having was Sam, a bad-ass solid black, longhair tomcat that had more personality than most stand-up comedians you pay to see these days. Born the same year I was, I grew up watching Sam hunt birds and god-knows-what-else, bringing the limbless, twitching remains onto the front porch as his offering. That dude also used to chase cats as well as dogs off of our front yard, too. It was his turf: intruders be damned.

The sad part was having him put down after his health started failing at the age of twenty-one. When any animal is an integral part of your everyday life for that long, they become family. It was hard to let him go, even though it was the right thing to do.

Around the same time, we also had a loving Siamese tabby mix named Kinks for over ten years, not named after the band, but for the crooked kink in her striped, shortened tail. Unfortunately, a couple of stray dogs roaming the streets cornered her against a neighbor's garage door and wounded her beyond repair. The dogs took off, never to be seen again. We always wondered if it was some careless fuckhead a block or two away to blame, who let their dogs loose or didn't chase after 'em, not knowing that their dogs obliterated some family's cat (or other pets along the way). Can't blame the dogs, really, but I do blame the owners. It's the same mentality as people who let their children run like primates out in public. Yank the leash.

My parents had a number of cats since, and my ma still has two today. When I moved out into my own place, one of the drags where I was living was that they didn't allow pets in the apartments, so a cat wasn't in the cards. But over the years I snuck a

few rats in while I was there, since they neither barked nor meowed.

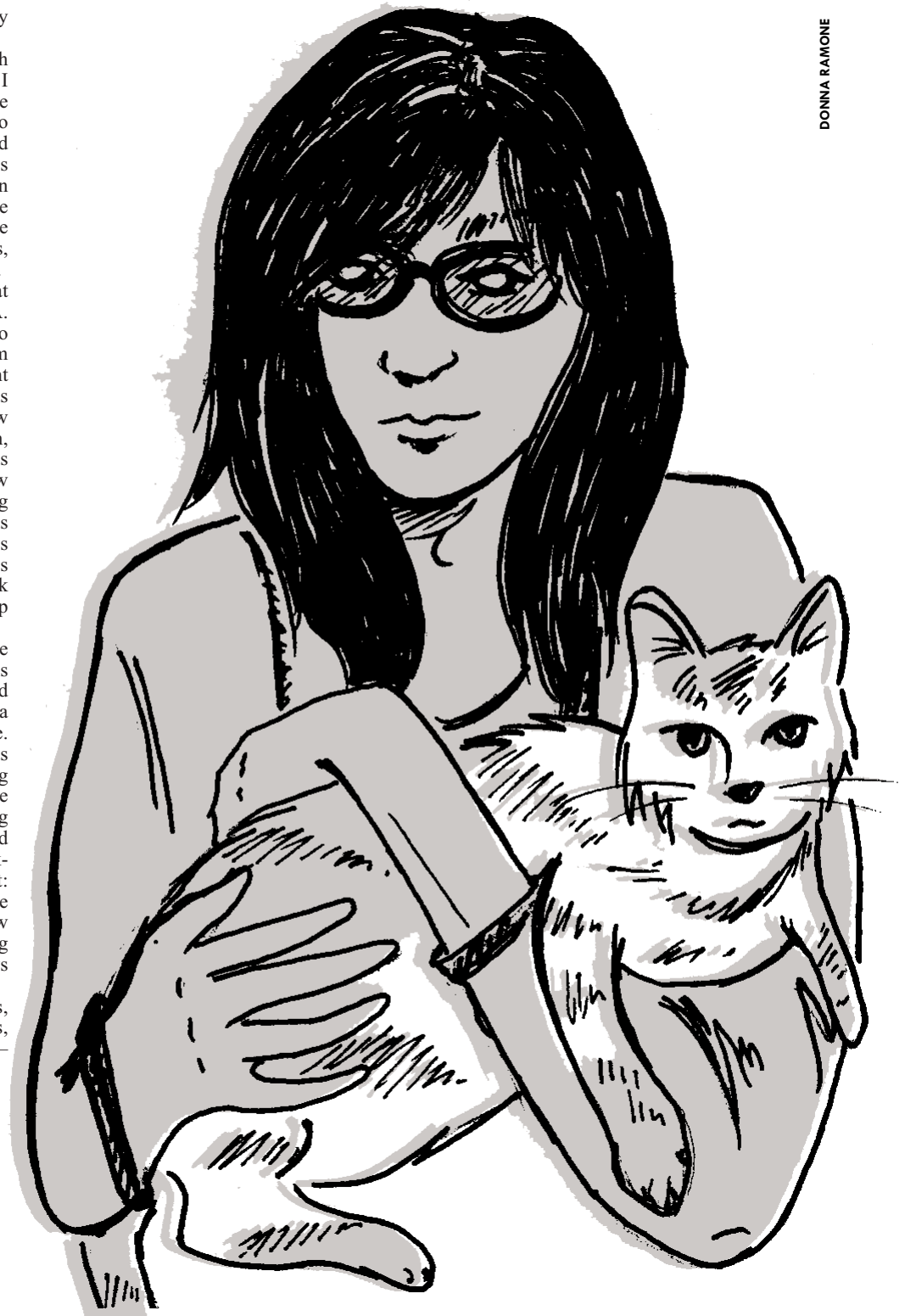
It wasn't until I moved in with Yvonne over seven years ago that I was able to reunite with my feline homies. She had a big, white, albino tabby named Bowie (one blue and green eye—you can catch a peep at his slumbering self in Razorcake #64 on page three) and a slinky, black, female cat named Sasha. Both had their share of weird'n'funny characteristics, especially the ever-personable Bowie.

A few summers ago, The Riverboat Gamblers were out here in L.A. recording, and we invited 'em over to hang out so Yvonne could cook for 'em all. I remember Bowie walking straight up to Mike (a fellow cat fan) as soon as they walked in, and continued to follow him around, sitting right beside 'em, even as he was eating. I know it sounds weird to some, but most cats know who the cat people are. I'm guessing even Ryan from Off With Their Heads knows this to be true; he exhibits his feline fondness in a lot of the band's artwork. And sorry, Gary, but I think most cats (including ours) smooth up to you just to piss you off... heh.

Unfortunately, we had to put Bowie down last May due to complications involving a tumor within his spine and then Sasha in August of 2011 after a battle with congestive heart disease. Bowie was fourteen. Sasha was nineteen. Both were definitely a big part of our lives here at home. These days, we have Sheena: a long, Praying Mantis of a white cat with big emerald eyes embedded into her tiny, sock-puppet head. There's also Vincent: a stocky, plush flame-point Siamese tabby equipped with a garbled meow that sounds like a tape deck eating a cassette. And they're both always down to hang.

Blacks, whites, browns, yellows, reds, straights, gays, cats, dogs, rodents, birds, reptiles, or what have you—quote the MC5: "Call Me Animal."

I'm Against It,
—Designated Dale
designateddale@yahoo.com



**People who let their children run
like primates out in public.
Yank the leash.**



POWER POP POLICE

REV. NØRB

**“No agony,
no braggony.”**

SAID ON A WEDNESDAY EVENING THERE’S SURELY GONNA BE A ...TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR COVER CHARGE?

Hurm. Just finished watching *Watchmen: The Motion Comic* in its entirety. Answer to repeatedly asked question “Who watches the Watchmen?” now conclusively established. 325 minutes of art from the original comic books crudely animated like fancy version of crappy Grantray-Lawrence *Marvel Superheroes* cartoons from 1960s. Following conclusion ((he did it thirty-five minutes ago)), went back and watched live-action *Watchmen* movie from 2009, to note discrepancies and take in majesty of large blue Dr. Manhattan penises, then re-read comic books for good measure. Upshot is: Feel compelled to write column in style of Rorschach character’s diary. Editor will disapprove. Probable communist. Must investigate further. Hurm ((did not realize until re-reading source material that i have been using Rorschach’s “hurm” as personal substitute for “hmm” for approximately two decades. Owe him lunch. Tin of beans, most likely)). Here is column: Seeing long-time favorite band for first time always a crap shoot. Spent first-ever paycheck on a Sham 69 album in 1981. Seven years later, old band played with reunited Sham 69 in Milwaukee. More sham than sixty-nine. Would describe Sham ‘88 as “a loud nap,” but recollections hazy on actual volume. Bought U.K. Subs 45 with second paycheck, still 1981. Nine years later, saw U.K. Subs for first time for four bucks in Minneapolis bar when all my friends wanted to go see Thee Hypnotics. They were great ((band, not friends)). Drove to Milwaukee on Sunday night in 1989 to see Buzzcocks on first reunion tour. Ticket price fifteen bucks. Lots of money in 1989. Justified expenditure by imagining seeing Buzzcocks to be once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Ten years later wound up on same label as Buzzcocks; saw them an ass-load of times ((pardon vulgarity)). Still, initial expensive Sunday night Buzzcocks reunion legit candidate for FAVORITE SHOW EVER. Saw Johnny Thunders for first time in 1990; fan since 1979. Band sounded like abattoir of retarded children attempting to tie balloon animals. Nothing redeeming except “Personality Crisis” and “Pipeline.” Waste of ten dollars from entertainment standpoint; worth it in long run to be able to tell small fry that i saw Thunders, and, furthermore, he threw me out of his dressing room ((presumably so he and his band could be left to their heroin and child pornography)). Saw Sex Pistols in ‘96. OK i guess. Saw Vibrators

for first time in 2004, twenty-five years after initial purchase of first album. Decent i guess. Drove two hundred miles to Chicago on weeknight to see Undertones ((minus Feargal)) in 2005. Work in morning. Must admit, four hundred miles of driving on worknight to see partially-reunited version of band whose last good record came out quarter-century prior requires certain leap of faith to undertake. *What do i stand to gain from all this effort? What am i hoping to accomplish? What’s the big pay-off?* Seeing old fave band from teen years doesn’t mystically transport you back to 1980 and suddenly we are all fifteen and have spiky mullets and Chuck Taylors® again. Seeing band twenty-five years past prime is hardly same experience as seeing band back when band was legitimately HAPPENING, when excitement and buzz swirl around gig like ecstatic fart of celestial noise god and all related probability waves remain uncollapsed. Seeing old band might be pleasant enough way to spend evening, all told, but what is point of arduous and costly pilgrimage? Drive four hours, pay substantial sum, see two hours of music, drive four hours back home, get up for work two hours later. Small amount of entertainment; huge amount of gruntwork. *Why?* Compulsion, probably. Sense of duty to the whole Punk Rock Thang. *Noblesse Oblige.* Geshundheit. To not drive four hundred miles on weeknight to see a band that we’d really like to see were we not required to drive four hundred miles to do so is a value judgment tantamount to betrayal of core punk lifer principles. Put another way, what would you rather do: *See the Undertones, or not drive four hundred miles?* Hurm. Come to think of it, i can refrain from driving four hundred miles almost any day of the week. I didn’t drive four hundred miles yesterday, and i don’t think i’ll drive four hundred miles today, either. Not driving four hundred miles is no big deal; do it every day. Seeing Undertones *is* big deal; *don’t* do it every day. Proper course of action clearly indicated. WE ROCK BECAUSE WE MUST. Nothing else makes sense ((incidentally, weeknight Chicago Undertones show was great. Me and friend John Glick hung out drinking in bar with band afterwards. Shortly thereafter, John Glick killed by crazy suicidal whore. Undertones show last time i saw him alive. Feel sick at pit of stomach and every fiber of being when imagining alternate universe where i chose not to go to show,

missing drinking with Undertones and John one last time, instead sit home in slippers watching basketball game or something)). Hurm. Brings us to subject of column: Rezillos playing in Chicago, night before Thanksgiving. Fan of band since 1980, when heard “Somebody’s Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight” played on “new wave” show on local FM station. Transcendent teenage rock moment. Made spots on mask caper and prance in new, psychotic ways. *Can’t Stand The Rezillos* album on Sire™ already out of print by then; frantic search eventually turns up copy in cut-out bin for three-and-a-half bucks. Vinyl skips horribly during bass awesomeness during intro to “Flying Saucer Attack,” requiring long periods of sitting with thumb on needle attempting to chisel skip-free path through grooves. *No agony, no braggony.* Years later, my band cites Rezillos as major influence ((possibly wishful thinking)), covers numerous Rezillos/Revillos songs, professes lifetime adulation. Yet still, thirty-two years of Rezillos-mania later, band remains unseen by Nørblly eyes. Initially, situation looks bleak: Wednesday night is Rev. Nørbl’s Fantastic Amazing Trivia Challenge™ at local wretched hive of scum and villainy. Paid handsomely for trivia services. Wednesday before Thanksgiving one of busiest nights in wretched hive of scum and villainy business; cannot vex proprietress by shirking trivia duties that night. Suddenly, prayers to blind idiot god of thunder and rock’n’ro-wee-oll are answered: Rev. Nørbl’s Fantastic Amazing Trivia Challenge™ abruptly moved to Mondays, ostensibly so heroin merchants and child pornographers can use room on Wednesdays. Am free to attend Rezillos show. However, secondary problem unrelated to Fantastic Amazing Trivia Challenge™ emerges: Show is twenty-five bucks. American. That’s a lot of heroin and child pornography. *Twenty-five bucks!* Have old flyer from 1983, my band opening for Hüsker Dü. Cover charge is \$23.50 less than Rezillos ticket. Then again, remember when Packer tickets were five bucks; now they’re seventy-two. Hurm. Don’t have much money these days; crimefighting and trivia not real lucrative career paths. Twenty-five bucks is substantial chunk of discretionary income. Be much simpler to stay in town; decent show a mile from my house that night. I deceive myself all week that the gods of thunder and rock’n’ro-wee-oll will find my



ALEX BARRETT

Band sounded like abattoir of retarded children attempting to tie balloon animals.

staying in town and going to the local show an acceptable substitute for traveling to Chicago and paying twenty-five dollars to see Rezillos. At 4 PM Wednesday, i realize that, of course, they will not. Who in good conscience can pass up chance to see band who sings *"on a Wednesday evening there's surely gonna be a fight"* on a *Wednesday evening*? I AM GOING TO SEE THE REZILLOS. NOTHING ELSE MAKES SENSE. This presents tertiary problem unrelated to trivia or finances: As this is likely only time will ever drive four hundred miles and pay twenty-five bucks to see Rezillos, wardrobe choice now all-important in order to properly strike terror into hearts of underworld. PROPER EXPERIENCE LARGELY DEPENDENT ON CORRECT WARDROBE CHOICES. Wardrobe must be selected quickly. No margin for error. Opt for purple-pink women's pants. Seems like something Fay Fife might wear. Also opt for old school gold Star Trek™ Sulu/Chekhov/first-season-Kirk uniform shirt. Seems like something Eugene might wear. Opt as well for black suitcoat. Nothing special about black suitcoat, i just like it because lining is all ripped up and hopefully-autographable "Bongo Brain" picture sleeve can be stashed inside jacket if shoved through big hole in lining, instead of carrying it around like dork, defusing obvious fearsomeness of pink women's pants and Star Trek™ shirt. Enter

venue twenty-five dollars lighter. Swank little theatre. *Soft. Decadent.* I stake out merch stand. Rezillos have green shirts with red logo and red shirts with green logo. This is genius, as first single, "Can't Stand My Baby," had red/white logo on green background. Tragic mixup at pressing plant puts live version of "(My Baby Does) Good Sculptures" on B-side, instead of regularly-scheduled "I Wanna Be Your Man." Instant collector's item. Single re-released with right song on flip; sleeve changed to green logo on red background. Own both 45s. Need both shirts. Check funds. Twenty-one dollars. Check shirt price. Band must assume twenty-five-dollar bill is the dominant American currency: T-shirts, like tickets, are twenty-five dollars. Two Rezillos shirts = fifty dollars. Once bought 1975 Mercury Monarch for identical sum. I am twenty-nine dollars short of goal. Opt to use remaining twenty-one dollars for six three-dollar beers and two one-dollar buttons instead, reserving final buck for hot dogs at Racine Kwik Trip® later. Rezillos take stage. They are fantastic. Fay Fife has purple bob and lime green latex dress; inspirational in that she is sexy because she is cool, not other way round. Eugene has wraparound sunglasses and black leather jacket over black Batman™ hoodie, all tied up. Must be awful draft on stage. Show is great. Best Wednesday show ever, despite inability to purchase pair of contrasting band

T-shirts. Worth the \$25. Maybe even \$26. Lurk around merch stand after show, hoping to ambush band and receive autographs. Band emerges, and i open suitcoat to fish around in lining for "Bongo Brain" sleeve, exposing Star Trek™ undergarment underneath. Jim the guitarist flips out, excitedly commanding me to remain where i am. Might be trap. He races upstairs, and re-emerges a minute later—in a gold Star Trek™ uniform shirt. WARDROBE DECISION VINDICATED. The remaining show-goers ooh and aah at fearful symmetry. Photos are taken. Jim yells *"I WAS SAVING THIS FOR CANADA!"* When crowd asks, *"Why Canada?"* he says *"BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE ANY SHOWS IN IOWA!"* Good joke. *Everybody laugh.* Actually, nobody laugh, as no one but me gets it: William Shatner born in Canada, but Iowa fictional birthplace of Captain Kirk character. *Roll on snare drum.* *Curtains.* I can't help but think i've seen this guy before. Later, at Racine Kwik Trip®, penniless, i realize why i think i know him: He's a dead ringer for the guy who plays Rorschach in the *Watchmen* movie.

Hurm.

Love,
Norb



VULTURES UNITED GIRLS

ORDER NOW AT
BALDYLONGHAIR.COM
VULTURESUNITED.COM

(7" VINYL / CASSETTE / CD / MP3)



DEAD BROKE

SHIT OUT NOW!!

- IRON CHIC - "SPLIT N' SHIT" 7" EP
- WIDE ANGLES - "SMILE MORE" LP
- SISTER KISSER / RUMSPRINGER - SPLIT 7"
- DEEP POCKETS / MAKE IT PLAIN - SPLIT 7"
- BASTARD CUT - "HOW TO SPOT A BASTARD" CD
- AWFULMAN - "WAITING FOR THE TANKS" 7" EP
- UNFUN - "CAROLINE" 7" EP
- STEVE ADAMYK BAND - SIT LP
- LOW CULTURE - 7" EP

SHIT COMIN' SOON!!

- THE CRIMINALS - "NEVER BEEN CAUGHT" LP (REISSUE)
- YOUR PEST BAND - "SMASH HITS!! (2008-2011)" LP
- SIREN SONGS - "PAINT BY NUMBERS" TAPE
- WEIRD FANTASY BAND - "IN THE DARK" 7" EP
- DEAD DOG - "12" LP
- MUSKER DU TRIBUTE 7: CROWBATT
- UNFUN / BENT OUTTA SHAPE / TENEMENT / YOUR PEST BAND / DAUNTLESS ELITE



DEAD BROKE RECORDS

FASTCORE PHOTOS

...AND REPLAIN AGAIN! ALL ANTHEMS
...EYES, BUKAKKE BOYS, BURMA, BUT THE
...CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, CHEST PAIN, COKE
...OF CONFORMITY, COUGH, CURNUMBER, DEATH
...DETHRONED EMPEROR, DEVOUR, DIRECT CONTROL
...DISCIPLE OF CHRIST, DODSPALLA, DOUBLE NEGATIVE
...DROPPED, DYSTROPHY, EARTH CRISIS, FANG, FLEX Y
...HEAD, FORNIN OBJECTS, FROM THE DEPTHS, ILISA, I
...YOUR ARMS, JAVELINA, KAKKA HATA 77, KOWARD, K
...LOOPTHEN SUNKUPTUTO, KYLESIA, LAST WORDS, LEATH
...LIBYAN, LOGIC PROBLEM, LUNG MATTER, MAD DOG,
...WORLD, MAGNUSGRIND, MAN WILL DESTROY HIM
...MANKAGO N.T., MASHGUL, NATURAL LAW, NEGATIVE
...PROACH, RIMBUS TERRIFIX, NO POWER, NO TOMORROW
...NOIRMAN, NOTHING IS OVER, OFF, OLD PAINLESSNESS
...SYTIC, PAVLICHENKO, PHOBIA, PLAQUE, POLI
...PUNCH, PURE SOUM, R.A.N.E.O., RAMMING SPEE
...SICK, SNOT NINE, SECTARIAN VIOLENCE, SHAM, SH
...STORY, STICK TIERED, SIX BREW BANDA, SLANT, SON
...TOMATITE, STREET PIZZA, STRIPPIES, SUBROUN
...SWANK, SWANKS, TEN SECOND RULE, TERNMENT, TH
...THE NIPITS, THIEVES, THOU, TORCH RUNNER
...DROCK, TRAPPER, TRIAC, VERBAL ABUSE, VITAMIN
...WORTHY TIME, WHITE CROSS, WISH ME WELL, WOR
...GLORY, WORM TO DEATH, WORMROT

BRAND NEW PHOTO BOOK BY WILL BUTLER
FEATURING OVER 100 BANDS OUT NOW ON:

SHOOKUP PUBLISHING

<http://shookup.com/store>
<http://www.fastcorephotos.com>

TO LIVE ALIE

www.tolivealie.com



The Kill / White Eyes + split 5" out now!
crushing grindcore from Australia and Germany

Out next:
ACxDC / Sex Prisoner / Magnus Force + split 10"
The Kill + Make 'Em Suffer LP
ABUSE + A New Low 7"
NoComply / Bastard Noise + When Humans Are Recycled 12"

DON'T BE SWINDLE

www.dontbeswindle.com
grindcore e-fanzine

DIY MUSIC UNDERGROUND WIKI


www.diymusicwiki.com
wiki for underground music

FLESH LIGHTS

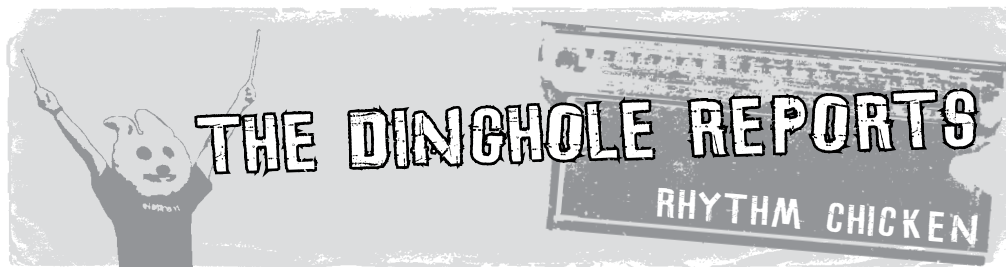


New DOUBLE 7 inch from the
Fleshlights



 super secret records
www.supersecretrecords.com





"I guess I can't blame Mother Nature for putting my head through a rinse cycle every now and then."

Cluck the World!

Once upon a time, I worked in a quiet little resort on Lake Michigan. I worked there all through my college years and beyond. For fourteen years I worked in the kitchen, keeping all the tourists and employees well-fed. This resort was almost its own self-sufficient town. It had lodging rooms, campsites, a marina with boat rentals, a bakery, a restaurant, a beauty salon, daycare, a store for various basic odds and ends, and costumes for a few holidays to keep the kiddies entertained. There was a costume for Santa and one for the Easter Chicken. This is where today's story begins.

It was the spring of 1999. I was heading down to Green Bay and Milwaukee for a few days of random fun. My drumset was in the car. I had already painted *The Rhythm Chicken* on my bass drum head, but wasn't sure yet what it meant. Just before leaving town I went to the resort's front desk and asked for the key to the storage room which housed the holiday costumes. Once in the storage room, my eyes fell upon the Easter Chicken head. I stared at the dopey-looking chicken face. It stared back at me. A few moments passed before I reached out and grabbed the head. When I returned the key to the front desk, the lady there asked, "Whatcha gonna do with the Easter head?" I was already heading towards the door when I turned back to reply, "I got some drumming to do."

Until this point in time, that head only got used for a few hours every year. Someone would spend a few hours walking around the resort as the Easter Chicken. Some children would excitedly gather around the chicken while others would hide behind their parents in fear. Needless to say, with this type of use, the chicken head would remain in pristine condition for decades to come. The fur was a shiny and bright white. The inner ears were a bright pink. The rubbery nose and buckteeth were cute and comical-looking. The entire head looked brand new. This would not last.

By the end of that summer, news had spread around the resort of what I was doing with their Easter Chicken head. Most people thought it was funny, cute, and entertaining, if not a little bizarre. Finally, there was a lengthy article about the Rhythm Chicken in the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, which was sold at the resort's front desk. It had a large color photo of the Rhythm Chicken playing in front of some liquor store in Milwaukee's south side. The resort owners could not

continue to ignore this. They asked me to return the chicken head.

Before returning the head, I quickly ran down to Green Bay and bought a different and newer Easter Chicken head. It was a bit more modern and had a snappier look to it. Back up north, I presented the newer head to the resort owners and offered a trade. They liked the new one and felt they got the better part of the bargain. I walked away with the dopey-looking head, knowing I was getting the *real* chicken head, the one with soul. Little did I know how long it would be with me, or what it was about to go through.

Over the next couple years, the chicken head saw a lot of action. Every time I used it the inside would continue to soak up sweat. The outside would frequently get soaked with airborne beer and spit. At various times the head would come in contact with all sorts of unsavory fluids and contaminants. Soaked with beer, sweat, snot, and spit, it would often get tossed into the trunk of my car to be forgotten until the next call for ruckus. The inside was the first part to noticeably *go bad*. Friends would often peek inside the head and then turn away saying, "Eeeew!!!" For many years, I was the only one daring enough to don the head.

There was a time when I actually considered having the head professionally cleaned. It was the early 2000s and the Milwaukee Brewers had asked me to perform around the stadium to shoot footage as a secondary mascot which they would play on their jumbotron during games. My then boss had contacts with the costume departments at various theaters in town. They could have it dry cleaned and refurbished to look newer than new. I thought on this one a few days, then decided to cram a rusty coat hanger into one of the lifeless ears to hold it up and scrub the face up with a wet rag. I felt the unsightly used character of the head was its charm and I wouldn't disturb the natural state of things. In a way, I've almost started to believe the dirty and dilapidated state of the chicken head is indeed what makes it magical. Remove the dirt, the blemishes, and war scars, and remove the soul. Nope, this head was born in punk rock and it would stay that way.

It wasn't long and I was performing live during the seventh-inning stretch at Miller Park. I got to polka dance with Bernie Brewer to the *Beer Barrel Polka*! The head grew dirtier, but the magic continued. I carried

the head to Europe on vacations. Its magic continued in Germany. I brought it with me when I moved to Poland. It has been used as a crusty pillow at times. It has been used as a butt-warmer cushion at a few Packer games at Lambeau Field. It continued to carry its magic around the Midwest, to Florida, to the East and West coasts, and to Las Vegas. With each bout of ruckus, the head continued to grow dirtier and battle-worn. I refused to remove its magic.

A few summers ago I was performing in one of my favorite gigs, Milwaukee's South Shore Frolics parade. My friends and I had buckets full of gummi worms soaked in water to toss on the crowds. That hot summer day will forever be remembered as the stickiest and slimiest parade day ever! Afterwards, the chicken head was tossed into my backseat with two slimy gummi worms stuck to its face. The rubber nose ended up sticking to a sticky and slimy hi-hat cymbal. A few hours in the sun had cooked things quite thoroughly. Now the chicken head sports two black lines on its left cheek and the rubbery nose is steadily tearing away. The Rhythm Chicken is looking more and more like the Dumpster Chicken these days. Still, I refuse to alter the natural state of the chicken head.

Every now and then, friends and I will look through old photos of the Rhythm Chicken from ten plus years ago. We all marvel at how *clean* and *shiny* it used to look. Lately, I've been looking at old photos and I can pretty much tell from what era each photo was taken by how dirty and worn the head appears! Every now and then I contemplate cleaning the head, thinking it might be scaring some of the kids or even looking too pathetic for certain parades. This thinking is soon drowned out by a mantra endlessly repeating in my brain. It's the voice of my old friend Terry uttering his favorite phrase, "Never leave 'em smiling!" If the people of earth can't accept the chicken head in its natural state, then CLUCK 'EM!

**Dinghole Report #129:
MOTHER NATURE CLEANS THE
CHICKEN HEAD!!! Well, sort of.
(Rhythm Chicken sighting #....
oh, let's say 600)**

It was another Fall Fest in Sister Bay, WI. I've done this parade many times. Mid-October can always offer bizarre weather out here in the middle of Lake Michigan. I've



BILL PINKEL

Remove the dirt, the blemishes, and war scars, and remove the soul.

done this parade in a T-shirt. I've done it shirtless. I've also done it in snow flurries. This year, Mother Nature threw a new form of discomfort our way. It was about thirty-five degrees, windy, and mild-to-moderate rain. Oh, joy! Many locals dropped out of the parade and fewer than usual were outside along the parade route. I got a twelve pack of beer, dug out my winter jacket, and readied the float.

This year, I decided to repeat a float from three years ago. I borrowed Dr. Phil's boat on its trailer and had it pulled by my friend Kevin's truck. Kevin and Kasia both wore their motorcycle helmets to protect their identities while throwing candy from the boat. I had one sign affixed to the front of the boat that simply said, "YOU grow up!" While sitting in the boat and waiting for the parade to start, my helpers and I finished the twelve pack. A few locals walked by under their umbrellas and asked me how the Chicken

could play under such conditions. I could only respond with, "This is why god invented beer!"

Ruckus O'Reily was behind the wheel as we inched our way into the start of the parade. The smaller-than-usual crowd let out a roar upon seeing the Rhythm Chicken with two helmeted helpers riding in a boat down the main drag. I started my thunder. Rain water splashed up off of my drums with every pounding. The wet and soggy chicken ears were heavier than usual and I had to violently bounce my head to bring them to life. Sprays of rain water whipped off the ears with every beat. I pounded out a very labored, quick set and raised my soaked wings to the sky. The drunken crowd outside the town's two big taverns let out a roar. I then lifted up my new sign with one hand while pounding out a steady beat with the other. The sign simply said, "THROW UP!" Waves of laughter spread through the crowd and a

few folks brought offerings of beer up to the float. All was well and as it should be in Sister Bay.

Soon after the parade I found myself back at my soup shop, frantically trying to change into dry clothes to help my elves serve the cold and hungry tourists. Under that winter jacket I had a white T-shirt, though it wasn't very white anymore. The rain had flushed some of the impurities out of my well-used Chickenhead, some of which stained and streaked down my formerly white shirt! I guess I can't blame Mother Nature for putting my head through a rinse cycle every now and then.


Tune in next time to hear about how I joined a band with someone whose chicken head is almost *dirtier* than mine! Coming soon... Ratso And The Rabbits!!!

—Rhythm Chicken
rhythmchicken@hotmail.com

**The
Happiest
Place
On
Earth**

LAS VEGAS
4640 Paradise Rd

NEW YORK
14 Avenue A



**DOUBLE
DOWN
SALOON**

doubledownsaloons.com

Welcome to 2013!!
We will be some vinyls or something
for all of the bands on the planet we love.
It's gonna be rad!!
You'll have to keep check here.

eagerbeaver.shop-pro.jp
eagerbeaverrecords.tumblr.com

謹賀新年
Happy new year!
We hope you
will have
a great year!
2013

STILL AVAILABLE
EBR-009 CROW BAIT
- Three Tickle Guys (7")
EBR-010
V.A. - Ray Of Hope (CD)
EBR-012 RATIONS
- How Much Land Does A Man Need (7")
EBR-013

EBR-011 MODERN GOODDAYS
- St (7")

EBR-021 STAY CLEAN JOLENE
- St (7")

EBR-022 THE ANCHOR
- Party! (7")

EBR-014 THE SLOW DEATH
- Born Ugly Got Worse (CD)
EBR-014
TOO MANY DAVES
- Dawn Of The Daves (7")

EBR-015 THE WILD / WORTHWHILE WAY
- Split (7")

EBR-017 RUN, FOREVER
- A Few Good Things (7")

EBR-018 THE MAGNIFICENT
- Bad Lucky (LP)

EBR-020 WORTHWHILE WAY
- Love Is All (CD)
LP on A.D.D. RECORDS

~JAPAN TOUR 2013 SPRING~
TOO MANY DAVES
来日!!
祝!

TOTAL INFO: worthwhileway@gmail.com




CALIFORNIA X
"CALIFORNIA X" LP/DIGITAL



WAXAHATCHEE
"CERULEAN SALT" CD/LP/DIGITAL



HILLY EYE
"REASONS TO LIVE" CD/LP/DIGITAL

ALSO AVAILABLE:

Records from Screaming Females, Black Wine, Brick Mower, Plastic Cross, Big Eyes, Laura Stevenson & The Cans, Jeffrey Lewis, The Ergs!, For Science, Nuclear Santa Claust, Shellshag, The Measure (SA), and more!

Don Giovanni Records

P.O. BOX 628 / KINGSTON, NJ 08528. DISTRIBUTED BY NO IDEA. <http://www.dongiovannirecords.com>

MY FIFTY-SIXTH COLUMN FOR RAZORCAKE BY BEN SNAKEPIT

BEN SNAKEPIT IS ON VACATION, SO HIS FIVE-YEAR-OLD SON BILLY IS DRAWING THIS ISSUE'S COLUMN...

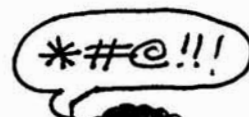
meet THE STAFF OF RAZOR! CAKE!



TODD'S TAILOR



SEAN'S CAR'S WELL



DARYL CUSSIN'



LIZ PRINTS



GARY'S
HORN-BURGER



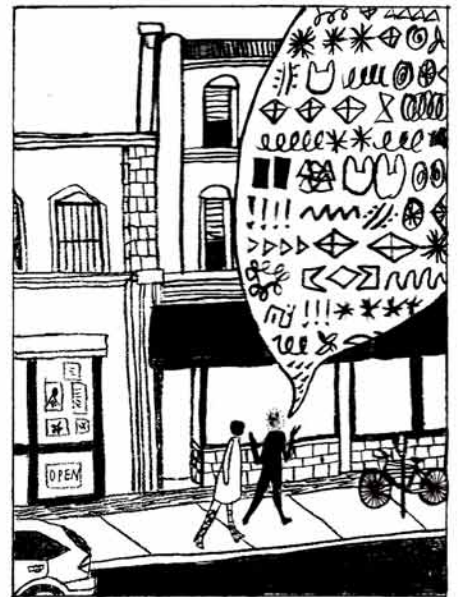
RYAN'S LEECH

SADLY, THIS IS NOT THE FIRST SNAKEPIT COMIC INSPIRED BY THE FAMILY CIRCUS.

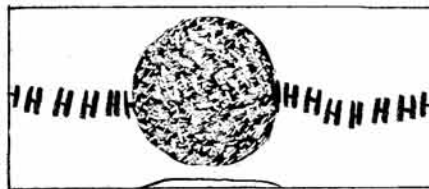
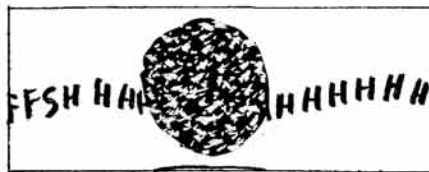
BEN SNAKEPIT PO BOX 49447 ATX 78765 BENSNAKEPIT@GMAIL



WHEN YOU
ARE
TALKING



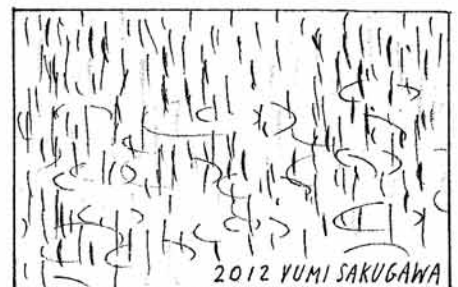
I FILL
MY HEAD
WITH
STATIC

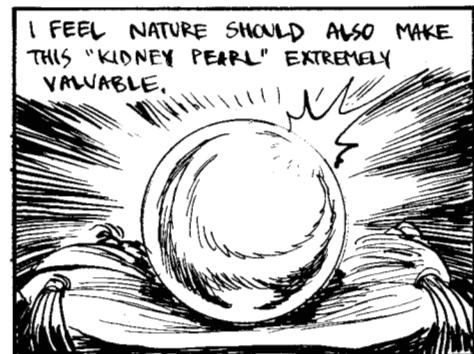
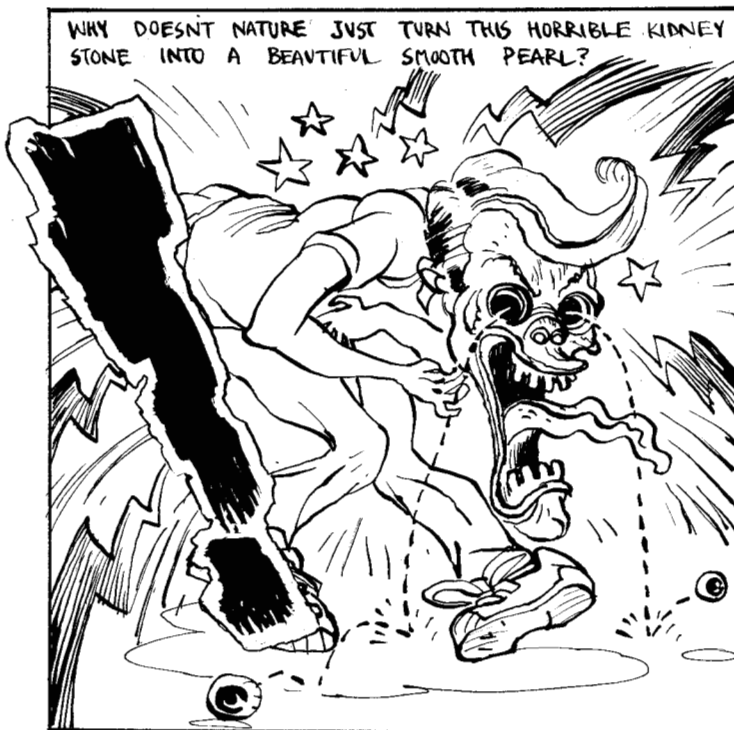
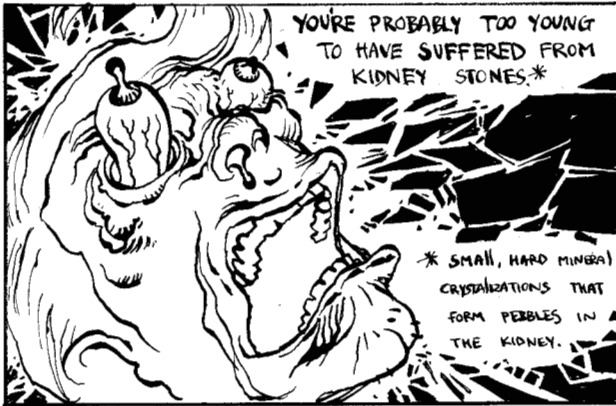


AND
LISTEN
INSTEAD



TO THE
SOUND
OF
FALLING
RAIN







**"The virtues
of a gut full
of suds."**

Beef Boloney and Baudrillard: Lee Ving's Celebrity Make-over

Occasionally odd, unnatural things fall from the sky, causing humans to intone that most basic of existential utterances: *What the fuck?* Eels, spiders, newts, blood, worms, jellyfish, frogs, cows... all manner of things have been recorded through the ages as having suddenly showered down like a Dadaistic rain on mystified humans. There was even a report in the '70s of a baffling rain of fresh meat—apparently out of a clear sky and tasting something like mutton or venison. And now, I suspect, Fear's new, bolt-out-of-the-blue offering—very simply titled *The Fear Record* and available thanks to the good folks at The End Records—needs to be added to that list of Fortean unexplainables.

If my guess is right, this new/old oddity will have the World-wide Blowhard Forums abuzz with punk pundits, gossips, and know-it-alls all clucking and hissing like the menopausal hens on *The View*; everyone and their Honey Boo-Boo niece is going to want to weigh in on just what exactly this recording represents vis-à-vis the state of punk, where it came from and how we all should, or shouldn't, assimilate it into our world of Oprah-guided shopping lists.

This much we know: *The Fear Record* is a modern-day, top-to-bottom re-do of Fear's 1982 debut album named *The Record*, minus the song "Fuck Christmas." It is also minus three quarters of the musicians who played on the original *Record*: Philo Cramer, Spit Stix, and the late Derf Scratch. That leaves Lee Ving as the only original member on this new recording and there is no doubt that this project is his bouncing baby. On the sticker affixed to the plastic wrapper of the CD there's a quote from Mr. Ving ostensibly explaining to the puzzled and suspicious why this thing fell from the sky in the first place: according to Lee, it's meant to correct/improve the apparently inadequate recording from 1982. "[It's how] I'd originally have had them sound," is how he puts it, "them" of course being the songs Or wait—could he mean *the other members of Fear*?? (Suspenseful music swells...)

But before I even tore the shrink wrap from the CD, I wondered how the hell anyone could possibly improve upon a classic for the ages like *The Record*. It seemed an inconceivable and probably foolhardy attempt to me, a person who grew up thinking that Lee Ving magically walked above us mortals on clouds of hostility and

that his angrily stained underpants probably smelled like Fuck-Christmas cookies. But that was long ago and my hydrocephalic head situation had my thoughts tilting in weird directions. Modern day: the CD sticker also trumpets Fear as the band "that shaped the sound and style of American Hardcore" and "the band that shut down *Saturday Night Live*." Both incontrovertible statements if you ask me. As a clueless kid I had the dumb luck of catching that infamous Halloween episode of *SNL* back in '81 and Fear's chaotic, riotous performance blew out entire circuit boards in my brain. In a cosmic flash, I instantly realized that the heavy metal goobers that I thought were so tough and intimidating at the time were little more than mooning frat boys compared to Fear. This wasn't just threatening, but *truly* dangerous stuff. And I was hooked. This turned out to be my initiation into the dark knowledge of Punk Rock and the virtues of a gut full of suds and hammering some cruds.

But nostalgia aside and returning to the present day, there is the matter of the new version *The Record* itself: what does this "new and improved" Fear album actually sound like? Well for starters, Lee Ving sure enough sounds like Lee Ving, but with his balls probably dangling like a couple eggs in a wet sock at this point in his life, the old rasp is deeper and phlegm-ier now. But he can still muster the vocal vitriol and hit the old notes—though it's theoretically possible that his gnarled old vocal chords are being helped by Autotune this time around, like a little old lady being helped across the street by a Boy Scout. That might sound like a cheap shot, but I don't mean any disrespect. It's more a shot at the crutch of technology. I'm certainly not trying to make Lee Ving out to be the Betty White of Punk. It's a matter of public record that, to this day, I have an age-inappropriate crush on Mr. Ving and have, through the decades, stuck up for him in virtually every instance—the ill-advised association with Dave Mustaine being the lone exception.

Nevertheless, this new version of *The Record* feels like it's had its warts, zits, skin tags, and hemorrhoids ironed out by the marvels of modern recording technology, at least compared to the rawer, more stripped down '82 version. And that's all fine and well—you would almost have to expect that in this age where reality is so routinely "photoshopped" to remove the unsightly

blemishes and barbs customers don't want to be bothered with. But to my ears, what also gets digitally botoxed out in this brave, new version of *The Record* is the petty criminal quirkiness, the angular sonic oddness that made the original so uniquely Fear. Or in language somewhat more comprehensible to the Twitterverse: Fear 2.0 has a sound that is fuller, warmer, more polished, and less zitty—while Fear 1.0 is stark, sharp, and jagged like the broken Bud bottles that Lee Ving's nurse hasn't cleaned up yet from his basement floor. To put it pig simple, Fear 1.0 has a scruffy, mean early-era punk sound, while Fear 2.0 has a more slickly produced contemporary metal-punk sound. Both are good in their own way.

For me, though, it's a matter of what I grew up with. To be honest, what I miss most about this new *Fear Record* is the spasmodic jazz tourettes guitar work of Philo Cramer. His guitar solos made me think of frightened mimes being stuck in closets, tangled up in wire hangers and mannequin parts, and for some reason I've always admired that. But now those wonderfully schizoid solos have been replaced with guitar solos that seem like Mick Mars leftovers by comparison. Probably a sign of the times more than anything. We all knew that that *Guitar Hero* craze was going to come back to haunt us at some point, *didn't we?*

But I keep coming back to the odd-things-falling-from-the-sky idea and I still can't quite explain why this new version exists at all. I mean, in golf, if you've just hit a hole-in-one, do you ask for a mulligan? The original '82 release is an all-time punk classic, pure and simple. Why fuck with it? I don't get it. And if Lee and his hired guns are claiming it was all based on a desire to filter the same music through an improved technology, I still don't quite see the point. If James Joyce came back to life and crawled up out of his grave (eye-patched zombie imagery I know the kids will eat up), would he choose to retype *Ulysses* just because he could do it now on a computer keyboard instead of by scribbling a charcoal pencil on butcher paper? If Lee and the boys just wanted to take advantage of the marvels of new technology then why not simply take the original tapes, digitally remaster them, and then re-release that?

A case in point: When the Canadian Subhumans rerecorded the material that



JOSH ROSA

Occasionally odd, unnatural things fall from the sky, causing humans to intone that most basic of existential utterances: *What the fuck?*

made up their 1980 debut album and released that a few years ago under the new title *Same Thoughts Different Day*, it was because they had no other choice: the issue of ownership of the original tapes over the years had wound up in a cluster-fucked knot that wouldn't be untied without an extended, expensive court battle. It was either re-do the album and get it out to the public or leave it to languish as an ultra-rare, exorbitantly priced collector's item owned by only a few record collector nerds. Last time I checked, the '82 version of Fear's *The Record* is still readily available.

And one more thing about this "new" Fear CD: leaving out—or should I say Lee-Ving out—the other surviving members of the original *The Record* lineup (namely Philo and Spit Stix) comes across as a douchey Danzig *Legacy of Brutality*-like maneuver. But what do I know? Maybe those other guys didn't want any part of the project and maybe there's more to the behind-the-scenes story that would make it all make sense. But as it is, it doesn't seem to make much sense, unless, I guess, you're Lee Ving.

However you slice it, *The Fear Record* is simultaneously old and new, an original and a reproduction, the same but different—and from a certain angle of perspective you can find yourself wondering: did Fear counterfeit their own album? And furthermore, is it even "Fear" with only Lee Ving as the remaining original member? Any attempt to classify an oddity like this brings us into the deep, murky waters where pomo theories like Baudrillard's Orders of Simulacra float around and where the lines between "the real" and "the fake" are difficult to make out. As I sit here right now sipping a Schell's Deer Brand beer, the Meatmen's version of "I Love Livin in the City" off the *Cover the Earth* CD is just as "real" to me as this new Fear version. Tesco Vee's Lee Ving impersonation is just as good as Lee Ving's is nowadays. And here's the deal: I live with things uncertain and loosely defined all the time. For no discernable reason whatsoever, I have seemingly developed a wobbly sense of negative capability so that I can float in uncertainty with some measure of comfort. So *The Fear Record* doesn't have to justify its existence or make sense

to me. The world is a big enough place, there's plenty of room for both versions of this sneering punk rock classic. Maybe this whole issue will come down to a New Coke versus Coke Classic thing for most people. I will, in fact, own copies of both. But if I want the true gut-full-of-suds flavor of the band "that shut down *SNL*," it'll be the '82 version that I put in my CD player every time. For me, there is some sort of magico-mystical power related to the socio-historical context of the original recording combined with the nervous trenchcoat-flasher quality of Philo's original guitar work that no copy or re-do can ever approach.

But I'm just glad Lee Ving is still kicking around in one form or another. I hope he reads this column and decides to contact me about getting together for a few beers. Now would somebody please have the good sense to release the Fear Halloween '81 *SNL* footage on DVD? No reenactments though, please.

— Aphid Peewit

FIRESTARTER records






toxic pop records






www.firestarterrecords.com
www.toxicpoprecords.com

GHOSTBOT RECORDS



Man's Assassination, Man
"The Big One" LP
Ltd 250 Black Vinyl
Los Angeles 4-piece
features members of
Mae Shi, Residual Echoes,
Of Aire & Devon Williams
Too bad this great group
broke up last year, bomp



PANGEA
"Killer Dreams"
4-song 7" EP
2nd & Last Pressing
Los Angeles Garagey Junk
Songs about your life
which includes daybooze,
love, black wizards &
uh, drinking!!!



God Equals Genocide
"Rattled Minds" CD
Ltd 330 Copies
Suburban Excommunicates
Features members of
Spokenest, Cheeto Champ,
Pangea, Bird Strike, Hotel
La Rut & many more
Free GEG button while
they last!!!


www.ghostbotrecords.bigcartel.com


DOWNLOAD THE FREE COMP



13 YEARS OF GC RECORDS FREE COMP



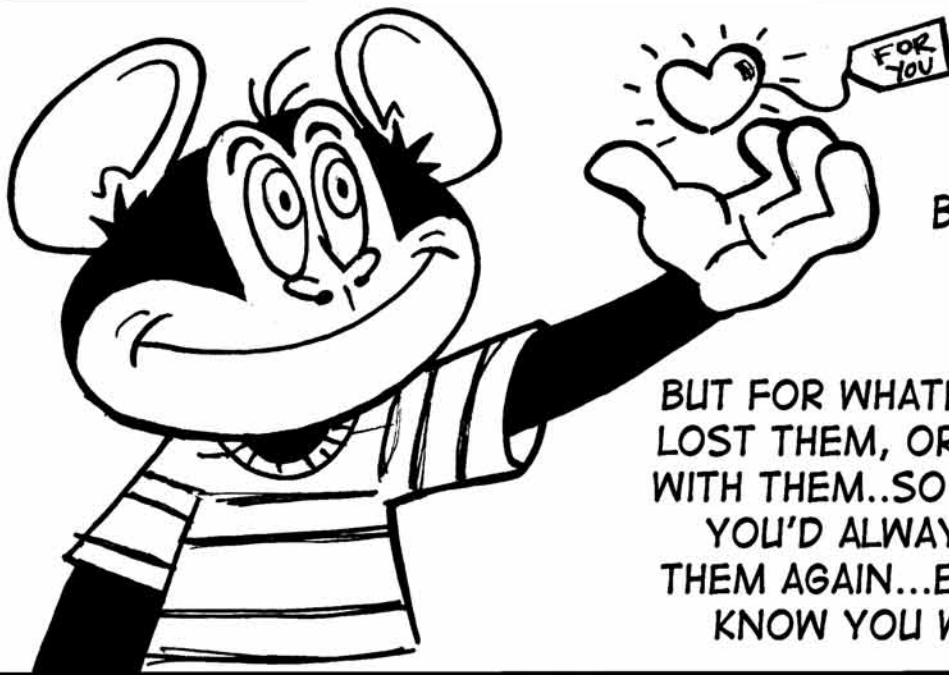
GCRECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM

CHICO SIMIO

#35

"ET TU, SOULMATE?"

I'D ALWAYS
WONDERED IF
IT WAS
TRUE...THAT
OUT THERE
WAS SOMEONE
JUST FOR
YOU..SOMEONE
THAT REALLY
GETS YOU..

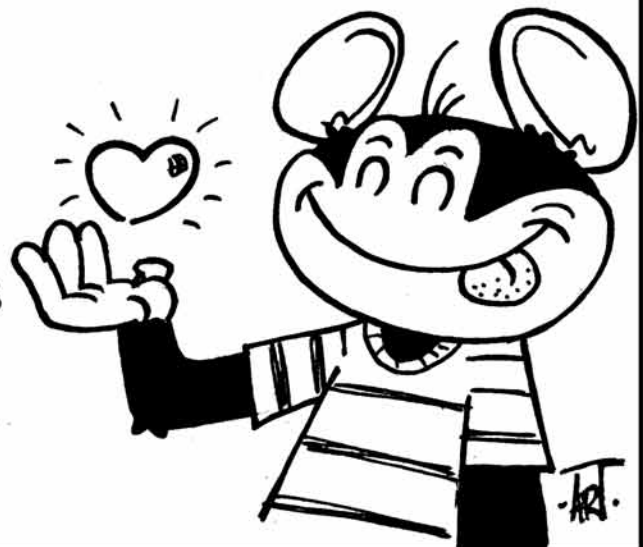


SOMEONE THAT
MAYBE YOU'D MET
BEFORE...IN ANOTHER
LIFE...ANOTHER
MOMENT IN TIME...

BUT FOR WHATEVER REASON, YOU
LOST THEM, OR YOU COULDN'T BE
WITH THEM..SO IN YOUR NEW LIFE,
YOU'D ALWAYS TRY AND FIND
THEM AGAIN...EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T
KNOW YOU WERE LOOKING...

WELL, IF THE POETS AND WISE FOOLS
ARE RIGHT, WHEN YOU FIND THAT
PERSON AGAIN, IT'S A WONDERFUL
THING...IT CHANGES YOUR
WORLD..YOUR CORE..

SO NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU IN THIS
LIFE, DEAR HEART, I'M NOT GOING TO
LOSE YOU AGAIN..WE FOUND EACH
OTHER..AND AGAIN YOU'VE MADE ME
COMPLETE.





"Them's my favorite chips."

Nardwuar vs. Waka Flocka The Human Serviette Flame

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Waka Flocka Flame: I'm Waka Flocka. Born in Jamaica, Queens. Raised in Clayton County, Riverdale. Spokesman, entrepreneur, juggernaut, you know, the rest goes on.

Nardwuar: Waka Flocka, welcome to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

Waka: Man, I love it man. Thank you, man. Van city.

Nardwuar: And Waka, who do you have beside you?

Waka: Wooh Da Kid, man. My brother.

Wooh Da Kid: What's going on? Wooh Da Kid, Wooh Da King, King Wooh, whatever you want to call me.

Nardwuar: So right off the bat I have a gift for you to welcome you guys to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

Waka: We always love gifts. What's happening?

Nardwuar: We have something here that is dear to your heart right now, an SWV LP. [Nardwuar hands WFF an SWV record]

Waka: How do you know we like SWV?

Nardwuar: You're Waka Flocka. We gotta know that.

Waka: How do you know that?

Nardwuar: What can you tell the people about SWV?

Wooh: They sexy. Real nice. [Dances back and forth]

Nardwuar: How important is that, Waka Flocka?

Waka: Well SWV, they remind me of a club in Queens called Colors. Like everybody from Queens, they know the club called Colors. That is what you just reminded me of, man. You just reminded me of block parties, man. I appreciate this.

Nardwuar: Waka Flocka and Wooh Da Kid, here you are in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, as I mentioned. I guess I was wondering there, Waka, do you still like salt and vinegar chips?

Waka: Yo, this guy's crazy! How do you know that, man? I love them. Them's my favorite chips.

Nardwuar: You know, I was thinking about vinegar, and I was thinking about barbecue. For barbecue, what is your favorite barbecue? You know, there's like vinegar-based barbecue, mustard-based barbecue, and ketchup-based barbecue. What's your guys' favorites?

Waka: Damn. You know them all. Yo man, this guy's like Cleo, man. Yeah, I love it. You hit them all on the nose.

Nardwuar: What are your favorites though of all those ones?

Waka: My favorite? It depends, man. It depends on who's cooking, who's on that grill, man. But usually I like the boneless. The boneless, like those spicy barbecue joints. They be crazy. When they make them kind of Cajun, they be crazy.

Nardwuar: What can you tell the people, Waka, about Mr. Sammy Sam? [Nardwuar shows Waka a cassette]

Waka: Wow! Wow! Yo man. Sammy Sam was great, man. I grew up listening to him, man. Hitman Sammy Sam.

Nardwuar: Like he's an important foundation for Atlanta, right?

Waka: I got my laptop right now. I got all his CDs on it right now. He's crazy. He's crazy. This is it right here.

Wooh: How did you find this?

Nardwuar: Well, we have to find it for you guys.

Wooh: There's a question right there. How did you find this, man?

Nardwuar: We love the ATL stuff. Like for instance, Mr. Kilo...

[Nardwuar hands Waka a Kilo Ali record]

Waka: Wow! Wow! Wow!

Wooh: It's Kilo, everything's turned up.

Waka: Wow. You know, we tell motherfuckers like you, you my nigga. So you my nigga for this Kilo Ali right here, see. Baby, this is the shit right here.

Nardwuar: For the people that aren't familiar with Kilo Ali, what can you tell them about him?

Waka: Kilo Ali, that's when I originally, like, first moved to Georgia, to the SWATS (Southwest Atlanta), to like, Diplomat Drive, like Campbellton Road. Like, Kilo Ali was Atlanta. You know what I'm saying? Like, he was the guy who turned the parties up.

Wooh: He turned the parties up.

Waka: Like, Freaknik, back when Freaknik was out, like, he's Atlanta, man. He's one of them.

Nardwuar: And Sammy Sam and Shy D too. There's Shy D representing.

Waka: Shy D, Sammy Sam, there's a couple people, man. A lot of people. Yeah.

Nardwuar: Kilo Ali, Sammy Sam,

foundation, with Wooh the Kid and Waka Flocka...

Waka: Flame! [laughs]

Nardwuar: When you guys were growing up...

Waka: How the fuck did he find this Kilo Ali?

Wooh: That's crazy.

Nardwuar: I have a quote for you Waka and Wooh Da Kid. Here it is: "She's a tiger-striped..."

Waka: [silence]

Nardwuar: "... Pitbull." Reema Major. That's what you called Reema Major, "a tiger-striped pitbull."

Waka: But you just fucked me up! Like, how did you... like, this guy's really on it, man! Yo, Reema's a pit, man. She'll be back, too, tomorrow. She got sick as hell, man, from the road. Yeah, she's crazy. Yo, like, she reminds me of Queen Latifah, MC Lyte, and, like, just mixed in one, you know what I'm saying? She's just...

Nardwuar: And she's from Canada. Canadian!

Waka: Yeah, she is sick man. I swear to god that girl is crazy.

Nardwuar: What has she told you guys about Canada? Has she told you anything about Canada? Toronto?

Waka: It's real. It's real motherfuckers, that's what she said. It's real motherfuckers.

Nardwuar: And on this tour I notice you've been mentioning punk rap. Are you into the... what is punk rap?

Waka: Punk rap is the genre I created. This is punk rap when you listen to me.

Nardwuar: So you think you're the first punk rapper out there?

Waka: Yeah. First punk rapper. The first.

Nardwuar: I also wanted to ask you, Wooh Da Kid and Waka Flocka...

Waka: ...Flame.

Nardwuar: From Brick...

Waka: ...Squad.

Nardwuar: About some more foundation. A gentleman that you played with, I'm pretty sure here, Waka Flocka, you played right here with Doug E... [Nardwuar hands Waka Flocka a Doug E. Fresh record]

Waka: ...Fresh.

Nardwuar: What can you tell me about Doug E. Fresh and the gig you did? I think you did a *Soul Train* gig with him, or some gig about the *Soul Train Awards*? Do you remember that?



MARCOS SIREF

Waka: How does this guy know everything like this, man? I thought that would be a gimmick, man, when you be on YouTube and stuff, man. Do you know who Doug E. Fresh is, man? You know who Doug E. Fresh is?

Nardwuar: Amazing beat boxer. Just legendary. Foundation.

Waka: You know who Doug E. Fresh is, man? Do you know Doug E.?

Nardwuar: I haven't got that close to know Doug E. though, but you know Doug E. Didn't you do some gigs with him?

Waka: No, I ain't never do nothing with Doug. Nardwuar is wrong. [laughs]

Nardwuar: Well, you did play like some Soul Train gig that I think he was part of, wasn't he?

Waka: [laughs] He was, he was, yeah, he was.

Nardwuar: Thank you! I was worried there.

Waka: Yeah, he was—he was a really cool guy, man. Like, an interesting guy. Like, he ain't cocky like a lot of them. Cool, cool guy, man. [Waka looks at the Doug E. Fresh LP cover.]

Nardwuar: What is catching your eye right there, Waka Flocka?

Waka: History. This shit's crazy. It's like history repeats itself, because everybody's rocking their jersey...

Nardwuar: Can you show the people what's going on here?

Waka: Everybody's rocking that kind of style of jersey now, and he got a Bally shirt on. That's just 360, ain't it? I see what's going on, you motherfuckers.

Nardwuar: What was it like in Paris, having Mos Def and Common as hypemen up on stage with you?

Waka: Yo, that was crazy. Like I came out the hotel in Paris, right, I went across the street to the diner, I look out the window and you just see Common. I'm like, "What the hell? What the hell you doing out here?" He looking at me, like, "What the hell *you* doing out here?" And so we went to the Ye Fashion Show. I saw Com and Mos Def in there and we just went crazy. "Hard in the Paint" dropped.

Nardwuar: I have another gift for you guys, lastly here, from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. A Kool G Rap puzzle. [Nardwuar hands Waka Flocka a Kool G Rap puzzle]

Wooh: Ooh, now let me see that.

Nardwuar: Open this up.

Waka: I'll fuck with you. A Kool G Rap puzzle. You the man. I'll fuck with you.

Nardwuar: Kool G, they're important to you guys, aren't they, Waka Flocka Flame?

Waka: Hell yeah! That's the first gangsta rap I ever seen in my life. Him and Eazy-E. Two firsts.

Nardwuar: There's actually another person I wanted to ask you guys about, lastly here. Slick Rick?

Waka: Slick Rick. [Nardwuar hands Waka Flocka a Slick Rick record.]

Waka: That's family right here.

Nardwuar: But he had the—speaking of style—he had the style, right?

Wooh: Yeah, he had his swag on max. Swag was on London. His swag was on London, definitely.

Nardwuar: Did your mom or aunt tell you anything about Slick Rick at all?

Waka: Yeah, my uncle produced one of his albums. James Antney.

Nardwuar: No way, really? He also did LL Cool J too, right?

Waka: Yeah.

Wooh: [puzzled] Damn, man, who are you?

Nardwuar: Nardwuar the Human Serviette.

Wooh: Hey can I, can I—I want to bring, put you down in the squad, man. [Wooh puts his chain around Nardwuar's neck.]

Nardwuar: Oh wow!

Wooh: There we go.

Nardwuar: Oh, that's amaz... That's heavy, too! Wow!

Wooh: I likes you, man. You Squad now, man.

Nardwuar: Well, Wooh Da Kid and Waka Flocka Flame, thanks very much for your time. Anything else you want to add to the people out there at all?

Waka: Yeah man, we want to tell the people, just thanks for fucking with us, man. Staying down with us, staying in tune with us, man. Keeping the hustle strong, keeping the grind original, you know what I'm saying? Like, and Nardwuar, man, for being on his shit.

Wooh: Definitely Nardwuar. He's definitely part of the Squad now. So when y'all see him, just say, "Squad." He know what it is.

Nardwuar: Well, thanks very much, Brick Squad, keep on rocking in the free world, and doot doola doot doo ...

Waka and Wooh: doot doo!

Nardwuar: Yeah!

Waka: You didn't think we knew that, did you?

To see this interview, visit nardwuar.com

BITE THE CACTUS BEST 2012 SHOWS OF 2012 BY ADRIAN CHI

ISAW A LOT OF AMAZING SHOWS IN 2012. SOME TOTALLY EPIC, SOME SIMPLY SUBTLE AND SWEET. THIS IS MY LIST OF THE MOST MEMORABLE AND MOST MOVING PERFORMANCES (IN RANDOM ORDER)

STREET EATERS



AWESOME FEST 666/SAN DIEGO, CA

THE LIBYAN S



AMERICAN LEGION HALL/HIGHLAND PARK, CA

TOYS THAT KILL



AWESOME FEST 666/SAN DIEGO, CA

THE WEBS

DVH OR WEBZ



BASEMENT SHOW/SEATTLE, WA

JUAN LUIS GUERRA+DUDAMEL



THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL/HOLLYWOOD, CA

ENNVU TRUST



PLEA FOR PEACE CENTER/STOCKTON, CA

MAKOTO TAIKO



WORLD MUSIC FESTIVAL/CALSTATE LA, CA

BOMBÓN+PTERODACLUDES



HOUSE SHOW/HIGHLAND PARK, CA

DUDE PLAYING THELONIOUS MONK SONG ON THE STREET



11-23/BLACK FRIDAY/SAN FRANCISCO, CA

WRECK OF THE ZEPHYR



HOUSE SHOW/HIGHLAND PARK, CA

RED DONS



VINCE LOMBARDI HIGH SCHOOL/POMONA, CA

RED DONS II



BLUE STAR BAR/LOS ANGELES, CA



Rachel Murray Framingheddu's Photo Page

Untitled Portrait, Matt

GONER



**EX-CULT
LP/CD
7"**



**TOY LOVE
LIVE AT THE GLUEPOT
1980
DBL LP/CD**



**THE LEGS
AAAA THE
NEW MEMPHIS
LEGS LP**



**THE BARBARAS
2006-2008 LP/CD**

GONER-RECORDS.COM

New titles out now!

order online at
sitandspinrecords.blogspot.com
or contact us for trade
and wholesale at
sitandspinrecords@gmail.com



**SAS-11
PLAGUE DOGS S/T 12"**

Philly's newest
motorcharched
purveyors of mayhem
shred on this,
their debut album.



**SAS-10
GASH "WE ARE FUCK
YOU" 7"**

Philly fastcore
rock' n' roll shit-
heads' debut
single with 5 ear-
blistering tracks.



**SAS-09
RATFACE "DEAD RATS
BLOOD E.P." 7"**

Second single from
Pittsburgh's punk
rock powerhouse
featuring two raw,
80s influenced
hardcore punk jams.



**SAS-08
SPENT FLESH S/T 10"**

Philly based raw
thrashy punk.
Thirteen raging
songs with unique,
mind-bending
guitar work.

Also available:



**SAS-07 POWERUP / PIZZA
HIGH FIVE SPLIT 10"**



**SAS-06 INFERNAL STRONGHOLD /
PIZZA HIGH FIVE SPLIT 7"**



**SAS-03 THULSA DOOM
DISCOGRAPHY 10"**



**SAS-05 NOTHING IS OVER
NOTHING IS OVER
NEGATIVE FUCKING ENERGY 7"**



WHITE MURDER



"EARLY LA PUNK IN A
DANGERHOUSE RECORDS
FASHION" - Maximum Rocknroll

"SMASH AND BURN STYLE WITH
URGENT DELIVERY" - Razorcake

**WHITEMURDER.BANDCAMP.COM
FACEBOOK.COM/TWOREDSTARS**



TOR JOHNSON RECORDS
more records, tapes,
cds, shirts, videos,
zines, posters, etc
available online
www.torjohnsonrecords.com



Matt Average's Photo Page

Atrako at the Warsaw Pad, Boyle Heights, 09/22/2012

7 Lenny

INTERVIEW BY
Kevin Dunn

PHOTOS BY
James Dovescot Willet
Nicole C. Kibert
Curtis Grimstead

ART JUNK BY
Amy Adoyzie





1

JAMES DAVECAT WILLET

DRUMS + VOCALS

Alex

BASS

Max

GUITAR + VOCALS

Sweeney

PHOTOGRAPH BY

Lemuria are a deceptive band. They hang with the hardcore crowd, are on a hardcore label (Bridge Nine), but would never be mistaken for a hardcore band themselves. Musically, they sound a little like an early 1990s college indie rock band, but only if you got rid of the pretentiousness and threw in a solid helping of punk rawk. In truth, they are one of those bands that defy easy categorization. I guess it makes sense that they are named after a mythical lost continent.

On some songs, it is clear they are a three-piece, with a sparse sound producing sonic landscapes with open spaces beckoning you to jump through. On other songs, the sound is big, filling up your eardrums with rich textures and aural goodness.

The lyrics, too, can be deceptively simple; a few lines packed with whiplash intelligence. And damn, do they make some sexy music. Alex Kern's deep, strong vocals are an evocative juxtaposition to Sheena Ozzella's higher, cheerful singing voice; sometimes like a warm embrace with an older lover, other times like the aching tension before a first kiss. Seriously, if your heart doesn't tremble a little when Sheena sings a line like, "I want my hands in your hair, pulling your face closer," then you, my friend, are dead inside.

Formed in the greater Buffalo area by Sheena and Alex, Lemuria have spent the last eight years releasing a slew of singles and EPs on a number of labels (including Asian Man, No Idea, and Alex's own Art Of The Underground) while working through bass players. The career of one visa-defying bassist ended when he was actually nabbed by U.S. Immigration officials in 2010 while the band was finishing up their second album, *Pebble*. His replacement, Max Gregor, has since become a bona-fide band member. In October, I made the two-hour drive to Buffalo to conduct this interview.

Kevin: Let's start at the beginning. How and where did the band start? Was it in Buffalo?

Alex: We started in this little cabin house owned by friends of the family in East Otto, New York. We'd just go out there late at night. We weren't really trying to start a band, but we just started playing some songs, and asked Adam to play with us. It all came together.

Kevin: East Otto?

Alex: ...like between Ellicottville and Springville, if that...

Kevin: Nope. Means nothing to me [laughter].

Alex: It's close to the Pennsylvania border.

Kevin: Were you guys playing in bands before that?

Alex: I was playing in a band called Lieutenant at the time and some other stuff.

Sheena: Well, I was in a band with Eric Ellman called Team Chocolate. It was like an acoustic duo. I was also in a band with my best friend from high school, Barb, called Roma Relä. That was another acoustic band.

Kevin: Whose idea was it to name this band after a missing continent?

Alex: That was mine. At the time, I was reading a lot of things by David Icke and just weird conspiracies about reptilian shape shifting politicians. He was into the truth about Atlantis and Lemuria and stuff like that. He believed that all these—the original reptiles that turn into these people came from Lemuria; nothing I really believe in. [laughs] It was something I was just obsessed with reading at the time.

Kevin: Isn't there a death metal band called Lemuria as well?

Alex: Yeah, they're more like a black metal band. They're from Belgium and we played Belgium on our last tour. A few of them came out and they were wearing their own Lemuria shirts. They were really nice though. We've actually been in contact with them before that because they had broken up and then they were reforming. They asked us permission to use their name, Lemuria. We were like, "Yeah, whatever, you can be called Lemuria" [laughs]. It was funny because they're a black metal band but they were putting smiley faces in their emails. [laughter]

Kevin: Who formed first—you or them?

Alex: I'm not certain because when we formed it was at the beginning of MySpace and all those things where it was easy to look up if the band names had been taken or not. I'm not sure if they're before, around the same time, or a little after.

Kevin: Does it ever cause problems when your audience members show up expecting black metal and get you guys?

Alex: It's never really happened, even when we played Belgium. It hasn't happened yet.

Sheena: When we played that show in Belgium and they all came out, we looked and there was a poster on the wall for this metal festival happening. They were on the poster and I remember looking at it and thinking, "That looks just like we're playing." You can't tell really what kind of band it is but of course everyone there knew it was the Belgian metal band and not us.

Alex: Yeah, I remember that poster because it had a bunch of Bridge Nine Records bands on it. I think Polar Bear Club was playing and Strike Anywhere and stuff so that was really, really confusing.

Kevin: How long was Adam in the band before it went to Jason, then Kyle, then Max? You can't keep bass players.

Alex: Adam actually was only in it for the demo. Then he moved. He's a teacher out in Seattle and we're still friends. The only person we're not really friends with anymore is Jason, which is just a long story of us not

getting along. We spent a lot of time with Jason and just butted heads on tour and different ideas of what we wanted to do. Then Kyle, our third bass player, was from St. Catharines (Canada) and he got deported. [laughs]

Kevin: Yeah, what's the story behind that? Did he get caught on the other side of the border and they wouldn't let him back in? Or were you on tour?

Alex: Well, we were actually recording *Pebble* at the time. He was in the band for a year and was "kind of" living in Buffalo. Well, he was living in Buffalo. Hope the border patrol isn't reading this interview. Well, they already know.

Kevin: It's too late. The cat's out of the bag. [laughter]

Alex: Basically, he just overstayed his visa from Canada. You're not supposed to stay a certain amount of time. They realized that he was working. He had a job here in the States. He had a phone plan in the States. He had everything. He was doing everything in the States. He went home to visit his family while Sheena and I were going to be doing some vocals for the recording. He was like, "I'm just going to go back" and then we get a call from him a couple of days later. He was like, "I got in big trouble at the border. I'm not allowed to come back in the States." I think things are little bit better for him now in the sense that I think he can come over, but he can only come up for twenty-four hours or something like that at a time.

Kevin: Did you guys know he was living in the States illegally?

Alex: Yeah, we did, actually. We should've figured out some work visa for him, but he was only in the band for a year. He was the guy who was there to recover for Jason when Jason was kicked out of the band. He's like, "I can do it." I'm just like, "Cool. All right." Then that happened. We never really got our shit together. [laughs]

Sheena: I think we were really busy when he was in the band, also. Alex and I were writing songs for *Pebble* and we were touring a bunch. I think we thought we could get away with it, without actually really dealing with the legal stuff. When he was forced to stay in Canada, and not allowed in the States, it brought it to our attention how serious of a deal it was.

Kevin: Had you already laid down the bass for *Pebble*?

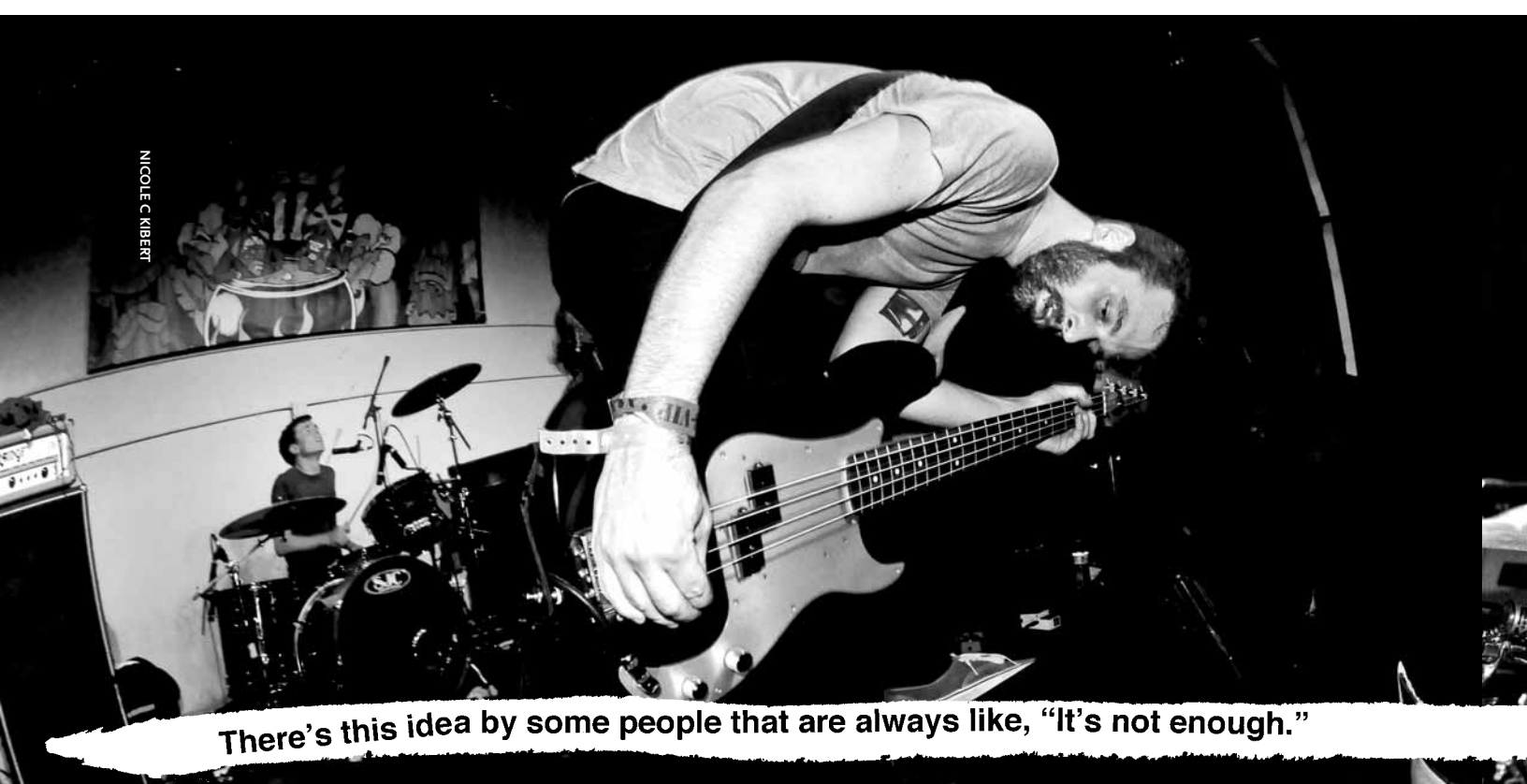
Alex: Yeah.

Kevin: He's on *Pebble*, but I guess that's why there's just the two of you on the cover.

Alex: He wasn't in that picture because the artwork came after. The funny thing is—Max was on tour, but the whole time Kyle was in the band, Max was touring with us doing sound and being roadie and everything like that. Max has been a great friend for a long time. Actually, Max, you basically figured out a way for him to get licensed to stay in the country. I remember you did tons of research and found a way for Kyle to be okay to stay in the States.

I feel like we don't really sound like we're a band from this generation maybe.





There's this idea by some people that are always like, "It's not enough."

Max: Yeah, well after the fact. We found out that if he joined the musician's union, and jumped through all these hoops, then you can legally perform in a band in the U.S. There are a lot of ways to do it legally, though they're a pain in the ass, and there are a lot of fees involved. In hindsight, I don't know how effective any of it would be after you've been busted for crossing the border like that for staying in the U.S. too long. I don't know if asking for forgiveness in those situations with U.S. Border Patrol really works.

Kevin: Yeah, I don't know if they're too forgiving these days. [laughter]

Alex: I know bands that get banned for like five to ten years for just going over to play a house show and not doing it legit.

Max: There are ways to do it. We've found a few. Unfortunately, it just didn't work out.

Kevin: Have you checked Max's papers? Do you know that he's legal?

Alex: I don't know. Max?

Max: I don't know. They're going to ship me back to Florida one of these days. [laughter]

Kevin: Max, let me get your story of how you joined the band.

Max: Well, as Alex said, I was touring with Lemuria for that whole summer, hanging out and doing sound and stuff, and then when everything popped up with Kyle, Kyle and I talked about it. Then I talked about it with Alex and Sheena. It was a pretty tight schedule. Not only were they recording, but there was a tour starting in a couple weeks. They were getting out of the studio and the first show was going to be this big sold-out show with New Found Glory.

I was in Texas. I flew up to Baltimore and we started practicing in the studio together. They still had all their gear set up, so I just went in and we started practicing the songs. I learned the set really quickly, and then we

played that show a couple weeks later and just continued since then, being a full member of the band. After we started playing shows together regularly, we started to have the conversation of, "All right, well, am I going to be a full member of the band? Are we continuing to do this, or is this just temporary?" Everything just worked out really well, and I've continued to be in the band since.

Kevin: Have there been challenges in terms of joining Sheena and Alex, who had been playing together for six or seven years together? You're obviously the newcomer here. Has that posed any problems or challenges for you?

Max: In some ways, yeah. It's been a careful balance of trying not to be too heavy-handed with my input. I don't want to change anything that the band's done, and the band's always been Alex and Sheena, so I try not to do that. I think at this point we have a really good understanding of how we all work together. There have been a couple situations where I have to change things about the way that I normally would write music or be in a band or anything, but it's all been good. It's all been for the better.

Kevin: It's curious to me, because you don't live here in Buffalo, right? You've never lived up here, I guess. You're down in Austin.

Max: Well, I did for a while. When I joined the band, or shortly after that stretch of touring that we did, I moved to Buffalo. I was there for maybe eight months or so.

Kevin: What do you do in Austin now?

Max: I work down here for a company and help produce a festival called Fun Fun Fun Fest. We do a number of events throughout the year, and we book a bunch of venues down here. When I'm not doing band stuff, I'm just putting on shows and still working with music. That's why I'm in Austin.

Kevin: Sheena, when did you move to D.C.?

Sheena: I moved to D.C. in June of last year. I have a partner here, and I moved to live with him.

Kevin: Do you have a day job in D.C.?

Sheena: Yeah, within the last eight months I've been working at a vegan bakery here in DC called Sticky Fingers.

Kevin: Excellent. Are you a baker or are you just front of the house, or what?

Sheena: Yeah, I'm a baker. [laughs] Cake decorator.

Kevin: Nice. I once turned down a job in a bakery because they wanted me to be there at three in the morning. Do you have to be there at ridiculous hours?

Sheena: [laughs] I have to be there at 6:00 AM, yeah.

Kevin: How does that work, being on tour? Can you take off long stretches of time?

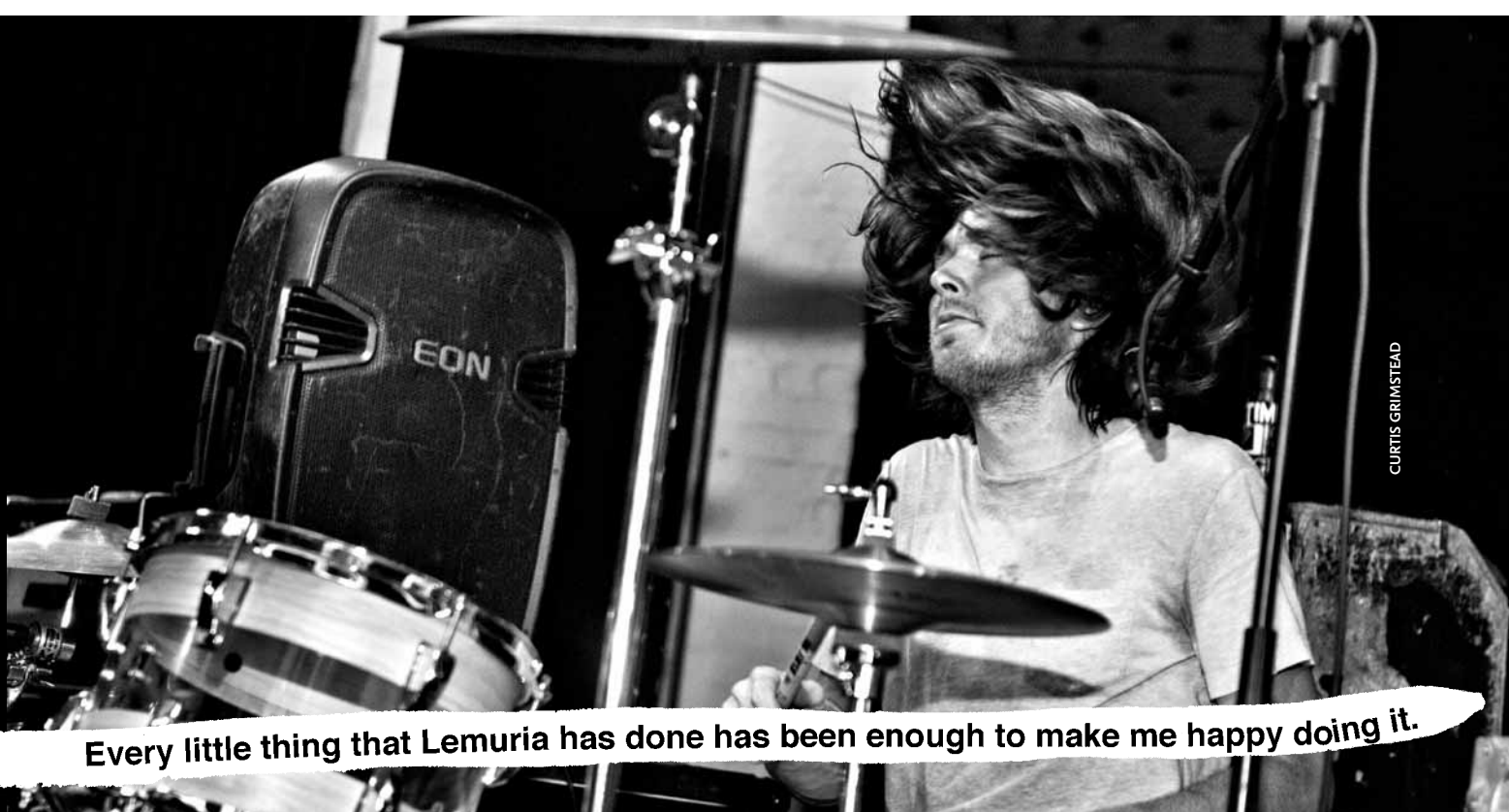
Sheena: Well, the last year the band has slowed down a lot, just needed a break from fulltime touring for a while. While that was happening, I knew I had to get a job fulltime, and so I applied there knowing that I would be in DC for at least a little while. We've done festivals, we've done shows. I've left for short periods of time, but I haven't really left them to do any fulltime touring yet. I have no idea how it will go when I tell them that I'm going to need to leave.

They know that I'm in a touring band and I have very open communication with them about that. I told them that I would give them a large amount of notice before any big tours came up. I think at that point, I probably will just not work at Sticky Fingers anymore.

Kevin: Have you been baking for a long time?

Sheena: I did go to pastry school in Buffalo. I've had a couple of jobs. This is my first fulltime, out of school job.

Kevin: Do you like it?



Every little thing that Lemuria has done has been enough to make me happy doing it.

Sheena: Yeah, I do. I like working with vegan baking. It's something I've always done and it's a really chill environment. Everyone who works there is really cool. It's nice. Of course I want to tour fulltime and I want to be in an active band. I love touring, but I also have this other part of me that I wanted to do. I have gotten better at cake decorating and I've gotten better within this other part of my life also by doing it so much this last year. Finding the balance of being able to do both at the same time and I haven't had to try and do that yet, so I think it will be interesting. I think, ultimately, the goal is for Lemuria to tour more fulltime. Maybe I could come up with my own business or something. Something on the side to do while Lemuria's touring. That's like an ideal goal, I guess.

Kevin: How has the transition from Buffalo to D.C. been?

Sheena: It's been really positive. The only thing that I would say is a negative about moving to D.C. is that it's so fucking expensive here. I've been living in Buffalo pretty much my whole life, so the price difference between here and Buffalo has been a major shock.

Kevin: I imagine the music scenes are quite different as well. Is that true?

Sheena: Buffalo is a small city, I think even in music scene terms. Everybody who's a part of the scene in Buffalo sticks together a little bit more, and you know everybody. It's small enough where I felt like I knew everybody. Then in D.C., I feel like I mostly know the hardcore scene. I guess each genre has its own thing going here and I haven't really verged out into other scenes. I remember I met my first indie rock friend here and I was like, "Oh my god, I need to hang out with you. Please tell me when there are shows." I looked to him to tell me what was happening

because I had a hard time finding things that I would like that weren't hardcore related. I feel like I've been more annoying here by forcing people to let me know what's going on and making people be my friend, even if it wasn't a natural friendship that occurred.

It's been nice also forcing myself to find that stuff. Before, I think I just got used to it. I got lazy and I stopped going to shows. I just feel a lot more motivated here to find musical outlets.

Kevin: Sheena, what's the story behind the very large star tattoo on your chest? Is there any background story to that?

Sheena: It doesn't have any major significance. I feel like I should come up with a story because, honestly, it was the first tattoo I got. Luckily, I haven't regretted getting it yet, for the ten years that I've had it on my body. But, there's no importance to it.

Kevin: That's pretty impressive. Your first tattoo is such a big tattoo. If you're going to jump in, I guess jump in both feet first.

Sheena: Yeah. I've thought about covering it up before, not because I necessarily regret it but because I would rather have a tattoo that had some significance. But I'm so used to having it now that I'm afraid to cover it up.

Kevin: Let me ask you guys some questions about recording. In 2004, you guys did the demo, which you just re-released on vinyl. Then in 2008 you did *Get Better* and that was released by Asian Man Records. What's the story about how you guys got hooked up with Mike Park at Asian Man?

Sheena: I believe that Alex had sent him our demo and said that we were recording. Mike just offered. I think he liked our demo and I think he liked what we were doing, so he had offered to put out *Get Better*.

Alex: Yeah. We were actually just trading records. Just trading Lemuria stuff that I'd

released on Art Of The Underground for stuff that he'd released for Asian Man. We were already recording the album. I just sent it over to him and was like, "Hey, if you want to put this out instead of Art Of The Underground putting it out, you're welcome to" and he was like, "Yeah." [laughs]

Kevin: Yeah, so how do you go from Asian Man to Bridge Nine?

Sheena: I think at the time when we were recording *Pebble*, we knew before or after *Get Better*, we would definitely have put something else out on Asian Man. Mike Park is awesome. He does such a great thing and he's such an honest guy. He, overall, is just an awesome dude. I think that being a part of a label that's run by such an awesome person is very empowering and very motivating. It definitely was such an awesome experience having him put out *Get Better*.

After *Get Better*, we had thought that we would maybe put out another record on Asian Man if he would have us. I think we also knew that we were going to be touring more, and we were going to be putting Lemuria more as a priority than we had done before. We were looking for something that could help us do that better, meaning distribute the record, in a larger sense.

Not necessarily comparing it to Asian Man, but we were just looking for something that could keep us motivated and keep us excited about the new record, which was *Pebble*. We had written to a couple of people, but Bridge Nine came up on our radar because we had heard that the owner of Bridge Nine, Chris Wrenn, had liked us. We were like, "Oh, that'd be crazy if B-Nine put out a record by us."

Alex: We had heard that they were listening to *Get Better* at their headquarters. We sent them an email, just being like, "Hey, if



That's success to me:
making a living off of what you honestly love to do.

NICOLE C. KIBERT

you're interested in doing this," and that was a year before we recorded it. They seemed interested, and then a year later—once we were making plans to go in the studio—we just contacted them again, and they were like, "Yeah. We'll do it."

Sheena: We've always played with hardcore bands. We've always been a part of the hardcore scene. I think it was interesting to us and exciting to us to be a part of something that wasn't so fitting for us. Bridge Nine was super, super excited about it. Because of them, we had the funding to record with J. Robbins, which I don't necessarily think we could've done if we didn't have them helping us. They're just really, really on top of their shit. That definitely kept motivating us while we were recording because they were just as pumped as we were.

Kevin: Was it you guys who suggested J. Robbins or did they come up with the idea?

Sheena: Alex and I have always wanted to. We love Jawbox. We both have been huge fans of J. Robbins, so it was this star-struck dream to record with him. When it became a reality financially and also we could actually book time with him, we jumped on the opportunity right away. Our recording experience with him was nothing short of amazing. I love the way he records. I love what he does. I love his ear for things. I think, all around, the experience was pretty eye-opening in terms of the way we were recording to how we have been recording lately.

Not to say that our previous recordings also weren't great experiences. Because for pretty much Lemuria's first half, we strictly recorded with Doug White, who runs Watchmen Studios. He recorded *Get Better*. He also has an incredible ear for things and we've always felt really comfortable with him, too.

I think we were ready. We needed to change. We're growing. Alex and I started Lemuria not really knowing how to play our instruments. I think by the time we ended up going to J. Robbins, we were so much more comfortable, so much more different than when we started out, that we were ready to go with somebody who could emphasize how we changed. I think J. Robbins did that on *Pebble*. I think he really knew exactly how to highlight how Lemuria has changed over the years.

Kevin: It's a perfect match. What he brings in terms of production and then with the sound, it's almost as if it was meant to be. It comes off really, really well. But I would probably have been totally star-struck in the studio. Did you get over that pretty quickly?

Sheena: The other day, J. Robbins asked me to be my Facebook friend. I was like, "Oh my god! This is fame!" I almost shit my pants. Personally, I was comfortable with him in the studio, especially towards the end of *Pebble*, but I still can't believe that I have ever gotten the experience to record with him.

Kevin: Besides the two LPs, you've done a number of 7" releases. What are your thoughts in terms of the difference between recording a 7" and recording a full length?

Alex: A full length is almost like a movie and then I guess a 7" can be like a preview or something. It's just something to hold you over. Maybe that's a bad analogy. I guess 7"s are such a low commitment, you can do whatever. Like, "Oh, it's these two songs. They don't really need to go together." It's just like these two songs you wrote and it's not a part of a big idea, where as an album's, everything's got to fit together. It's one piece.

Kevin: Do you think of that when you guys went in, for both *Get Better* and *Pebble*, that this is a cohesive unit that you put together?

Alex: Yeah, definitely.

Sheena: I think usually there are extra songs, too, that end up being 7" or B-sides or whatever. There's obvious picks for an album, where you don't maybe use all of the songs recorded for an album, because it doesn't really fit, or it doesn't feel like it fits with... I call it tuner songs.

Kevin: Do you prefer one over the other?

Alex: I prefer making albums, but it is fun to do 7", because it's so much less work. Well, not work, but you just go in and it's done a few days later. It's mixed. Whereas an album takes a little more time and you have to wait for it to come out longer.

Kevin: Is there another Lemuria album in the works?

Alex: I think the plan is to go into the studio this winter to record another LP, and then follow that up with another collections release like we did before, where we just combined all the 7", splits, and EPs.

Kevin: Are you going to do that with Bridge Nine again?

Alex: Yeah, that's the plan.

Kevin: And will you use J. Robbins again?

Alex: Yeah, definitely for some of it. But I think we also want to do it like a Guided By Voices record where we record different songs in different studios with different people, so each song has its own unique sound and feel to it. We'll get J. to do some of the songs, but get other people as well. And then have one person mix the whole thing but a little later when we have some distance to it. Mixing is one of the most important elements of a record, but we're often just so tired that we don't give it the time it deserves.

Kevin: I know what you mean. In past bands, we've booked time overnight in studios and by the time we start mixing a song in the early morning hours, we're complete zombies, just totally wrecked.

Alex: Yeah, exactly. So we want to get someone who also wasn't in the recording process who can come at it with fresh ears.

Kevin: You've had two music videos off of *Pebble* for "Pleaser" and "Wise People." Was something that Bridge Nine wanted you guys to put music videos out, or is that something that you've been interested in?

Alex: I've been interested in doing it for a long time. We've just never really got around to it with *Get Better*. Bridge Nine was supportive of it and definitely excited that we wanted to do it. We have friends like Paul, who did the "Wise People" video. We've

talked about getting him to do a video for us for a really long time. It just worked out where we were going to be out in L.A. at the time that he was living there. Paul didn't do it for money, he did it for free.

Kevin: Did Paul also do the "Pleaser" video?

Sheena: No, our friend Thom from Chicago had done the "Pleaser" video.

Kevin: The "Pleaser" video, I love it, but it's totally weird for me because I had a relationship with that song from listening to it. Then I see a video and, in this case, it's a video of a kid breaking into a toy store to get the lamp. Now when I listen to the song, there's that narrative in my head as well. Did you guys have any input into the storyline, or did that just come out?

Alex: We let Thom just interpret it the way he wanted it. That was his interpretation of the song, and we just let him go off with his little dream about it. He's a very creative man, so we just put it in his hands. "Here's the music. You do your thing. What does this make you feel?" I think he did a good job. But I know what you mean. The music video came out way after the album released, so people already definitely had a relationship with the song, like you're saying.

Kevin: What's your relationship with the song? What's the song about for you guys?

Alex: Well, for me, it's just about people who don't really want to say the truth. They just say what pleases people. But, ultimately, that's just destroying your relationship. You're being completely dishonest. Yeah, you might get along better, but really there's nothing real about what you're saying to each other. Just 'cause you're trying to please each other the whole time.

Kevin: Before Sheena moved to D.C. and before Max joined the band, what was the songwriting dynamic like in the band? The question is really in two parts, how did you write songs beforehand and then how do you write songs now?

Sheena: Like I said before, Alex and I started the band learning how to play our instruments. I hadn't played guitar for too much longer before Lemuria had started and Alex just started playing drums. At the beginning of the band, for the demo, Alex had written these songs for a band that we tried to do before Lemuria, called Paladin. Distance made that impossible to do, because Alex and I were in Buffalo and the other members were closer to our hometowns. It fizzled out and we started Lemuria with those songs, or variations of those songs, in the same idea that Alex was writing the guitar parts. Then when Lemuria started, he played drums so I learned the guitar part for songs that he had written.

Throughout Lemuria, for *Get Better*, I had started writing songs. The first song that I wrote for Lemuria was "In a World of Ghosts," and that was on a 7" that we put out on Art Of The Underground's single series. Alex had still been writing guitar parts and then throughout *Get Better*, Alex and I together wrote songs and I wrote guitar parts for songs and he wrote guitar parts for songs. Throughout *Pebble*, more of my songwriting

had become prominent. Alex and I wrote the whole album, just the two of us. Kyle played what we wrote on the album.

After that, when Max joined in the band, he started writing for Lemuria, which has probably been one of the weirdest things to get used to, because Lemuria has always been Alex and me writing the songs. Never before had we had a bass player who wrote bass lines that weren't so much what the guitar was playing.

The 7" that we just put out on B Nine, the "Cannonballs to Hurt" / "Varoom Allure" 7", Max wrote those songs with us. There's a brand new element to Lemuria. For the next record that we write, Max will be writing songs also.

Kevin: What about lyrics, because both you and Alex sing. Do you each sing your own words or, how does that work?

Alex: We mix it up. We both write lyrics, but sometimes she sings songs that I write. Since I sing less, I don't really sing lead vocals on most of the songs she would sing. I do backups and stuff. There's no real rule to it.

Sheena: Usually, we will have a song totally written musically. Then we'll pick who's going to write lyrics for it; or if one of us really wants to write lyrics for a certain song, we do it. Then we get together, we write vocal melodies, and we set the lyrics to the song. I think there are more songs lyrically by Alex than I have written for Lemuria.

Kevin: Is that weird for you? In the bands that I've been in, when I sing, I write the lyrics. Occasionally, someone would write the lyrics for a song and it always feels weird because I'm the one on stage who's responsible for what's coming out of my mouth, at least in my own mind. Do you feel that—that you have to have ownership of the words that are coming out?

Sheena: I feel like Alex and I have had a long history together—friendship and knowing we've grown up together. I know Alex way better than I know anyone else, which I think is why I sing his lyrics like they're my own. I always have him explain things to me. Sometimes I don't really get the lyrics that he writes at first. When he explains them to me, they always make sense. I'm very proud to sing Alex's lyrics. I think he's a great lyricist and I think he writes really great songs. It's never been an issue. There hasn't been any song that he's showed me where he was like, "I want you to sing this" and then I haven't. There were a couple songs about his father that I felt like I couldn't sing and give them the justice that he would give them with his voice, but, for the most part, in Lemuria I have never felt like I couldn't sing anything that he wrote.

Kevin: Obviously you two, Sheena and Alex, have this long-standing songwriting dynamic, but now you're in D.C. and he's still in Buffalo. How do you guys navigate that as you continue to be a band?

Sheena: Max, do you want to take this one?

[laughter]

Max: Me?

Sheena: Yeah. [laughter]

WWW.ILOVEIMPRINT.COM
info@iloveimprint.com

imprint
indie printing

3449 TECHNOLOGY DRIVE, STE. 212, NORTH VENICE, FLORIDA 34275
YOU CAN CALL US, WE'LL ANSWER: 941.484.5151

JUST ADD VINYL

7"

Folders
starting @ \$95

Pockets
starting @ \$225

10"

Jackets
starting @ \$550

12"

Jackets
starting @ \$450

**FULL COLOR
CENTER
LABELS**

\$150
with any jacket
or insert order
1,000 quantity (includes 25% overs)

- FRIENDLY CUSTOMER SERVICE, JUST A PHONE CALL AWAY
- KNOWLEDGABLE ART DEPARTMENT WILL ENSURE YOUR ART IS READY TO GO
- DIGITAL PROOFS OFTEN DELIVERED VIA EMAIL SAME DAY
- IF YOU FIND A BETTER PRICE, WE WILL WORK TO MATCH THAT PRICE!

**MANUFACTURING QUALITY GOODS FOR YOUR
BAND AND RECORD LABEL, SINCE 1994.**

**LA-TI-DA
RECORDS**

**THE WILD
ONES**

Santa Cruz

MANIAC

Los Angeles

EARLY 2013 = LATIDARECORDS.COM



HEADLINE RECORDS

THE LARGEST SELECTION OF

**GARAGE • PUNK • HARDCORE • THRASH
CD • VINYL • VIDEO • BOOKS & MORE • HUGE SELECTION OF T-SHIRTS**

7706 MELROSE AVE • LA CA 90046

★ PH: 323 655 2125 ★

OPEN 7/7: 12PM TO 8 PM

Our Web Site / Online Mail Order

www.headlinerecords.com

Email: headlinerecords@yahoo.com

Max: I think it's more relative, you guys, isn't it?

Sheena: It's about distance. It's very expensive now when we want to get together. We have to buy plane tickets, we have to make arrangements, and we have to take off from work. It's definitely a really big change for us to have to write songs like this, but I think we've been doing really good. I think we've been making the most of our time together now because we don't spend that much time together. Recently, we've adapted the way of recording and sending it. Like Alex will have a song that he's written and he'll send it to me. He'll send it to Max and Max can work on bass parts and I can work on vocal melodies and guitar parts. Then when we're together, we work on things all together. We'll write brand new song or we'll come in to practice and know that we're there for hours to specifically write new songs.

Alex: Yeah, I think actually, somehow, with all of us being across the country, we're more productive than we ever were when we were all living in the same city. I think we just took it for granted when we lived in the same city, like, "Oh, meet for practice this day, practice that day, and if something comes up we won't practice." Now when we get together we're focused. We have a schedule, an agenda and its like, "Okay, this is what we have to do this day. How much time do we have to do this? Let's do it." Somehow, it's worked out really well. I don't feel like there's been any hiatus at all, even though most bands would just call it quits.

Kevin: Earlier, before we started recording, Alex was telling me how you record and videotape the demos.

Alex: Yeah, I'll just record stuff in my little studio there. I'm not like a musical engineer. I don't know what I'm doing at all [laughter]. Sometimes it'll be a riff with a drum beat, sometimes it'll just be a drum beat, sometimes just be a riff... just anything. Send it over and be like, "Here, think about this idea, and add what you can to it and let me know if you like it or not."

We'll do a version on ProTools to see if it sounds good and all the pieces go together well. But then, also, to show what is being played on guitar, what's being played on drums, we'll make Photobooth videos to send to each other, and it helps. We do a lot of songs in different keys. A lot of songs have the E string raised to G, and we do some songs in dropped E and stuff like that. If Sheena sends me a guitar part, or I send her one, or Max sends us a guitar line, if it's in different tuning, you don't know, and you're not going to figure it out really, so we do the video. The video just makes it so much easier. [laughter]

Kevin: You figure out where the fingers are.

Alex: Yeah.

Kevin: How would you guys define your sounds?

Alex: Maybe Max can take that one.

Sheena: Yeah. Go Max. [laughter]

Max: What? I'm sorry, I should apologize to you. I am just now starting to wake up. I had

the worst night last night. I worked this huge corporate, awful party and then got home and my neighbors were listening to Skrewdriver really, really loud on their back patio at 4 AM. [laughter]

Kevin: Time to move.

Max: At first they were just listening to country music. But it was late so I went over and said, "Hey guys, it's kind of late and I have to go to work in three hours. Would you mind keeping it down?" They were very unresponsive. I got back to my house and as soon as I lay down in bed I heard, "White Power! 1-2-3-4" and I was like "FUUUUUCCCCCKK!" [laughter] You gotta be kidding me! Ugh, anyway. What was the question? [laughter]

Kevin: If you were to describe your sound to someone who's never heard you before, what would you say?

Max: I guess it depends on the audience. If it's a parent or something, I'd say "Oh. It's pop music, it's rock. Rock'n'roll, pop stuff." If it's... I don't know, indie rock.

Sheena: I would say nineties-influenced. I feel like we don't really sound like we're a band from this generation maybe.

Alex: I think a lot of times, I'll say indie rock, but that's such a vague thing. Indie rock doesn't mean anything. Indie rock could mean anything from Sonic Youth to Magnetic Fields to...

Kevin: ...to Buffalo Tom to XTC...

Alex: Right! It's not a genre. It's almost like this, I don't know...

Kevin: A marketing category invented by the music industry in the '90s?

Alex: [laughter] Yeah!

Kevin: This may be the awkward part of the conversation, but, for me, one of the things about the sound is the incredible sexiness. You guys ever gotten that?

Alex: Some people have said that before.

Kevin: You're all attractive people, but I'm talking not about looks but in terms of the sound that you're making. I'm always struck by it. I don't think that with any other band. There's something about you guys. I think its part Sheena's voice, her guitar playing, and your drumming. There's something very sexy... Yeah, awkward silence now. [laughter]

Alex: I don't know how we can make it intentional, but people have said that before, so I guess you're not off base. [laughs]

Kevin: I mean the song "Pants," for instance. That's one of the sexiest punk songs ever.

Sheena: Alex's kind of lyrics are pretty sexy sometimes. Especially for the demo and *Get Better*. On the demo, some of the lyrics that I would sing that Alex wrote made me really embarrassed, meaning I would blush when he showed them to me because I couldn't believe that I was about to sing them. But I love those lyrics and I think that they're really honest and really well worded, so I got comfortable singing lyrics that were a little bit like, "Did you just say that?" I definitely thought about the fact that I was singing something that I probably would have never written myself.

Kevin: Yeah, either you're the sexiest or the horniest band ever. [laughter] Let's leave it up to the listener to decide. I should note that I have two daughters, an eight-year-old and a five-year-old, and the five-year-old goes around and sings the lyrics to "Pants" out loud, which I think is hilarious.

Sheena: That's adorable.

Kevin: It is adorable in a five year old. When she gets older it might be a little different. [laughter]

Kevin: There's a hesitancy maybe to define your sound, which is understandable. What is the intended response that you want your audience, either at a show or after listening to the album to take away? What do you want their take away to be?

Max: Stage dives [laughter].

Alex: This is a hard question, I guess. Does anyone else want to go first? [laughter]

Max: Nope.

Sheena: Nope. [laughter]

Alex: I never want to be one of those bands that addresses the crowd as their city, like "What's up, Buffalo?", "What's up, D.C.?", "What's up, New York?" It's just so unnatural to be up there and be a showman. I just want to get up there, play songs, be ourselves. I don't want people to have this cartoon idea of who we are. I guess some of the inspirations is—when you see a band like Dinosaur Jr.—they're just people. That's just who they are, if that makes sense. I just like getting up there, I can just be myself and I don't have to pretend to be some stick-twirling, rock maniac, you know? I just want to [drums on the table] play music [laughs].

Sheena: I would've said the same thing about Sebadoh. Lou Barlow, the first song that they played, he broke a string. It should've been awkward for the five minutes that there was literally no talking or anything. He sat on the stage, fixed his guitar, and then they played the second song. They didn't really talk, they didn't really do anything. They're all weird, average-looking dudes. They just have an energy to them that's like they're there strictly to play their songs, they do it really fucking well, they're awkward, and it's awesome.

Max: It's funny we're all going to talk about Lou Barlow and Dinosaur Jr. I just saw Dinosaur Jr. a couple nights ago. What I took away from it was the way that they interact and the way that they address the crowd. I've seen them now a handful of times and it's different every time. You can tell just—because of their individual moods or whatever—they don't put on that rock star, frontman attitude, like get the fake Southern accent going, "How are y'all doin' tonight, Tex-us-ahhhhhhh?" [laughter]. They're more just conversational. Lou can still be really good at talking to the audience. He was the only one out of the band who was engaging the audience at all, but he was doing it in a way that was like, "Hey, what's up? We're going to play this song. Hope you enjoy it." [laughter]

Sheena: I think when you play, ideally, you're the same person while you're playing

MICROCOSM PUBLISHING

NEW BOOKS TO POUNCE ON!



MOSTLY TRUE [2nd Ed]

More of Bill Daniel's exhaustive 25 year search for the truth about hobo graffiti, culture, and myth. A much needed response to coffee table books, providing context to form! **\$9.95**



BEYOND THE MUSIC

Sometimes when we talk about punk, we mean culture, we mean art, we mean DIY. This book looks at radical therapists, biofuel manufacturers, body-builders, and activists. **\$15.95**



BAMBOOZLED

L.A. boxer Joey Torrey's rise from being a Compton gang leader to Olympic hopeful, through drugs, corruption, and murder before being manipulated by managers and the FBI.

MAY • 9781621065852 • \$8.95



THIS IS PORTLAND

The city that people can't seem to stop talking about. It's a guidebook of sorts, to how fun, beautiful, and ridiculous it can be. Approachable and hilarious.

MAY • 9781621060246 • \$5.95



MAKE IT LAST

Not to sound like your mom, but those pants aren't going to fix themselves. Neither is your landlord going to fix that sink. And c'mon, you would love to stretch out that food to last longer, right? **\$9.95**



EVERYDAY BICYCLING

Have you ever wanted to ride a bicycle to get around town? What to ride, where to get it, how to make it work. A do-it-yourself guide for all ages—even for parents. **\$9.95**



WHY WE DRIVE

The crooked politicians, burning street cars, unscrupulous businessmen, and convoluted tax shenanigans that created endless miles of asphalt. Comics, text, and historic photographs tell the story of the highway system.

AUG • \$13.95 • 9781621064862



GROW

Do you want your passionate hobby to pay your bills? Eleanor Whitney enables readers to clarify music, food, art, craft, activism or community work, get organized, and manage a project.

JUN • 978-1-62106-007-9 • \$13.95



MAPS TO THE OTHER SIDE

"Sascha DuBrul is a madly gifted storyteller, whether writing about seed-saving, or madness, or the history of punk."—Ruth Ozeki **\$11.95 • 9780978866501**



NEW GIRL LAW

"The best travel book I read this year."—USA Today Travel

"What storytelling is for, and Moore's students are already using their stories to change their country."—Truth Out

9781934620892 • \$7.95



CIA MAKES SCIFI UNEXCITING

Radical claims that, instead of coming across as a raving conspiracy theory, use facts to write a believable, accessible alternative history that contextualizes current events. **\$9.95**

PEOPLE'S APOCALYPSE

Christian fundamentalist rapture predictions, how to raise chickens, and environmentalist utopian visions are included in Ariel Gore's collection about the end of the world.

9781621062875 • \$15.95



WE'VE STILL GOT THESE GEMS TOO!



MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM—enter "Razorcake Sent Me," get a free copy of the *Zine Yearbook Number Nine!*

as you are when you're not playing. When you see Lemuria, I hope that you see our personalities the way that we are all day, every day. Playing in a band and writing songs is so personal and it's an intimidating thing to put yourself out there, but, at the same time, it's something that we do because we love to do it together. We're real people and I think that we've tried to remain comfortable with each other. We don't talk for the sake of talking on stage. We're very real people and I hope that people see that when they see us play. Just like we appreciate that when we see bands like Sebadoh and Dinosaur Jr. and all of the awkward, weird bands that don't do that shit either. We definitely are very inspired by real people who play really good music. Hopefully people come to our shows. Even if you don't like the music that we play, at least we can have a conversation and meet people under the pretense that we're just having a good time or we're very open and friendly people.

Kevin: This might be my last question: given that you've been doing this for eight years, how would you define success? Is there an end goal? How do you as a band, and I guess as individual artists, define success?

Alex: It does go good with that last question because, in addition to that last question, I don't have anything against bands that put on the show and stuff like that. I appreciate the Angus Young craziness; that's its own thing. I just don't have that. I'm not an actor. I'm not like that person. It's cool that people are like that. That just doesn't match our music really. The thing with... wait, where were we going with this question? [laughter]

Kevin: Thinking about "success."

Alex: Oh yeah. At the same, I don't have that ideal that bands shouldn't be making money, that bands shouldn't try to expand their audience. There are a lot of people who have that mentality. I don't get that at all. To me, being successful is just being able to keep doing this. I would love to be able to support myself playing music, being a musician, under the terms that I enjoy, being the person I am being on stage and writing the music that I enjoy. That's success to me: making a living off of what you honestly love to do.

Kevin: ...without compromising who you are.

Max: Exactly!

Alex: That's the thing. We haven't had to compromise anything yet. We haven't had any labels be like, "No, you can't put that song on this album." We haven't had any publicists tell us, "No, you really shouldn't say that." We're just doing what we want. That's what success is to me.

Kevin: How about you guys, Max and Sheena?

Sheena: I never thought when Lemuria started that I would be able to go to any of the places that we've been able to go to. We've toured Europe and Russia, and we have plans to do Japan and Australia. I definitely feel like we have done a lot of stuff that we would've never been able to do before. That's, I guess, part of the success that we've had. I was having a conversation with my brother the other day. He's a guy who doesn't really get a lot of music, or music at all besides big business music. I was like, "Oh yeah, our picture was on spin.com." They put a picture of us up there. I was like, "That is fucking crazy. I never thought I'd be in a band that had a picture on Spin." He was like, "When are you going to be on the cover?" There's this idea by some people that are always like, "It's not enough." Every little thing that Lemuria has done has been enough to make me happy doing it. There aren't any real goals, I guess. It's just appreciating everything that comes in.

Max: I have to agree with that. I think success in anything you do is just happiness. I don't think it's necessarily goals or anything physical. I just think it's if you're happy doing what you're doing, then you're absolutely successful. I think that every day that I get to practice, or write songs, or tour with Lemuria, I know that those are the days that I'm happiest. I think that Lemuria's one of the most successful things I've participated in, in my life.

Sheena: I might cry, Max. [laughter]



NICOLE C KIBERT



THE

Call it kismet or synchronicity. Jack Lee, Peter Case and Paul Collins's travels had taken them across the country—and around the globe in Collins's case—but the three happened upon each other in San Francisco. It was 1974. Bored with the music of the older generation, the three looked to strip rock and roll down to the basics, giving birth to The Nerves.

San Francisco in 1974 was a fairly inhospitable climate for a band like The Nerves. They pre-dated most of their punk peers, with no infrastructure in place to support the band and a flowers-in-their-hair crowd still in abundance. In 1976 they packed their bags and headed south to Los Angeles, where they were the forebears of the nascent L.A. punk scene, laying the groundwork for the beginnings of the DIY movement.

They rented a hall, which they dubbed "The Hollywood Punk Palace." It was in that room The Nerves gave The Weirdos, The Screamers, and The Dils their first shows.

The Nerves self-promoted and self-financed their own tours and

releases. They toured the country in a 1969 Ford LTD Wagon to support their four-song self-titled EP. It was the band's only official release until Bomp! imprint Alive Records put together the brilliant *One Way Ticket* compilation, which included the original EP as well as previously unreleased live and demo tracks.

After logging 28,000 miles in their station wagon during the summer of 1977 (where The Nerves would head out on the road as the opening act on the Ramones' "Rocket to Russia" tour) turmoil within the band led to Case and Collins splitting off to form The Breakaways. The Breakaways would prove to be short-lived, but helped Collins find his voice.

The band evolved into Collins's own and became The Beat, following Case's departure. The Beat's self-titled debut record is a tackle box of sharp hooks and serves as the standard bearer of modern power pop. What The Nerves did to lay the

tracks for L.A. punks, The Beat did with power pop, watching acts such as The Knack and The Romantics ride their coattails to greater commercial success.

In similar fashion, Case's baby, The Plimsouls—which many know from the single "A Million Miles Away"—saw musical trends like jangle pop and the Paisley Underground form in its wake.

Case and Collins continued on as solo artists, pursuing more of a singer-songwriter bent.

In recent years, following the release of The Nerves *One Way Ticket* compilation and Volar Records *Under the Covers* tribute to the band, as well as Collins's return to power pop with his Paul Collins Beat, there has been renewed interest in the music of The Nerves, The Beat, and The Plimsouls. This resulted in Case and Collins getting together to tour last spring to pay tribute to The Nerves and each other's bands.

I had the chance to sit down with these two gentlemen before their show at San Diego's Bar Pink. Here's what transpired.

Interview by Jeff Proctor With Paul Collins and Peter Case

Photos by Rob Stephen
photomonkey.info

Layout by
Lauren Measure

Jeff Proctor: We'll start with the early stuff and work our way towards today. I know you guys are both from New York state. Paul, you're from Long Island originally and you wound up moving around a lot as a kid because of your dad's work, right?

Paul Collins: Yeah, my dad was a civilian in the service, attached to the military. We moved around a lot.

Jeff: And you lived in some pretty exotic places?

Paul: Yeah, Vietnam and Greece.

Jeff: So, when you're in Vietnam, what years are we talking about?

Paul: 1962.

Jeff: So, just before Vietnam War breaks out?

Paul: No, no. It was during... You weren't studying in school, were you?

Jeff: So, how old were you when you were there?

Paul: I was six-and-a-half when I went there.

Jeff: So it was pretty exciting stuff.

Paul: Yeah, it was great.

Jeff: And you have one of your pivotal musical moments while you were there.

Paul: I was sitting in the backseat of a taxi cab, listening to "Big Girls Don't Cry" (The Four Seasons) and it just blew my mind.



Jeff: Was that Armed Forces radio?

Paul: Oh, I don't know. It was a Vietnamese cab. I don't think so.

Jeff: So, you turn fourteen and move back to New York.

Paul: Yeah, we lived in Greece for a while then came back to New York.

Jeff: And at sixteen you start at Julliard (a prestigious performing arts conservatory)?

Paul: Yeah, sixteen, seventeen. I didn't last long, though.

Jeff: If I remember right, your mom took you down to go audition.

Paul: Yeah.

Peter: [to Jeff] It seems like you got the story down pretty good. [to Paul] You should interview him, man. So your mom helped you get into Julliard?

Paul: One day we're sitting at home, reading the papers and she says, "It's the last day of Julliard auditions. We're going in." And I go, "Mom, I don't even know how to read music.

What are you talking about?" She goes, "Take that tape you made and go in." And I got in!

Peter: Oh, that's cool, man.

Jeff: And Peter, you grew up in Buffalo. And you also moved out at a pretty young age.

Peter: I moved out of my parents' house when I was fifteen.

Jeff: And you traveled around before you wound up in San Francisco.

Peter: I did. I traveled around the East Coast—from Boston, New York, Toronto, down to DC. I did a lot of different stuff. Hitchhiking trips, stuff like that. Played in bands, stuff like that, too. At one point I decided to make it out West.

Jeff: Do you ever make it back to Buffalo?

Peter: Always. In my mind, always. No, I go back and play every year. The guys I played with—the band I played with when I was a teenager—Pig Nation. And they're still playing. They're not called Pig Nation anymore. But they're working musicians.

They play five nights a week in different blues and rock'n'roll lineups and when I go back there we always stay in touch.

Jeff: Is there anything you miss about Buffalo? I know you can't get beef on week (roast beef on a kummelweck roll) out here.

Peter: You know your Buffalo. No, you can't get beef on week anywhere. You know, I love that area. But it's a tough scene. Do I miss it? You know, I miss all my people. They're gone now, the old people. I just have my young friends there and I like to see them.

Jeff: So both of you left home pretty young to head out West to play music.

Paul: "Go West, young man." I know that's what got me moving.

Jeff: Were your parents supportive of you guys playing rock'n'roll?

Paul: [laughs] I think they were probably happy to get me out of the house.

Peter: Mine weren't.

Jeff: And when you went out to San Francisco, you were doing street music, playing coffee houses.

Peter: Well, yeah. When I first got to San Francisco, I first got started playing on the street. And when I got to San Francisco, the first person I met was this guy, Mike Wilhelm, who played in a band called the Charlatans, originally. I just happened to meet him right when I got there, and then he ended up being in the Flamin' Groovies. He was kind of like their mentor and he became my mentor. He taught me how to play a lot of stuff on guitar. And then I played on the streets a lot, doing that. Then I met the other guy in The Nerves, before I met Paul, and then went from there. It was a big step up for me to go from playing on the streets to start playing in a band.

Jeff: Jack Lee, did he see you playing on the streets? And that's how you met?

Peter: Yeah, and I saw him standing by a garbage can.

Jeff: [to Paul] And you answered an ad posted on a 3" x 5" card left in a music store?

Paul: Yeah, that was the little index card that changed my life. I was in Don Weir's Music City. I had just gotten into town. In those days, the only way to find a band was to go to the music store and look at the bulletin board. And they had this card up. And the rest, as they say, is history.

Peter: [to Paul] Do you remember this thing down at Don Weir's Music City? It was the Dan Hicks song contest. It said "Put in \$25 and your tape and Dan Hicks might use your song on a future record." That was the same bulletin board. [laughs]

Paul: [laughing] I always remember their slogan, though. "Don Weir's Music City: When you're ready."

Peter: That's right. That's what they said.

Jeff: So, the card said...

Paul: The card said "Looking for drummer for all-original band a la The Beatles and Stones," which pretty much caught my interest.

Jeff: At that time, you both said there was no name for what you guys were playing.

Peter: None.

Paul: [laughing] No, there wasn't.

Jeff: Was there other contemporary stuff going on?

PETER: They opened up the broom closet so the cowboys could get out brooms and take some shots at the band while we were onstage.

PAUL: You remember that? There were six Hells Angels on one side booing us and six Hells Angels on the other side who liked us.

Peter: No, there wasn't. The only thing that was going on after The Nerves got going was Patti Smith came on. And then Flamin' Groovies we heard about after The Nerves were already going. And Crime we heard about much later. There was nothing, there were no other bands. Everybody was either directly related to Jerry Garcia, who I love, but at the time it couldn't work. At the time in San Francisco, it seemed like you couldn't walk down the street without being related to the Grateful Dead.

Paul: [laughing] Or the Doobie Brothers.

Peter: And we were sick of it. We were the young people. We were young kids who wanted to play rock'n'roll, man. We felt a little bit blocked by the old people there.

Jeff: And at the time, I'm assuming there were difficulties finding places to play.

Peter: You have no idea, man. [laughs]

Paul: We found some pretty interesting places.

Peter: We played some crazy places. We've been talking about some of the downbeat clubs...

Paul: The Garden of Earthly Delights.

Peter: And all the knife fights and gun battles that would happen at these places we would play. They were rough joints.

Jeff: And when you moved to Los Angeles, you wound up renting out halls.

Paul: We did that for a little bit.

Paul: We called it the Hollywood Punk Palace.

Peter: Yeah, we put on the first punk rock shows in Los Angeles. We were driving down the street and we saw Rodney Bingenheimer and Kim Fowley walking down the street. We stopped the car. I jumped out and handed them a single and asked them on the spot if they want to MC the first punk rock show in Los Angeles. And they both immediately said, "Yes." And that's how it was going. Everything was just being made up on the spot by everybody. So, that's how the scene got going. It was The Weirdos and The Germs, The Zeros, The Zippers, and The Dils. Then we went and hit the road, with the Ramones and ourselves.

Jeff: And from The Weirdos, John Denny wound up being in the "Million Miles Away" video.

Peter: Yeah, well he's a friend, you know?

Jeff: Do you still keep in touch?

Peter: Not so much. I see Cliff around. I think John's moved down to New Orleans.

Jeff: And you guys mentioned the Ramones tour. Was that with the Ramones and Mink DeVille?

Paul: No, this was the original Ramones.

Peter: It was the original Ramones, with Tommy. We played on the "Rocket to Russia Tour" as the opening act. Then we went on our own tour separately and we played some shows with Mink DeVille.

Paul: We played the Ivanhoe Theatre in Chicago with Mink DeVille.

Jeff: Was that tour the "Magical Blistering Tour?"

Peter: That's what Carrie Baker called it. That's what the papers called it.

Jeff: How did you guys get hooked up with the Ramones?

Peter: He did it [referring to Paul]. I don't know how we did it.

Paul: The first leg of the tour took us to Max's Kansas City. Then we had to take a little break to figure out how to get back home. And during that break in New York I went to go see Danny Fields. He was a very nice guy. We didn't usually get a lot of support from cats like that in the industry.

Peter: Not usually.

Paul: But I was booking the shows and he said, "If you can get us a show in Cincinnati—there's never been a punk rock show in Cincinnati—so, if you can get the Ramones in there, I'll give you five dates in Texas." So I said, "All right, can I use your phone?" And I called up Bogart's, because I had been trying to get us in there, to no avail. And I said, "I'm here in Danny's office. How about the Ramones and The Nerves?" And he says, "Oh, the Ramones? Yeah, alright!" So, Danny said, "I'll take it from here kid." And he picked up the phone.

Peter: And we played Randy's Rodeo. It was before the Sex Pistols played there, down in San Antonio.

Paul: That was something else.

Peter: They opened up the broom closet so the cowboys could get out brooms and take some shots at the band while we were onstage.

Paul: You remember that? There were six Hells Angels on one side booing us and six Hells Angels on the other side who liked us.

Peter: That's where Sid Vicious got his nose bloodied onstage. I can see how, from playing there.

Jeff: In The Nerves, each of you guys and Jack, are singer-songwriters. You each have individual songwriter credits on the records. For the songwriting process, were you bringing songs that were already completed, songs you had done before? How did that work?

Peter: It worked all different ways. Everybody had different things going on.

Paul: I learned to write when I was in the Nerves. I was so jealous of these guys.

Peter: I started writing songs when I was twelve. The first song I wrote was called "Stay Away from Me, I'm No Good for You." I wrote it when I was a little kid and I kept writing songs, most of it was pretty ridiculous. But, I wrote a few that people played in Buffalo as I got older.

But, I sort of slowed down with my writing after I moved out. I was so busy hustling, trying to stay alive, that I lost track. I was playing music and writing poetry. Then in '74 I wrote the song "When You Find Out," and that was that start of writing songs that The Nerves could play. It was really exciting for me and Paul and Jack to write songs that a band could play. That you had a band to play, that was so satisfying. To actually make up a song and take it down to the band, and all of a sudden it turns into an arrangement for the band, it was very fun. It was a big kick for us. That's kind of how it went.

Paul: And that band, the arrangements of the Nerves, I think were really pretty exceptional.

It's like someone said, the early bird doesn't get the worm. The second bird gets the worm.



Peter: It was all about the arrangements. And we rehearsed a lot. A lot. For hours on end, every day.

Jeff: When you guys did your tours, you went across the country in your station wagon?

Paul: Yup.

Peter: The band bought a station wagon for like \$700. We put like 28,000 miles on it one summer.

Jeff: What ever happened to it?

Peter: We sold it to some guys.

Paul: They bought it because the radio worked.

Peter: I think they re-built it. I remember selling it. It was parked over by my house. I was driving it down Franklin one day and the brakes went out. I nearly fucking died, man! I don't know if we ever talked about that. I took a hard right. It was crazy! I thought I was gonna eat it. That was right after the tour and then we sold it. The brakes were no good. It belched smoke. And they were like, "Ah, great. We'll buy it. We'll fix it."

Paul: Remember when we were driving it one time and smoke just started coming out of vents inside the car? And we were like, "This thing is going to explode at any moment."

Peter: It was scary that thing, but it was a great ride.

Paul: It was a great car. 432-cubic-inch engine.

Peter: Ford, yeah, it was good.

Jeff: On those tours, you said in another interview, that your guarantee back then was eighty dollars per night?

Paul: Yeah, it was what we asked for. We didn't always get it. Actually, we got it a

lot. In those days people didn't think eighty dollars was that much.

Jeff: You said today it's hard to get that sometimes.

Paul: Yeah, I think so.

Peter: For us it's not, but for a lot of young bands.

Paul: I think we've moved up to eighty-five dollars.

Peter: And a pizza.

Jeff: So, about '78 was when The Nerves transitioned into The Breakaways.

Peter: Yeah, we had that change. It was the old musical differences, I suppose. Then me and Paul went on to start The Breakaways and The Beat came out of that and The Plimsouls came about a year later.

Jeff: So, out of curiosity, was there any discussion with Jack about trying to get Jack on board for this tour? Do you guys keep in touch with him?

Paul: [laughs] Oh, on this tour?

Peter: Nah.

Paul: Jack is actually hard to find these days. He's kind of dropped off the grid. Could you imagine that?

Peter: No, I can't. It's bad enough like this.

Paul: That's what I was gonna say. You put another person in the equation and it'd be fucking crazy.

Peter: You know what I heard happened with The Blasters was Dave and Phil were fighting, fighting, fighting. Then Gene got in the band, and the two of them had to team up to fight Gene because he was so crazy.

Paul: He diffused it.

Jeff: Peter, you had a comment about The Nerves that I think applies to The Plimsouls and The Beat: "We were disappointed, because we were there for the fostering of this whole new thing, then watched it take off in commercial terms, but were stuck listening to the station with a suitcase in our hands. The thing that we started and had a vision for didn't include us commercially."

Peter: But in the long run it did.

Paul: You said that? That's cool.

Peter: Yeah, a long time ago I did. We were there before the whole thing and we saw the pull out. We saw that happen a couple times. I was one of the first people of my generation playing acoustic music, and I saw that one pull out for different reasons. You know, the music business is a weird animal, man. You know, we were there. There's a book called *Hardcore California*. I don't know if you've ever seen this book. It's a big book of California hardcore punk rock. Figure one is The Nerves in this book.

Paul: Wow.

Peter: It's like a big coffee table book. So, now these kids start to know who we are because they identify with us because we were the outsiders of our generation. And kids growing up now—it's the same reason why people like George Harrison and The Beatles—is that they identify with the people who got pushed aside by all the big powers. Because they're kids and that's what we were, too—people with managers and the people with hometown followings and people with a lot of different things going on. We had our own problems, interior, inside the band. Definitely, we watched the train pull out a couple times for different people. I imagine the Ramones would have the same sensation. In fact, I know they do, because I talk to Tommy. And it was tough. It's like someone said, the early bird doesn't get the worm. The second bird gets the worm.

Paul: The early bird gets shot.

Peter: It's like coming in under the radar. When you're above the radar, that's when you get shot, too. It was frustrating, I gotta say. But when you see the movie *The Unheard Music*, with X, they were just as frustrated. There was a lot of great bands in L.A., and I imagine everywhere in America. But in England there was more of a way for a young band to get on the map. This was the new rock'n'roll for a whole generation of people that was pushed back. So, like The Alley Cats. They were a great band and they never got to make a record until they were already all past it. X, you know, they hung in there and did it. You had to be really tough.

Jeff: You've always been creative, on the

forefront of new things. Like, The Knack became commercially successful.

Peter: Exactly. The Knack was way after us; they came like three years after us.

Paul: All those bands saw us play and adopted the suit thing. And did it in a different way, obviously. Those suits—The Romantics, The Knack, even Blondie—all of those people saw us playing in suits.

Jeff: And The Plimsouls—I hear what becomes the Paisley Underground and cow-punk.

Peter: Yeah, we were a little ahead of that, too. The Plimsouls got really popular in different markets. We had a good time and so did The Beat. The Beat was a really popular band in San Francisco and Seattle, Los Angeles, too. And the Plimsouls were setting attendance records at the Whiskey and the Starwood. And we played down in Atlanta and a lot of different places. The thing we're talking about when the train pulls out—some people made it in and some didn't.

Paul: We were on the cusp. Radio was not going to play this music at that point. They just flat out wouldn't play it.

Peter: And then Tom Petty or something like that, that was just enough. Kinda had like a rock guitar solo. We didn't have any guitar solos. We didn't believe in them. We thought it was jive. We're just gonna play this song, man, because we're stripped.

Jeff: In The Beat and The Plimsouls, I think you each had really amazing guitar players. Maybe underrated or not recognized.

Peter: True, I think it's true, too. Both bands had really great guitar players. Maybe that was something we wanted after being in The Nerves. "Gimme a guitar player, okay. I want one now."

Jeff: And then after The Plimsouls broke up, you got to do more of a folk music kind of thing.

Peter: It's not really accurate to say it's folk music. Folk music would be like, "I gave my love a cherry" and all that kind of shit. I don't play that kind of crap. I moved on to something that was an acoustic kind of roots music, influenced by really emotional and rocking sort of acoustic music like Robert Johnson and stuff like that. I wasn't out there singing like "Copper Kettle" and crap like that. Not that there's anything wrong with that. But, it's not folk music. I moved on to a singer-songwriter kind of thing, which is a type of solo music, which is really just an offshoot of what I've always been doing, which is writing songs and bringing them to people.

Jeff: And through that you got to play with Roger McGuinn (The Byrds) and Mike Campbell (Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers).

Paul: You got to play with Mike Campbell?

Peter: Yeah, I got to play with Roger McGuinn, Mike Campbell. I played with Petty at one point.



Paul: That must have been cool.

Jeff: And you have three Grammy nominations? Do you remember who you lost to?

Peter: I remember being there and watching T-Bone Burnett win like seven Grammys at one. I don't remember the other ones, but I consider that a win for the home team.

Paul: I got three almost-Grammy nominations. They delivered it to the wrong address.

Jeff: The first Beat record, from the press release it says "Recorded in four days. Five songs were first takes."

Paul: Something like that. It was quick. We had been working on it for a year, so we kinda knew what we were doing.

Jeff: Three or four of those had been Breakaways or Nerves songs?

Paul: For me, I've always felt good songs are hard to come by. And none of those other records were so big that I couldn't keep using those songs.

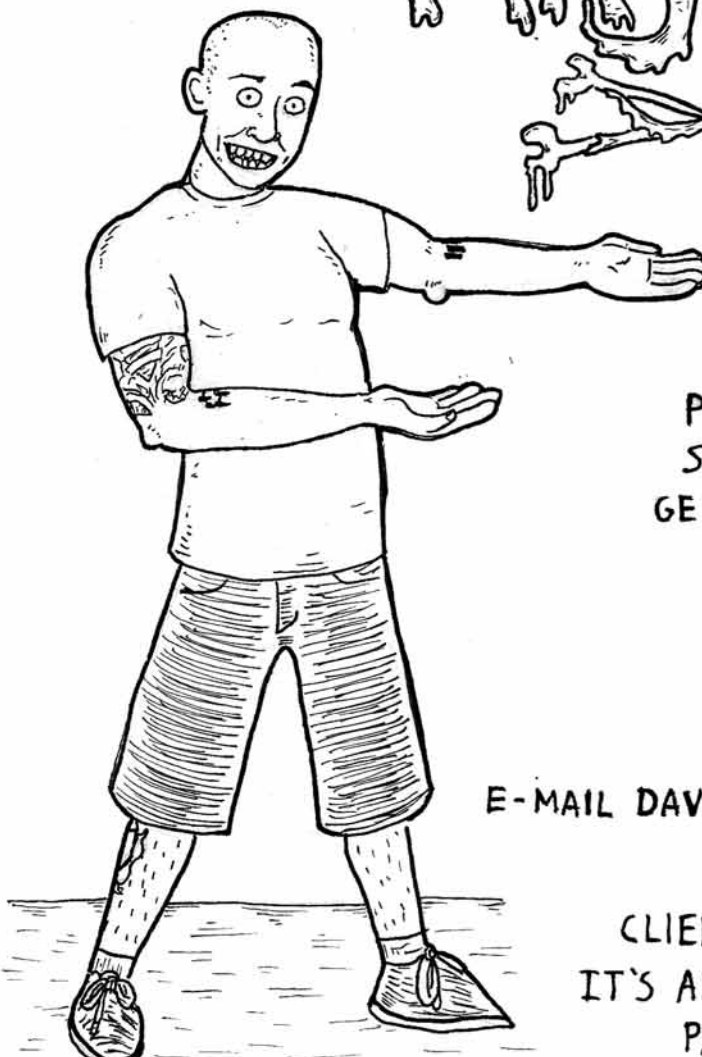
Jeff: You got on *American Bandstand*. How was that?

Paul: Fun! Dick Clark was an amazing guy. Very professional. What I liked about him, is when he would talk to a band he would go to each guy. He wouldn't just talk to the lead singer. He'd go to the drummer; he'd go the bass player. He included everybody. I learned a lot from those big show people in Hollywood. We met Benny Goodman.

Peter: Wow, no shit?

Paul: He was rehearsing for a show at the Hollywood Bowl when we were recording.

ROCK AMONG US MASTERING



AFFORDABLE, QUALITY
MASTERING FOR

PUNKS, BANGERS, MODS, ROCKERS,
SQUARES, CLUDS, NERDS, CHUDS,
GEEKS, SKEEZERS, BLOBS, GEEZERS,
FRUGS, GUGS, HAGS, & SLUGS!

-NO CHRISTIANS!-

E-MAIL DAVE@ROCKAMONGUS.COM FOR RATES & STUFF!

CLIENTS INCLUDE DIRTNAP RECORDS,
IT'S ALIVE RECORDS, DIRT CULT RECORDS,
P. TRASH RECORDS & MORE!



We didn't have any guitar solos. We didn't believe in them. We thought it was jive. We're just gonna play this song, man, because we're stripped.

And we met Roy Rogers when we did another TV show. Those guys—when they talked to you—they really looked at you and they listened to what you said. They weren't somewhere else. And it was really impressive, because I was nobody. Roy Rogers came up to me and goes, “Don’t wait up, all right?” And gives me a smile and he was like seventy-five years old. I tried to learn from that stuff.

Jeff: Lee from Burger Records is driving you guys on this tour.

Paul: Well, he's tour managing. Burger Records is helping us do this tour. It's cool.

Jeff: So, you have Burger and Craig Oliver from Volar Records put out a Nerves tribute record. Between those things, there's renewed interest from younger people. How do you feel about that?

Paul: Absolutely horrible. I can't stand it that these new kids are into us. What is up with that? Personally, I think it's great. I think young people have discovered a lot of music because of the internet. And I think that's a wonderful thing.

Jeff: Did you guys have any involvement with the tribute record?

Paul: No. They just sent us a copy of it when it was done. And I was like, “Wow, that's cool.”

Jeff: Is there anything in particular that stands out on it?

Paul: We're friends with some of those bands.

Peter: Hunx And His Punx. Davila 666 is pretty great.

Paul: Do you know those guys? Davila 666, they're really crazy.

Peter: Yeah, they're cool.

Paul: They do “Hanging on the Telephone.”

Jeff: Their version, I think I like it better than the Blondie version.

Paul: [laughs] And The Nerves version.

Peter: I like it.

Paul: Their video for that song is hysterical. Have you seen that video? They're playing “When You Find Out.”

Peter: I know. It's great.

Jeff: So, how did you get hooked up with Burger? Did they seek you out?

Paul: I met Lee and Sean about three or four years ago, and I've been doing tours with them. And when this thing came up, it was just a natural to include them in it. They're great guys. They're just up for anything.

Jeff: You guys seem to be the focal point for a renewed interest in power pop.

Paul: That's cool. Well, it's great. This is the first week of the tour. Every night it gets better and better.

Peter: To me, what's really going on, we created these songs in the first place not to be part of a fad, but to be timeless. The way we looked at rock'n'roll was Buddy Holly, the Beatles, the great songs by the Rolling Stones. They weren't created for a fad. They were created to be great rock'n'roll forever. And that's what we did.

And we're trying to prove it by giving them another shot here years later. There's nothing more recent in the set than '83. But it sounds like all the stuff is totally in tune with what could have been the other day, somebody said. And I think that's true. There's an art to doing that and that's what we're in to. And that's what we're trying to bring to people. If you want to hear rock'n'roll like it could be any year, it's kind of a trick, but it's something we've always been working on.

Paul: I'll second that.



EXIT

ERIC

OBLIVIAN



BULLY ROOK

INTERVIEW BY **RYAN LEACH**

PHOTOS BY **BULLY ROOK**
J. DENNIS THOMAS
RENAE WINTER
TOD SEELIE

ART JUNK BY **AMY ADOYZIE**

Eric Friedl (AKA Eric Oblivian) has played in some incredible garage punk bands: The Oblivians, The New Memphis Legs, Bad Times, and Dutch Masters.

Friedl spent most of his youth in Hawaii and moved to Memphis in the early 1990s. He formed The Oblivians in 1993 with Greg Cartwright and Jack Yarber. Friedl started Goner Records the same year.

The Oblivians released three seminal full lengths on Crypt, as well as singles and EPs on Goner, Estrus, Sympathy For The Record Industry, and In The Red. Friedl's early selections for Goner Records were nothing short of amazing. When no other label was interested, Goner put out Guitar Wolf's debut LP and released the first Reatards single, featuring fifteen-year-old Oblivians fan Jay Reatard banging on buckets for percussion.

After The Oblivians disbanded in 1997, Eric formed The New Memphis Legs with James Arthur (ex-Necessary Evils) and Forrest Hewes of the Neckbones. As Bad Times, Friedl recorded a one-off record in 2001 with King Louie Bankston and Jay Reatard. A couple years later, The Dutch Masters released their sole 7" on Goner.

In 2004, Eric and Zac Ives opened up the Goner storefront. Known for its incredible selection, Goner has become one of the most respected record stores in the United States. In 2005, Friedl and Ives started Gonerfest as a joke, but the festivals have become major events for diehard garage rock fans from all across the world.

When not busy running the Goner storefront and label, Friedl plays around Memphis with True Sons Of Thunder. To the delight of garage punk fans everywhere, The Oblivians recently recorded *Desperation*, their first full length in fifteen years. Look for it on In The Red Records.

Ryan: What prompted your family to move to Hawaii from San Diego when you were young?

Eric: Although my dad wasn't in the navy, he worked for the navy. They moved his job to Hawaii when I was twelve years old. We went from one nice beach place to another. It was perfect for a kid. I ran around on the beach all day. It kept me out of trouble.

Ryan: Was getting access to records difficult in Hawaii?

Eric: I grew up listening to Top 40 radio. I was really into pop music and Dr. Demento. I didn't have an older brother to turn me on to Led Zeppelin. When I moved to Hawaii, there was a DJ my friends and I knew—I

don't remember how we became friends with him—who gave us tapes with Ultravox and The Damned on them. We listened to those tapes a lot and the music on them spanned the gamut, from New Romantic to punk. By the age of thirteen I was looking for any records that seemed odd. A lot of weirdos ended up moving to Hawaii in the '60s and '70s. They got rid of their records by the '80s. Vinyl was cheap and their collections varied from Funkadelic to punk. Not a whole lot of live music was going on in Hawaii. I eventually found some people who were into punk.

Ryan: I read that you sang in a band that eventually became known as The Dambuilders. They later signed to a major label.

Eric: Yeah. [laughs] It was pathetic. I was the worst singer the band ever had. We were called the Exactones then. I wanted to play music but I couldn't play an instrument, so they made me the singer. We were really bad. They loved REM. We started out playing aggressive, fast songs. As the group got better at their instruments, they wanted to play prettier songs. For whatever reason, death rock and gothic music were really big in Hawaii. Bauhaus was popular. We'd play bills with these gothic bands. We were wimps and totally afraid of them. We played at a million miles an hour. The audience loved it because the gothic bands were playing at one mile an hour, pretending to be junkies. It was fun and the guys in the band put up with me. When they got more serious about their music, they moved to Boston. They took me along on one of their tours as their soundman, even though I knew nothing about being a soundman. They kept making bad decisions. [laughs]

Ryan: How long did you live in Hawaii?

Eric: I stayed there through high school. Afterwards, I went to the mainland to go to college and wander around. When I got to Los Angeles, I started getting into weirder music. There was a lot more going on.

Ryan: You moved to Los Angeles from Hawaii?

Eric: I went to college in Los Angeles. I ended up moving to San Diego after I graduated college in '88. I stayed in San Diego for a year. I moved to Boston next, stayed there for another year, and then I went to Memphis.

Ryan: What prompted you to move to Memphis?

Eric: I had a friend in college named Sherman Willmott. He was opening a record store in Memphis.

Ryan: Shangri-La Records?

Eric: Shangri-La Records. He asked me to come on down and help with his store. I wasn't really doing anything, so I said, "Sure." That's how I started out in Memphis.

Ryan: Did you play in any other bands in Memphis before The Oblivians?

Eric: Not really. Jack (Yarber, AKA Jack Oblivian) and Greg (Cartwright, AKA Greg Oblivian) had already been in great bands. Even before The Compulsive Gamblers, they had played in The Pain Killers. I loved The Compulsive Gamblers. Their shows were ridiculous. They'd have horn sections. It was a spectacle. They'd let me get up on stage with

them and sing some songs. Greg and Jack started hanging out at Shangri-La more often.

At the last minute, Greg was asked to play drums for 68 Comeback with Jeffrey Evans. While Greg was on tour, Jack showed me some guitar chords and we wrote some songs. When Greg came back, we asked him if he wanted to start a band. He said, "That sounds stupid. Why not?" I think Jack and Greg were tired of having to coordinate the practices for The Compulsive Gamblers. They wanted to do something stripped down and simple.

Ryan: It had to be simple. You were just learning guitar.

Eric: I knew nothing about playing guitar. Jack and Greg could do what they wanted to do, so long as I could keep up. "Show me the chords, and I'll do my best to hang in there."

Ryan: Jack mentioned in an interview that The Oblivians sound was largely attributable to the instruments you were using. Jack played the now-infamous Airliner. Greg played a Harmony Rocket. I'm not sure what guitar you were using, but it looked like a Japanese model from the '60s.

Eric: When we formed The Oblivians, I had to go out and buy a guitar. I found a '60s or '70s Gretsch solid body. It was called a Corvette. I bought it for \$100.

Ryan: That's a great guitar.

Eric: It was. I didn't have an amp, so I played through my home stereo. Plugging my guitar into a mic input on a tape deck gave me a great sound. It was completely fuzzed out. That helped hide the fact that I couldn't play at all. I had gotten really excited one day and smashed that Gretsch. I didn't know it at the time, but finding a great guitar is not easy. I had gotten lucky finding that one. I eventually picked up a Stratatone. I played that for most of my time with The Oblivians. Some of the guitars I played in the band were given to me. I'd change them up so they'd work for me. I'd put heavier gauge strings on them so they wouldn't break.

The instruments we used were important. Greg's distorted hollow body guitar is the early Oblivians sound. On the first recordings we did with (Doug) Easley, I'm still playing through my home stereo. That was my amp. That's all I had.

Ryan: The Oblivians recorded some demos early on that later showed up on the *On the Go* record. Just after recording the demos, Jack moved down to New Orleans. You guys weren't too serious about The Oblivians at the beginning, huh?

Eric: No. The Oblivians was a joke band. We wrote songs that we thought were too dumb to listen to but were fun to play. The songs gave us a reason to get together and have some beers.

Jack did go down to New Orleans for a while. The move didn't really work out for him. Greg was in New York then. He played on a record with a girl named Casey Scott. Greg told Jack to come to New York because Jack had never been there before. We figured since two-thirds of the band was in New York, I should come up too and we could get



WE ASKED GREG IF HE WANTED TO START A BAND.
HE SAID, **THAT SOUNDS STUPID. WHY NOT?**



PLUGGING MY GUITAR INTO A MIC INPUT ON A TAPE DECK GAVE ME A GREAT SOUND.



some shows. Through working at Shangri-La, I knew Billy Miller (of Norton Records). He put me in touch with Todd Abramson. Todd booked Maxwell's. Todd stuck us on a bill opening up for the Blues Explosion. That was an amazing experience. The Blues Explosion was just starting out. Jon Spencer loved us and gave our tapes out to people. It was a totally accidental thing. We gave a couple of songs to Larry Hardy (In the Red) and Tim Warren (Crypt Records) for singles. Eventually, we decided to do a whole record (*Soul Food*). But, for a long time, we never took The Oblivians seriously.

Ryan: You started Goner Records in 1993 with the Guitar Wolf LP (*Wolf Rock!*).

Eric: The Oblivians and Goner started at about the same time. I went to Garage Shock and saw Guitar Wolf. I thought they were amazing. They weren't even invited to the festival but showed up anyway. Dave Crider (Estrus Records) said, "Well, you came from Japan so I guess you can play." They performed on a slot that was set up for a sound check, before the festival was supposed to start. They were completely out of tune and going bananas. I thought they were great. We followed them up to Vancouver. Guitar Wolf borrowed Young Fresh Fellows equipment. They managed to break an instrument or an amp. Young Fresh Fellows were not happy about it. It left an impression on me.

Guitar Wolf was going to be in The States for a while. They came down to Memphis, played a couple of shows, and left me a cassette tape of their songs. It was great. It didn't seem like anyone else appreciated their music—although they had a better reception with their live show. [laughs] Guitar Wolf and I were faxing each other back and forth once they got back to Japan; this was pre-internet. They thought I was asking them to do a 45. Until the records ended up in Tokyo, they thought it was going to be a 45 and not an LP. It was the right time. The garage rock thing wasn't played out yet. And Guitar Wolf was a weird mix—sort of a noise rock and garage-rock band. Distributors like Forced Exposure, who liked noisier stuff, could relate to it and the rock'n'roll guys liked it too. *Guitar Rock!* is a fun record. Guitar Wolf ended up bringing us to Japan later on. It was a great time.

Ryan: Whenever I talk with Larry Hardy about the early days of In The Red, he mentions the early- to mid-'90s as being a great time for mail order and starting a small label.

Eric: It was. I was looking at old *Forced Exposure* magazines from the '80s recently. I could be wrong, but I'm pretty sure The Gibson Bros. would sell five thousand copies of a record. People were looking for those albums. Five thousand copies is nothing for a major label, but it is a lot for an indie label. Today, we think of The Gibson Bros. as being obscure. But the bands we think of as big now, they likely don't sell five thousand copies of a new release. Goner started at the tail end of that great period for mail order. Back then, if someone you knew gave a good recommendation on a 45, you'd send off your three bucks.

Ryan: Another incredible early Goner release was the first Reatards 7". The Oblivians influenced Jay tremendously. Do you remember meeting him for the first time?

Eric: Jay was just a bored, hyperactive kid when I met him. He wrote us a letter. The Oblivians were his favorite band. Jay asked for some stuff so I sent him some stickers. He sent me a tape. I was blown away by it. "Holy shit! This is exactly what I wanted to hear." He was banging on buckets (for percussion). He played everything on the tape himself. It was like The Oblivians but a little bit different. The Dead Boys were in there, too. He was also covering Buddy Holly songs. Jay was absorbing a lot of influences at a very young age. The single was so exciting. I sold a number of those.

I remember I went to the Austin Record show. I was sitting there, sharing a table with Tim Warren. All these garage rock and punk rock people were stopping by. They were real collectors. I had a weird Moondog record that I wanted to sell for good money and a few other rare 45s. I had a stack of brand new Reatards records on the table too. People kept saying, "This Reatards 7" looks really cool!" It was on the same table as a bunch of rare records, and these collectors probably didn't want to miss out on it. They played the 7" on a battery-powered turntable. It was all treble. It sounded like white noise. People asked, "How many of these can I buy?" We sold a ton. In retrospect, it might have been twenty. But the number of people who approached me about it was a total surprise. We had no idea that Jay would keep progressing. At the time, he was just a kid coming up with great stuff. We didn't think about the future. It was all about the present.

Ryan: I'm amazed that Jay used found objects for percussion. That's something Bo Diddley did. People today rarely display that kind of ingenuity.

Eric: [laughs] I know.

Ryan: Your intuitiveness was really keen as well. You could have had three hundred Reatards singles stuffed away in your closet. Jay was just an unknown kid from Memphis then.

Eric: Jay was playing exactly what I wanted to hear. It was so exciting. The DIY aspect was appealing, too. It was perfect. I started Goner because I wanted to release records that other labels wouldn't. The Reatards single was one of those records. Here's a fifteen-year-old kid from Memphis, banging on buckets. Jack, Greg, and I loved it. Jay started hanging around. He used Jack and Greg as drummers at different points.

Ryan: Did you record all the early Oblivians singles that later showed up on the *Soul Food* LP with Doug Easley?

Eric: Doug recorded all of those songs. We recorded most of them in a single day. They were pulled from a cassette we had recorded in the back of Shangri-La. Doug is a really quiet guy who's sort of hard to read. He's a great guitarist. He played with Tav Falco. We'd throw songs out there and ask, "What do you think, Doug?" He'd respond, "I don't

know. What do you think?" We ran the vocals straight through a guitar amp. Anything we suggested he was fine with. Doug was sort of starting out, too. It was perfect. We felt really comfortable recording with him.

Ryan: The Oblivians always chose great, varied covers: Trio, Love, Lightin' Hopkins, and the song "The Locomotion."

Eric: We chose songs that we thought we could play together. That being said, the Love song ("Alone Again Or") was one we probably couldn't play.

Ryan: It has a really intricate guitar part.

Eric: It does. I haven't listened to that session in a while, but I'm pretty sure there's a guitar amp that's not mic'ed. We recorded the song live for a radio show. It's a wacky recording.

Ryan: It's a great cover. Love gets The Oblivians treatment.

Eric: Greg really liked Trio. He was into them for a long time. They were an underappreciated band. Everyone knows "Da Da Da." Their songs were simple and had great riffs. We would take Blue Oyster Cult songs and dumb them down to the point where we could cover them. We never planned anything. I don't know why Jack chose "The Locomotion," but it was a great song to play.

Ryan: Not long after The Oblivians formed, you guys toured Europe. Did Tim Warren make that happen?

Eric: Yeah. We had only been around for a little while and hadn't done much. Tim wanted to release all of the songs we had recorded with Doug Easley as a full-length record (*Soul Food*). Tim said, "Yeah, man, let's put out a record and you guys can come and tour Europe!" We had done about ten shows, including the ones in New York with Jon Spencer.

Tim put us on a tour with The Country Teasers for two months. It was great, but the tour contained a lot of shows. We became tighter and more confident. When you're playing in a hostile environment, you have to keep it together and just keep hitting people with songs. We developed that ability, which was a good thing that came out of those shows. A bad thing about the tour was that we were drinking like crazy. The Oblivians was a half-assed band. We didn't want to perform every night. That wasn't really why we formed the band. We just wanted to play funny songs. Thinking about it now, I'm not sure if becoming tighter as a band was a good thing. Maybe by getting better at our instruments we were getting worse as a band.

Ryan: That's sort of like The Shaggs. Although their second recordings are good, they're not as brutal as the first ones on *Philosophy of the World*.

Eric: Right. [laughs]

Ryan: Most things with The Oblivians seemed impromptu. You recorded *Popular Favorites* at two places—in New York with Jerry Teal and with Doug Easley in Memphis. Some of the tracks have a fuller sound.

Eric: We were actually surprised at how well they went together. We recorded the stuff with

Jerry when it was freezing out, right at the end of a tour. We weren't really feeling the tracks at first, but over time they sat well with us. We tried to do some stuff with Doug afterwards. That wasn't that great either. We ended up picking and choosing what we thought was the best stuff from the two sessions and putting them together for the album.

Ryan: *The Oblivians Play Nine Songs with Mr. Quintron* LP might be my favorite Oblivians record. It was a really different album for you, venturing into gospel music.

Eric: I really like it, too. Jack and I didn't stop writing songs. Greg just happened to have all of these gospel songs. He wasn't feeling the rock thing then; he really wanted to do some gospel recordings. I was fine with it. Greg suggested Quintron. We were friends with him. He'd come through Memphis often. We called up Quintron and he said, "I'll do it, but I have to have a (Hammond) B3 organ." We thought, "Man, Quintron knows what he's doing." We found a studio that a friend of ours had. We had never recorded with him before but he had a B3. Quintron gets off the bus and into the studio, sees the B3 and says, "Man, this is great. A B3! I've never played one of these before."

Ryan: [laughs] That's hilarious. He was dead certain he needed a B3, yet he had never played one before.

Eric: Right. And we didn't know that. We thought that he only played B3 organs. The session turned out pretty cool. The guy (Steve Moller) we recorded with had good instincts. He recorded Quintron again later on. It was kind of frustrating because we recorded a bunch of takes that didn't work. We had never really recorded like that before. Normally, two or three takes was the most time we'd spend on a song. If we didn't get it by then, we'd drop it. We didn't know how the record would be perceived by people. It's still pretty raw for gospel. The organ's crazy. I don't think anything really sounds like that album. It's cool for that reason.

Ryan: The Oblivians dissolved in 1997. Was the band becoming a little too serious? I know you're all still really good friends.

Eric: Actually, we were getting a little sick of each other at the end. We broke up on a tour. Greg and I weren't really getting along. The Oblivians wasn't supposed to amount to much. We did way more than what we expected to do. Once it wasn't fun, it lost its appeal. The Oblivians wasn't supposed to be a band that was hard work. Ending the group was the right thing to do at the time. We did get back together for shows later on. It's always been fun since.

Ryan: Was The New Memphis Legs the next thing you did?

Eric: I think so. After The Oblivians, I was just kind of hanging out. James (Arthur) moved to Memphis and I was determined not to be in a band with him. It seemed way too obvious. We would drink whiskey on a Saturday night and ride our BMX bikes to places with pinball machines. Eventually, we decided to work up some songs. We already had a drummer. But then we realized Forrest

(Hewes) from The Neckbones was in town. We ditched the first drummer because Forrest was around, but we were too chicken to tell him he was out of the band. We claimed that we had formed a new group. That's why the band is called *The New Memphis Legs*. [laughs] As soon as we got Forrest in, the band was amazing. The first drummer was good, but Forrest has amazing time. He can sing. His kick pedal was like a bass. James is a great guitarist. He was wild. The New Memphis Legs was a really fun band. We were listening to a bunch of Australian '60s stuff from the *Ugly Things* compilation. We covered some of those songs and made up a bunch of dumb originals.

Ryan: As far as I know, The New Memphis Legs only had one properly released song on a Shangri-La Records compilation. Goner is going to release a posthumous, full-length LP, correct?

Eric: We are going to release a New Memphis Legs LP. A buddy of ours had an early recording program on his computer. He said he'd record us. We were into it, so we recorded some songs in his living room. At the time, we weren't into how the recordings turned out, but it's another example where as time moves on, you start picking out the good things you missed earlier when you were solely focusing on the aspects you didn't like. Eventually, James and I decided to put it out.

Ryan: Bad Times was another case of having the right people (Eric Oblivian, King Louie Bankston, Jay Reatard) at the right place, huh?

Eric: Yeah. I was just breaking up with this girl. I don't remember what was going on with Jay, but Louie was getting divorced. Jay and I decided to go down to New Orleans and record a record with Louie. We drove down. Jay had his four-track. We spent a day recording. The next day we mixed the record. That was it.

It was the same experience we had with The New Memphis Legs. We thought the recording was crappy. There was too much delay on the vocals. Later, we changed our minds. "It sounds pretty good. Let's put it out!" Recording the album was fun. I've told this story before, but when we got back to Memphis—it's a six-and-a-half hour drive from New Orleans to Memphis—at three in the morning, Jay came home to find out that his mom had kicked him out of the house. All of his stuff was on the front lawn. I dropped Jay off with his buddy Sean. I asked Jay if he was okay. He said, "Yeah, I'm fine, man." I said, "Okay. You can stay at my house." I don't know what he did that night. We were going through bad times. That band was aptly named! [laughs]

I also played in the Dutch Masters. The band was me, Punk Rock Pat on drums, Scott Rogers on second guitar, and, at various times, Talbot Adams, Joe T, and Robin Pack on bass. We put out a 7" on Goner. The highlight of the band was playing Horizontal Action Blackout Fest and getting asked by Fred Cole of Dead Moon to go on tour with them. Which, of course, never happened. That was a total bummer.

Ryan: When you opened up The Goner store with Zac (Ives) in 2004, you two took over the location Greg (Cartwright) previously occupied with Legba Records. I don't know much about Legba. Was the shop open for long?

Eric: No. He only had it for a couple of years. Greg is a big record collector. Legba was doing pretty well, even though it seemed like Greg wasn't putting much effort into it. The inventory was mostly his collection. Of course, when you own a record store, records just seem to show up at your door whether you like it or not. We asked Greg what kind of money Legba was bringing in. We bought most of his stock when he moved out to Asheville. His wife got a job out there, so they were moving out of town. He told me and Zac, "I think you should take over this store front. I'm moving out of town. People know this location as a record store." It just all fell into place. Goner is in a nice neighborhood. There are other shops around and places to eat.

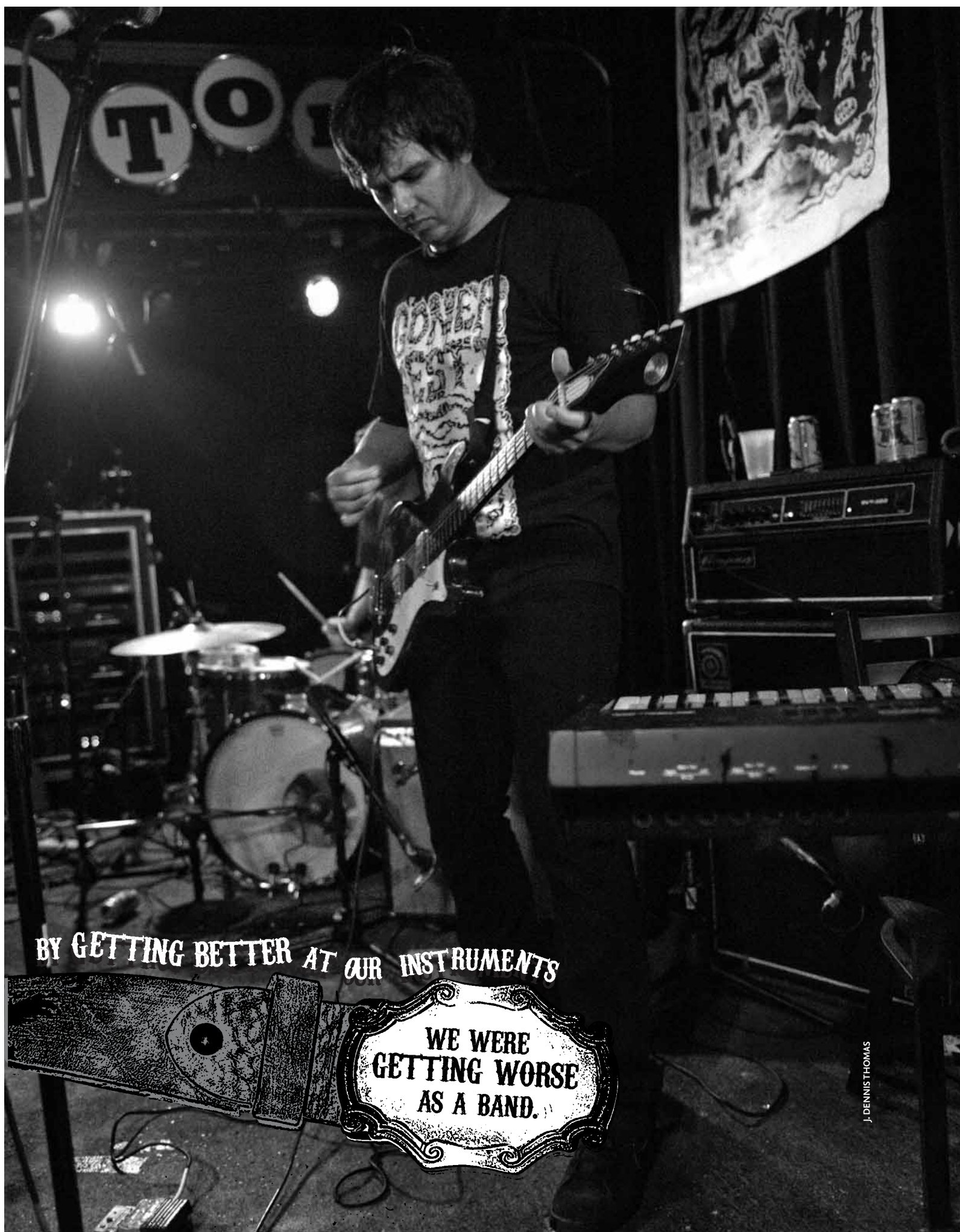
Ryan: Things seem to develop around you. Gonerfest is another example.

Eric: That's the worst example of that happening. I started Goner (the record label) in 1993. But before 2004, I hadn't done too much with the label. I had gotten into a car wreck in the mid '90s. For years, I didn't know whether I was going to get sued or not. That's why I didn't keep putting out Guitar Wolf records. I didn't know if I'd lose all of my money in a lawsuit. I would have released more Guitar Wolf records had the car accident not happened. The band asked me to. Looking back on it, I should have just gone for it. Guitar Wolf ended up releasing albums on Bag Of Hammers and then Matador.

I had put out a few records prior to opening the shop, but not many. Zac and I wanted to run the shop and get the label really going again. King Louie had his one-man band thing. We did the first King Khan And BBQ Show record. King Khan And BBQ had sent those songs out to a lot of people. Apparently no one listened to them. We loved them. We thought they were great. I knew The Spaceshits. They had done a show with The Oblivians. But King Khan And BBQ had a reputation that was pretty terrible. So Goner put it out.

We had two releases coming out at the same time (by King Khan And BBQ and King Louie Bankston). King Khan And BBQ were on tour. We said to King Louie, "King Khan And BBQ are playing a show this Friday in Memphis. Louie, if you want to come up and do a show on Saturday, we can release Gonerfest editions of your records. We'll call the two nights 'Gonerfest'."

The Black Lips were on tour with King Khan And BBQ. We just padded the rest of the lineup out with Memphis bands. All of a sudden, people said, "Man, I'm going out to Memphis. This is going to be great!" We had people come in from England. People from Italy like Frederico (Zanutto), the guy who runs Solid Sex Lovie Doll, came out. It was ridiculous. The place we held the shows



BY GETTING BETTER AT OUR INSTRUMENTS

WE WERE
GETTING WORSE
AS A BAND.

OUT NOW ON INSANE SOCIETY/VOLTAGE

SEE YOU IN HELL

After "Market Yourself" (2004) and "Attack" (2007), SEE YOU IN HELL from Brno, Czech Republic, come up with their third 12" LP, full with 8 tracks of raw and furious hardcore/punk with massive gang-choruses – perhaps the most straightforward material the band has offered during the 13 years of their career, but this is left to the listeners to judge...

Recorded at Hellsound studio in Čestice, Czech Republic, choruses screamed out by Iny (GRIDE) and Zrout (LAHAR), cover painted by Wes Samples, and sound mastered by Jack Control at his Enormous Door cave.

Listen to the complete album at :
<http://seeyouinhell.bandcamp.com/>

new 12"LP



Released in joint effort by Insane Society Records and Voltage Records.

www.insanesociety.net
www.voltage-shop.com



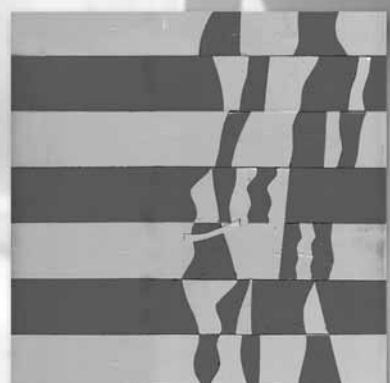
...out now on IN THE RED



LAMPS
 Under The Ground
 Under The Water
 LP / CD



UV RACE
 Racism
 LP / CD



TYVEK
 On Triple Beams
 LP w/download



www.intheredrecords.com



RENATE WINTER

at (The Buccaneer) holds about seventy-five people. There were easily two hundred people there. The shows were great. People were going bananas. It was sweaty and packed. The bands were excited. It was such a great time.

Those accidental things can turn out so great. They're so surprising and shocking. That was the start of Gonerfest. We called it a festival as a joke, but people like coming to Memphis. It's cheap. There's great BBQ. And what's better than drinking beer and watching great bands for a whole weekend? Gonerfest works well too because the bands really want to play. They think it's cool. We couldn't afford to fly people in or provide guarantees on most of the shows. It's grown because the bands are doing it out of their own goodwill.

Ryan: How is working out the logistics for Gonerfest? I imagine it must be difficult. You're now doing shows at the Hi-Tone, The Buccaneer, and the Goner store.

Eric: It's a lot to organize, but it hasn't been too hard. Again, when you've got bands that want to be there, it goes a lot easier. If someone's playing a show strictly for money, it's a different situation. The backstage might not be what they thought it'd be. Little problems can escalate quickly. But with a little bit of goodwill, things go a lot easier and everyone has more fun.

The reason we started doing all of the other shows was because they started popping up anyway. You'd think that having twelve bands playing over three days was enough, but all of these other groups would show up to the festival and would want to play. So we started doing afternoon shows. Instead of having someone else book it—and maybe getting crappy bands in there—we started taking control over it and booked

the shows ourselves. The afternoon shows have occasionally been better than the night shows. It's just an outdoor party. It's worked out pretty well. Planning for it hasn't been too difficult.

Ryan: Did True Sons Of Thunder just sort of happen like most of your other bands?

Eric: Funnily enough, True Sons Of Thunder is probably the most planned out band I've had. The main singer, Richard Martin, plays a half banjo, half guitar that was made by a guitar and amp genius in town named Robert Hinson. Richard has been in noise bands like Corn For Texture. He was doing that in the '80s. I always wanted to be in a band with Richard. We started hanging out. Sam Liemer had moved up from New Orleans. He had played bass in Mangina. Abe (White) from The Oscars wanted to do something. Joe Simpson was around, too. Joe had played in the Dutch Masters and The Rat Traps.

We decided to do something. I was sort of in the middle of everything. Not everyone knew each other. The first time Sam met Richard, he thought Richard was homeless. Richard is six years older than I am. I'm probably six years older than Sam. Sam might be six years older than Abe. That sounds like eighty years! It's a strange mix of people. Richard's banjitar spews out this weird, effected noise that sounds like no other instrument. We did a record (*Spoonful of Seedy Dudes*) that our friend Chad (Booth) from New Orleans released. We've got other recordings that we're trying to figure out what to do with. We like opening up for people. It's a good way to help touring bands. We know that we're not going to be the most popular band in town, but that's not the point. It's for our own enjoyment. We think we're great. [laughs] It doesn't really matter if we are or not.

Ryan: The Oblivians have recorded a new record that should be out fairly soon. I've heard some early mixes and the tracks are incredible.

Eric: Thanks. As far as The Oblivians record, it turned out pretty well. It was a little bit more work. We each brought some songs together. We recorded it in a fancier studio. It was pretty ridiculous. We tried to use this nice, two-inch reel-to-reel tape player that didn't work. We'd do a take and if we wanted to listen to it, we'd have to stop and pull a section of the tape player apart. It was kind of perfect. It was recorded on broken equipment, even though we worked in a nicer studio.

Doug Easley helped to produce. He didn't do much because the engineer had to do all this technical stuff to keep the session going. It was perfect for Doug. He'd just nod his head from time to time and give some advice. Doug has a studio now that he does digital recordings at. After taking part in The Oblivians session, he said, "Man, hearing how crappy that stuff sounded made me check to see if my old analog machines still worked." We ended up going to Doug's studio in Memphis and recorded stuff on his tape machine. It worked out well. The record was fun. "Call the Police" is a fun song to play. I think the record sounds like The Oblivians. I hope other people feel the same way.

Ryan: Usually, when bands experience long gaps in recording, their new material sounds off. Production values will be different and songwriting changes, but the new album sounds like an Oblivians record.

Eric: I think so. It's definitely not us drunk in the back of Shangri-La Records, but we haven't really changed that much.



WHITE NIGHT

If you thought their band name was bad, just wait till you read the explanation for it. It's fucking awful, but admirable in its own way. They realize how bad it is, but rather than running from it, covering up their mistakes, and recreating a history that never existed, they're completely upfront and honest about who they are.

White Night is not interested in selling you what you want White Night to be. We all know what sells

in punk rock. They could easily put the band on autopilot, but there's nothing punk about that. Do you want to be a mock band or a band of mockers?! They can let the dickheads ruin the party or they could out-dickhead the dickheads. White Night is unwavering, yet up for anything.

Bonehead, poppy punk rock played with enthusiasm, wit, and integrity is a fashion that doesn't go in or out of style. Wear it with pride and you'll be warm. —Daryl



Interview by Daryl Gussin and Todd Taylor
Photos by Babe and Todd Taylor,
Layout by Daryl Gussin

Jon: "I put the 'ass' in 'bass'" and "voc"

Frank: Guitar and sings

Mike: Drums

Kevin: Guitar

Jeremiah: Keyboard "and other things"

Daryl: First question. Which one of you guys flipped the van?

Mike: That would be me. I flipped the van.

Daryl: How'd that happen?

Mike: We were only traveling—my understanding—we were traveling forty miles per hour. The cop said I was driving way faster. I called him a liar. We hit black ice. We did the whole 180 thing and slid off into an embankment that was on the left-

Frank: Dude had a beard down to his fuckin' belly, man.

Jon: I remember looking at the van, going [he doesn't laugh, says the words mechanically] "Ha-ha-ha-ha."

Daryl: But it didn't end the tour? You guys still kept going?

Mike: We skipped Washington and Oregon and we went straight to San Francisco to play with Street Eaters and Gumbi. That night before, we hit a really bad blizzard, too. We had to get off the highway and get a hotel.

Mike: It was pretty gnarly. It was like *Snowblind*.

Frank: Jon's driving. Me and Mike were on the sides, looking out each window on the side going, "Alright, dude, you're going too far to the right. Alright stop, stop, stop." We were going about five miles an hour and there were other cars—zoom—twenty miles an hour right past us.

like, "Mine." He's all, "I don't like liars." So then he handcuffs me really tight, puts me in the back of his squad car. Funny thing is that I gave a weird look to them, right before I went in the squad car.

Daryl: How would you describe this look?

Jon: Like, "I'm hard. I'm about to serve some time right now." And Frank was like, "Oh, I didn't know that happened."

Frank: I was like, "I had no idea weed was there. I do not smoke weed"—which is a total lie. I'd smoked weed five minutes before we got pulled over. He was already arrested. Why should I get busted too?" [laughter]

Mike: Leave no soldier behind, dude. Haven't you ever heard of that?

Jon: "He works in the education field!" The cops are all, "Well, too bad." And then I go inside this trailer and this guy's phone rings and he's, "Hold on." His ringtone's [singing] "Get down with sickness! Get down with the

I think the ethics in Star Trek are great and the morals are great and they should throw away the bible and just show people Star Trek episodes at church.

side, hit the ice, and then rolled over once. We were upside down. I was still seat-belted in, my hand on the steering wheel.

Frank: You didn't turn off the engine. I said, "Turn off the fuckin' engine."

Mike: He yelled at me. It took a minute to realize what was going on.

Frank: I had to jump into Captain Kirk mode and really get the crew together.

Jon: You're acting like you were driving normal, which is completely BS because, in the back seat, me and 'Miah said, "I think you're driving a little bit too fast." And 'Miah said, "I'm going to put a seatbelt on." Literally two minutes before this happened, he buckled his seatbelt.

Jeremiah: No, I had to tie it together, like *Jurassic Park* and shit.

Jon: Then the van flipped.

Frank: So, pretty much, the van was driving. And Mike goes, "Whoah, whoooah, whoooah." [laughing] Then crash.

Mike: What they're not telling you is how I saved all their lives.

Frank: We were driving through mountains. There's a fifty-foot drop on the other side.

Mike: I put out the fire and I saved a family of four. No. If we had slid to the right side—there was a drop-off. It was bigger than fifty feet.

Jeremiah: It was the side of a mountain. Remember the bald eagle we saw?

Jon: As soon as that happened, I blacked out and some old man with this huge beard came out...

Frank: ...Father time...

Jon: ...And I'm all, "God?" And he's all, (in biker/Hulk Hogan voice), "No. You're still alive, brother."

Mike: Well, the semis and truckers. The professionals. Ice road truckers. IRT, you know what I'm talking about.

Frank: I'll never fuckin' tour in the winter in the north again, especially with California balding tires.

Jon: We left with used tires.

Frank: And I found that snow chains are illegal in most northern states. What the hell?

Jon: Waste of ninety bucks.

Daryl: So that's official? No more touring in the winter.

Frank: Just north.

Mike: The Southwest. All south. Everywhere where there's no snow. Sorry, Milwaukee.

Jon: I think that if I was driving, we probably would have made the whole thing.

Jeremiah: If I was driving, it'd been cool.

Mike: C'mon. It was black ice. You don't know nothing about...

Jeremiah: You know nothing about brake pads.

Mike: You can't change brake pads.

Jeremiah: I've done that shit like ten times.

Frank: I've seen *Tommy Boy*. I know what's up.

Mike: Next question.

Daryl: Jon, how does it feel to get a felony charge for recreational marijuana? [laughter]

Jon: Ask Frank.

Mike: Frank sold him out.

Jon: I wake up and I'm all, "Aw, crap." Then I'm like, "It's hidden." I bought this Cheetos—I thought I was smart—buying it at a head shop. A Cheeto bag with a fake bottom that you can put all of your goodies in. I put a pipe in there too, like an idiot. So when the cop shook it, clink, clink, clink. Glass pipe. He's all, "Who's bag is this?" I'm

sickness!" (Disturbed) I'm all, oh my god. His buddy's looking at him. You're an idiot.

Mike: So all we have to say about that is god bless Arizona.

Jon: Thirteen hundred dollars.

Frank: And I did not know that that was in the van. I couldn't believe that Jon would do something like that. [laughter]

Daryl: But it's all cleared up? You can go back to Arizona now?

Jon: Yeah, yeah. I can go back. Had a felony for a week. I freaked out. Hopefully the California jurisdiction of education and Arizona don't meet.

Frank: I'm pretty sure they don't. They're pretty different.

Daryl: I'm sure you guys get a lot of confusion about your name. [laughter] There's a lot of possible meanings that someone can take from the name.

Frank: Who came up with the name, anyway?

Daryl: Synthetics. Legal cocaine. Cocaine, in general. Jonestown.

Frank: Possibly racism as well, maybe.

Daryl: Definitely racism.

Frank: It's not knight with a "K."

Todd: But you have a knight on your record's label.

Mike: On paper, it has been knight with a "K."

Jeremiah: On the tapes, too.

Mike: The knight thing is on the LP label, right? We had absolutely no control...

Jeremiah: What? They—the label that put the record out—put that on there?

Mike: They put a knight on. Personally, I thought it was hilarious.

Frank: It's on the record? It's not hilarious.



Todd: (to Frank) You've never seen your record?

Frank: Uhhh.

Mike: Honestly, he's probably not really looked at it. I would not be surprised. That was our good friends at Dead Broke Records, painting a perfect picture of our band.

Frank: Should we tell the truth of the name?

Mike: Frank, tell the truth.

Frank: This is very, very... lame. When I was a little kid, my favorite band in the world was Green Day, right? Smokin' pot during the day, right? So, as a lame teenager, doing coke at night, right?

Jeremiah: What, age ten?

Frank: Dude, c'mon bro. I was at least

nineteen. It's a rip off of Green Day. There. I said it. Not very fucking interesting.

Todd: So why did you guys agree to it?

Jon: Our first show, people started yelling out, "White Night! White Night! White Night!" Then it became "White Mike" for half the show. So we're like, "Screw it."

Mike: There are a lot of things that I've agreed to that I never thought I would while being in this band.

Todd: When has the name given you grief?

Jon: Texas. We had a marquee. Austin. Right when we get out, we hear, "Dante just went in some woman's car and stole her purse. We better watch your car. Oh, what's your guys' band name?" "White Night." We're

in a predominantly African-American neighborhood. He's all, "White fucking Night? You fucking kidding me? You know how much shit I got for this?"

Mike: It was on the marquee.

Daryl: With a "K"?

Mike: No. Thank god it was not. The "K" thing happened with the Off With Their Heads promoter who booked the shows. The first four shows were listed with a "K." I figured that out a couple weeks after she sent me the itinerary. "Nope. No, no, no, no."

Daryl: I'm pretty curious about those Off With Their Heads shows. What's it like opening up for a band like that, playing shows like that, especially for guys such as yourselves?

Mike: It was weird.

Jeremiah: A lot of silence.

Mike: But it was a lot of fun, too.

Frank: I love touring with those guys.

Mike: Everything was laid out ahead of you. You had a schedule.

Frank: Professional. I didn't have to worry.

Mike: You got per diems.

Frank: Perdidioms.

Mike: Exactly. It's pronounced "per-did-i-um." Getting ten dollars a day for food is cool.

Frank: Getting whatever you wanted.

Mike: Not having to figure out where you're going to go and having someone else settle up for you is all the best perks I could ever imagine.

Frank: Money that will get motels. And trash 'em, Jon.

Mike: Instead of saving the money, we lived it up. We stayed in motels.

Jon: It's funny writing "Doo doo" with peanut butter on some hotel wall.

Frank: What about the microwave, dude?

Mike: Mötley Crüe moments.

Jon: We've been at people's houses for every tour. It was the first one in hotels. It's hilarious.

Jeremiah: Motel, dude.

Mike: Somewhere where Matty Awesome could wash his feet. [laughter] It was very important and essential.

Frank: Love you, Matty.

Mike: That's how we justified spending the money that we spent.

Todd: Jon, I know that you have a pretty intense and stressful day job. What is it?

Jon: Currently, right now, I am unemployed.

Mike: Loser! Right now, he plays video games and smokes a lot of weed.

Frank: I sell him the weed. That's my job.

Jon: Right now, I'm playing Resident Evil and Call of Duty. And NBA 2K13. With the California budget crisis, with all of this happening, yes. It is intense. I worked at a group home. I've worked at juvenile hall. The last place I worked at was Pacific Coast High School, which was nice. A bunch of drama kids in the drama club, so I got to do that.

Frank: Art fags!

Jon: Juvenile hall, my first day I worked

in the psych ward and some kid—I didn't know they weren't allowed staples. They're not allowed staples at all. I'm handing out magazines for what they called a book fair. So this kid finds a staple. I'm like, "Oh, hey. How's it going?" I look up at him. "Is that a cool magazine? How're you liking your magazine?" Takes the staple that he finds and puts it directly in his eye. [Oooing.] That was my first experience at juvenile hall.

Mike: The story still freaks me out.

Jon: I have millions of stories about school.

Todd: Tell us two more.

Jon: Fights out of nowhere. All these fights and gang fights. It's all planned, which I found out. It's not like, "Oh, what's up homie? What's up? What?"

Mike: It's organized prison-style.

Jon: Some kid came up to me. "I'm sorry Mr. R. I'm going to cause some commotion in your class." I'm like, "What?" As soon as he saw that kid enter my classroom, they were throwing down, chairs being thrown, punches being thrown. The group home—that was crazier—that I worked at, I had to break them up. But at juvenile hall, you just sit there and press a button. Sometimes there's another fight going on, so you'll see a good fight for two minutes of people just throwing down. It's crazy.

It's fun, though. I've actually had some kids graduate. It's worth it. Sometimes you're just like, "These kids are frickin' jackasses." But then you'll have those two or three kids come up like, "Hey, I really learned something." Or, "Hey, I passed the CAHSEE (California High School Exit Examination). I get to graduate." There's perks to it. I love the positives. I also love the negatives. It's entertaining.

Mike: He sends texts often, where some kids are talking shit to him. It's pretty hilarious.

Daryl: What do they say?

Jon: Oh, gosh. I've gotten everything from, "What's with fuckin' reading? Why do I have to do this shit? What's this shit gonna do in my everyday life?"

Frank: "What the fuck do I got to read for, man?"

Jon: "This book sucks."

Frank: "*Lord of the Flies* is fuckin' gay, Mr. J."

Jon: I explain *Lord of the Flies* great, too. Some kids are into it. I'm explaining about symbolism. "These kids are just fuckin' stupid." "I woulda done this."

Frank: "I'd have a gun."

Jon: In alternative education, you can talk about that stuff. It's kind of nice because it's critical thinking. "What would you do if you were in that situation?" We can make an essay question out of it and a lecture out of it. In a regular classroom, they'd of been, "What? Piggy? If I was Piggy, I'd've kicked this motherfucker's ass and call him a pussy." In a normal class, they'd be, "Get out of here." But in my class, I can let it go a little bit.

I love the positives.
I also love the negatives.
It's entertaining.





Sometimes, I'm like, "Shit. I'm worthless."

Frank: No, you are.

Todd: So, Kevin, you're a substitute teacher. Do you and Jon share war stories?

Kevin: We do a little bit.

Todd: Do you want to give us one?

Kevin: Ahhh, I don't know. [pauses] Yesterday. [laughter] I had this kid who hates me. He's in my first period class, so 7:50 in the morning I'm getting the worst attitude that I could get from any student of the day. He's there at my class at the end of the day, right before I'm going to call his mom. The bell rings and I open my door. He's there. "What are you doing here?" He just walks away from me instantly. "None of your business, you fuckin' ugly ass." [laughter] That's it.

Frank: He was waiting there to say something, to be an asshole to you.

Daryl: Frank, what inspired you to learn to shred?

Frank: Dave Mustaine (Megadeth).

Daryl: Why did you start playing the acoustic guitar in your set?

Frank: Oh, oh, oh. Now you've got me talking. So, pretty much, Kim Deal (Pixies, Breeders) is the coolest fuckin' chick ever. She's got an acoustic in one of her videos, so I'm like, "I need that, too." So I got an acoustic in my set because Kim Deal does—because she's awesome.

Jeremiah: How'd you customize it?

Frank: I customized it by putting a bunch of pictures of her on it. [laughter] I'd marry her to this day.

Daryl: If you could send one message to Kim Deal, what would it be?

Frank: I love you. And—I don't know if you've gone through menopause yet—but if not and you still have time...

Jon: He's an Agnew.

Frank: I'm fertile. We can have some great spawns, you know? And make great music... in the sack! [laughter, groans]

Todd: So, Mike you're in the art world?

Mike: I am. I'm trapped inside the art world.

Todd: In what capacity?

Mike: Not trapped. I primarily do a lot of driving and art handling for an artist. A pretty well-known artist.

Todd: What's the most expensive piece of artwork that you've handled?

Mike: The most expensive one was a piece that sold in London recently for 1.8 million.

Todd: Did you touch that?

Mike: I touched it.

Todd: The guy that flipped the van was able to touch that artwork? [laughter]

Mike: Yes. I didn't tell them that, but yes. I've been driving their trucks. And, yes, I touched it.

Todd: Do you get nervous about that?

Mike: Super nervous. A couple months ago I knocked over a piece. It was inside a crate. I got a couple of bruises on it. I got really freaked out for three or four days. Super bummed. I went home. Drank myself—medicated—to deal with it because I was pretty bummed about it. Little did I know—even though I talked to the main dude who keeps track of all the pieces—he didn't let me know until the third or fourth day that it was a piece that wasn't finished. He let me sweat it out, for sure. It's an interesting job. It's really awesome and it's pretty laid back. It's cool working for someone who's not a dick.

Todd: It's not a big corporation, either.

Mike: He has a sense of humor that's even more fucked up than mine. I can definitely deal with that and relate to it.

Todd: So, Jeremiah, we know nothing about you. I didn't even know you were in the band. What do you do?

Jeremiah: At first, they thought I was really fuckin' cool, always trying to get a hold of me. I blew 'em off for a few years. "Do you want to go on tour with us?" I'm like, "I've got nothing to do." Mike flipped the van. I hate Frank. I have to sleep with Jon all the time. I filled in a couple times, forgot all the parts, made an ass of myself. They didn't ask me to do things for a long time. I've got nothing else to do. I just have problems with real relationships with people.

Frank: Hey Kevin, how'd you get in the band?

Kevin: Mike called me up. [laughter] And I'm stoked to be playing with these guys.

Frank: Ever since Kevin's been in it, it's turned for the better.

Jon: We love Steve and RJ, too.

Frank: Our previous guitar players, lots of love.

Jeremiah: And my homie Steven Slack.

Frank: He was the best, but he had to go north. Sacramento.

Mike: He's a farmer.

Frank: No, he works at McDonald's. If farming MSG is a type of farming.

...And I'm all, "God" And he's all, "No. You're still alive, brother."

Jeremiah: I'm just that guy who stands in back. I don't play on every song.

Mike: One of the out-of-focus guys.

Frank: That's not true. We gave you a fuckin' tambourine.

Jeremiah: Exactly. When I couldn't figure out any more parts, he just handed me a tambourine. I'm not even allowed to play that all the time. I have blisters all the time. [laughter] I play the shit out of the tambourine. [laughter] Fuck you guys for sticking me on tambourine. I'm so embarrassed all the time.

Frank: Don't worry. You can sing backups.

Jeremiah: When I remember the fucking words. [laughter] I have to learn the words by listening to them, so I've made up a lot of lyrics for myself. And I didn't know I was singing them all wrong. [laughter]

Todd: You didn't read them from the liner notes?

Jeremiah: They're in Japanese. Fucking whatever, dude. I grew up in Anaheim. Fuck that shit.

Mike: To give you an example, in our other band Forever Baby we just called Jeremiah "The microphone guy."

Jeremiah: "Do what you want to do." They didn't once go over the songs with me or anything like that. "Oh, are you playing with us on Saturday?" and it's Friday night.

Jon: Maybe you're just lazy.

Jeremiah: I wish it was more like the whale songs and shit like that. Just beautiful, but there's a lot of bullshit that comes along with everything.

Mike: Turned off his microphone.

Jeremiah: Yeah, I was singing like an asshole to nobody. It was embarrassing afterwards.

Jon: That means you're into it, though.

[laughter]

Mike: He's beautiful.

Jeremiah: I'm a teacher's aide. I work with cognitive-deficient kids. It's butterflies and rainbows all the time.

Frank: Is this true?

Jeremiah: Actually, I work two jobs. One is awesome and one sucks really bad.

Frank: I always thought you worked at the bowling alley or something.

Jeremiah: Dude, I haven't worked there in such a fucking long time.

Frank: I feel like a dick.

Daryl: How many years are we talking about?

Jeremiah: I guess it hasn't been that long. Two years. [to Frank] You're not up to shit on two years. I thought we were friends.

Frank: Dude, I'm high. I can't remember this shit.

Mike: What do you do for a living, Frank?

Jeremiah: Yeah, silence.

Frank: Well, I deal medicine to people. [laughter] People who need medicine from the earth.

Mike: He's a pharmacist.

Jeremiah: You're a natural healer?

Frank: I'm a natural healer.

Jon: A shaman.

Frank: I'm a farmer. I sell Top Shelf. [laughter] Fucker. I'm a botanist. [laughter] I'll make you a deal.

Todd: So, Frank, is it true that you requested the original lineup of the Adolescents to reform for your birthday?

Frank: I don't remember if it was for my birthday, but I do remember saying, "I wanna see you guys all original."

Todd: To whom are you saying this? Because Kevin's not going to help make that happen.

Frank: Pretty much my old man.

Todd: Who is...

Frank: Frank... Agnew.

Todd: Of...

BABE





BOTH PHOTOS: TODD

Frank: The Adolescents.

Todd: And...

Frank: And Rik Agnew of the Adolescents. They play guitar and stuff.

Kevin: Christian Death.

Todd: This is called context. [laughter]

Frank: I'm sorry. History. I was asking, "Do you think it'll ever happen?" They're like, "I don't know. You've got to ask everyone." So I asked Steve Soto and he said, "Yeah. I can see it happening. You've just got to get ahold of everyone." So I got everyone's number. I asked Tony and he said, "Well, I don't know if we can do it with Casey." Then I asked Casey, and Casey said "yeah," and they decided to do it at the Doll Hut. They played three and half songs. But the forth song—there were so many people in there and it was so jam packed that people were on top of each other, holding on to the ceiling that the ceiling caved in on one side.

Mike: Kevin was there.

Todd: I was there. People came through the roof and fell down. It was so packed I could not bring a beer to my lips. I couldn't get my arms up. It was freaky.

Kevin: There was yellow rope around the band. It didn't work.

Mike: The only reason I didn't go to that is that I knew it would be a clusterfuck.

Todd: It was scary.

Kevin: I almost got my ass kicked by some fuckin' jock-ass motherfucker. He's like,

"Why are you standing in front of me?" "I'm coming to the front. It's the Adolescents." "You just got in my way." I'm like, "I don't care." He wanted to fight me, but no. Punch me, but I'm going to watch the Adolescents. Thanks Frank.

Mike: It definitely wasn't for his birthday. It was just so his band CTW could open for them and he could look good in front of chicks. He wanted to get laid.

Todd: CTW?

Frank: Culinary Turtle Wash. [laughter]

Daryl: Jon, how did you realize that you could sing like that?

Jon: I don't know. My intention was never to sing in the band. I wanted to play bass. People gave me a little bit of confidence about singing, actually, and told me I should sing more. So I started practicing it and doing it more. First, I wanted to be like Joey Ramone. Screw that. I want to be myself. Now I'm singing how I want to sing.

Todd: I know nothing about playing bass, but it looks like you're playing a lot of notes.

Jon: I act.

Todd: But how do you not be a douche about it? You're not being Primus dude.

Jon: Les Claypool is kind of a douche about it.

Todd: Bass face. [Makes bass noodle sounds.]

Jon: I don't know. I just practice a lot. I suck at guitar. I can't play with a pick. I love bass. Maybe it's watching Mike Watt. John Entwistle from The Who.

Todd: [joking] I haven't heard of them.

Jon: They're a great band. They're called The Who. Things like that. Learning. Keeping myself educated on it. There's always something to learn.

Mike: He's only been playing since he was nineteen.

Todd: And you're twenty-two right now?

Frank: According to the bio.

Jon: My gums are twenty two. [laughter]

Todd: Because when people get better, they tend to get douchey. Just clarifying. So, Frank how excited were you to touch Captain Kirk's chair?

Frank: It was one of the highlights of my life.

Todd: Context. Where is it?

Frank: It was in Arizona. Phoenix. We were on tour and we were driving. We saw a sign for a Star Trek exhibit with the original props. I said, "We gotta stop off."

Jeremiah: Everybody wanted to.

Frank: I know. And everyone was like, "Yeah."

Daryl: Because Star Trek is important to White Night.

Mike: It's very important.

Jeremiah: I accidentally licked the chair.

Todd: Accidentally?

Jeremiah: I'm a little unsteady on my feet. My tongue was out a little too far.

Frank: If you would have done that, there would have been security guards kickin' his ass.

Jeremiah: [to Mike] You saw it.



There's humor in everything. Pretty much, if you don't find it funny, fuck off.

Mike: No, that happened. That photo didn't make the record cut.

Jeremiah: No, it didn't. It's like a B-side. I'm not that photogenic.

Todd: More of a personal moment.

Jeremiah: I was like, "Dude, his germs were probably on that," or something.

Mike: Got a little bit of Captain Kirk in you.

Jeremiah: I had a sore throat the rest of the time.

Mike: I can vouch that at least three of us are big fans of Star Trek.

Todd: We talking TOS—The Original Series?

Frank: I celebrate all forms of Star Trek, except for Voyager. That was kinda weird.

Mike: I think all of them are garbage except for TOS.

Jon: Captain Picard sucks. He looks like he's stupid on television.

Frank: I own The Next Generation, all seven series. I love Deep Space Nine. Enterprise was good.

Mike: Spock's way cooler than Data.

Frank: I think the ethics in Star Trek are

great and the morals are great and they should throw away the bible and just show people Star Trek episodes at church. [laughter] Personally.

Todd: What are the ethics and ideas in Star Trek that has informed White Night as a whole?

Frank: To fuckin' seek out new life and new civilizations in different cities. [laughter]

Jeremiah: All the time... All you do is sleep, though.

Mike: He sleeps and he doesn't drive.

Frank: Sulu drives. That's your job. [laughter]

Jeremiah: I'm mortal... Assholes.

Frank: The Japanese guy.

Jeremiah: I mostly drive, actually.

Todd: I don't ask this question lightly. Cocaine. There's a lot of cocaine in your records. There are people sniffing cocaine on your covers—on the 10". There are two different mentions of cocaine directly in "Juicy Booty" and "Transgender 411."

Jeremiah: Look how big his nose is.

Frank: I don't like coke.

Todd: I'm not accusing anybody of anything. I'm just saying in the water, on the mirror.

Jon: We're not cokeheads.

Todd: I'm not suggesting that.

Jon: Those songs are usually about adventures that we had when we were younger. "Transgender 411" is a song about how me and Mike used to ride our bikes and we used to have cocaine in our shoes.

Todd: Cocaines.

Mike: Plural.

Jon: We used to party when we were younger, like everybody else has, but we just admit it.

Frank: Yeah. We partied hard when we were younger.

Jon: We used to ride from party to party on our bicycles and have a good time the whole night. That's what the whole song's about.

Todd: So what does "Transgender" have to do with anything in that song?

Jon: We just thought it was a funny title. [laughter]

Frank: Nothing. Stupid, mindless drivel. Cocaine is cool, I guess, if you like to drink



because it keeps you drinking, but I never liked it. I preferred meth when I was doing drugs, personally.

Mike: To this day, I've never even done cocaine.

Todd: Because this all falls into the White Night name. Just saying.

Mike: The truth is that we're just really big potheads.

Frank: I love to smoke weed. And drink.

Mike: I'm not going to lie about that. We're not raising a Bob Marley flag, but we definitely smoke a lot of pot.

Frank: Don't worry. I've got a license that says I can.

Todd: The other question, thematically, with your record, specifically. Has a girl ever been nice to you? Have you ever had a good, healthy romantic relationship?

Jon: Oh yeah. I went out with Frank's sister. [laughter]

Daryl: Jon, why are you always fucking with Frank?

Jon: Look at him.

Jeremiah: You can't look at him. Let's describe him for a second. He's got a cereal shirt.

Frank: "It's Gonna Be a Kellogg's Day." That's cool.

Jeremiah: That's not cool.

Kevin: I'll decide what's cool.

Frank: Thank you, Kevin.

Kevin: Everything that Frank does is golden. He rules.

Frank: Guitarists stick together.

Jeremiah: Ask him what was the last time he washed his pants.

Frank: Yesterday!

Mike: Turns out, the rest of us are cynical assholes and Kevin's the only nice one.

Daryl: [to Jon] I feel like, continually, you're pranking Frank.

Mike: We all are.

Jon: That's what happens when you look like the fat guy from *Kindergarten Cop*.

Frank: I do not look like that guy.

Mike: I'm glad that's on record.

Jon: That's what happens.

Frank: I always thought I was more of a Danzig cut.

Jon: He goes to Awesome Fest and goes, "Oh, wait. We're supposed to have money?"

Frank: We were supposed to be getting paid.

Jeremiah: "They don't even have EBT (Electronic Benefit Transfer) here. Can we go somewhere that's got EBT?"

Jon: There's all these burrito places around. Oh, wait. Let's go to 7-Eleven.

Frank: They take EBT. What the fuck?

Jon: Because Frank needs a croissant.

Jeremiah: He needs a taquito.

Mike: Frank might make it too easy for us sometimes.

Jon: He puts it upon himself.

Todd: So shamans get EBT? [laughter] What does EBT stand for?

Jeremiah: You're poor.

Mike: He doesn't know.

Frank: Extra Brains... Titty. [laughter]

Mike: Correct.

Jeremiah: I think they used to be called food stamps.

Todd: Slack Mafia. Righteous or bullshit?

Kevin: Righteous. Forever.

Todd: Didn't Sean Cole of Toys That Kill talk poorly of it?

Kevin: I think he talked poorly about Porch Core.

Todd: Oh, that's right.

Kevin: The Slack Mafia loves the Subgenius love. Jacob (Gaxiola) maybe. Jacob said he was never part of the Slack Mafia when we did the Killer Dreamer interview. He doesn't subscribe to the Subgenius because it's a big universe.

Frank: It's a hard thing to swallow if you don't have the *cojones*.

Mike: He doesn't want to cross Satan, basically.

Todd: So what are some tenets of the Slack Mafia?

Jeremiah: Do nothing. Get everything.

Kevin: Complete slack.

Frank: I sleep in every day 'til twelve.

Mike: Bob will provide, no matter how little you actually accomplish.

Frank: EBT, baby. Slack all the way.

Kevin: One of the best Subgenius rules is, "If you can't tell the difference between your child and a piece of fish, don't eat at a French seafood restaurant." [laughter]

Mike: My favorite was always, "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke," because nothing's sacred. And that's why we're assholes.

Frank: There's humor in everything. Pretty much, if you don't find it funny, fuck off. [laughter] Losers.

Daryl: I'm kind of curious about where White Night stands.

Frank: We sit.

Daryl: Across the board, you guys operate on an extremely DIY level, with records you release, shows you organize in your own residence.

Todd: Record labels that you run.

Frank: Remember the EBT?

Daryl: Well, free food you acquire.

Frank: Just banging it all out.

Daryl: But you never fly any of these flags like a lot of lesser bands would on a much regular basis. [Some harrumphing.]

Mike: That's a good question.

Frank: You fly a flag and you're stuck with that shit. What if you want to hop flags?

Daryl: This question isn't so much about the flags. [laughter]

Jeremiah: What are you talking about?

Frank: Pretty much, in a nutshell, what we stand for is all the shit that The Avengers and

people. The whole way that I came up was hanging out or listening to the Recess dudes. When we first learned about booking shows, booking tours, that was from Kevin, who started living in Pedro, and learning it from those dudes.

Frank: Brought it to Anaheim.

Mike: They had the best perspective. They had a really good sense of humor that was in line with ours and they had a good mentality. No bullshit rock star vibes.

Frank: Just the love to do it.

Mike: Everything was just about having fun.

Frank: No. I would not do a car commercial.

Mike: Those are kinda lame.

Jeremiah: I like cars.

Todd: Jon, what are your boundaries?

Jon: Being modest. Not being a douche about anything. Take it as it stands. All our friends play music and it's all awesome to go and be there for the music instead of being there to be social and be stupid. Sometimes, at our house, we'll throw a show and we're there for the touring bands. We like to have a good time about it. It's all we do. We want to have a good time every show—even if

We're musicians, not businessmen.



Justice League of America—we're down with all that, you know?

Jeremiah: What? Shitty comics that nobody reads?

Frank: Like Spider-Man.

Jeremiah: What, dude? C'mon now, how many fuckin' Avengers fuckin' comics do you own?

Mike: Quite a few, actually.

Jeremiah: I've seen your room. You don't have any.

Mike: I haven't shown them to you.

Jon: That was a deep question and you answered like shit.

Mike: Daryl had a good question.

Jon: Get deep, Mike.

Mike: I don't know where White Night stands, honestly. Because I don't think we stand anywhere.

Todd: But there's a conscious decision to do what you do. You recorded the record with Kevin at CaliMucho, 2010, before Kevin was in the band. Is it purely out of necessity or is it a conscious decision?

Mike: It is a conscious decision.

Todd: What informs that conscious decision?

Mike: Conscious decision—we like making music and we like working with our friends more than anything else.

Todd: And you've said you're douchebags, but...

Jon: Only Frank.

Todd: But you do non-douche things, righteous things; things that help music out, help out more than just you as a band. Why?

Mike: I would at least tie that into the fact that everybody that we've ever been interested in or inspired by are pretty cool

Frank: Play music.

Todd: But, I can see a lot of people having fun and then they become Pennywise.

Jeremiah: I had to pee so badly and they wouldn't even pull over for me. I had to take a piss in two separate bottles on the way over here because my friends wouldn't fuckin' pull over. Whatever.

Mike: I think that everything equates to the fact that we're pretty big dicks to each other, which makes us, I guess, a little bit stronger. But we've never been good with money.

Jon: Band fund?

Mike: Everything we've ever gotten paid, we've spent on either Del Taco or weed.

Frank: We're musicians, not businessmen.

Todd: Jon, Kevin, are there any other touchstones? Recess is a good one. You see it happening in front of you. You see it as a model.

Jon: No. Whatever happens, happens. We put it out ourselves or someone else wants to put it out. To be on vinyl is just awesome. I just love it.

Todd: Is there something you wouldn't do?

Jeremiah: Not that I know of. [laughter]

Mike: The possibilities are endless.

Frank: I wouldn't take money from a corporation.

Jeremiah: Says a guy who's wearing a fucking Kellogg's shirt.

Frank: They didn't give me money for this. I wear this because I like it.

Jeremiah: And you gave them money to fuckin' wear it.

Frank: No. I gave fuckin' Goodwill money, man. Two dollars to the Goodwill store.

Mike: So, no car commercials, then?

there's nobody there, a lot of people there. If there's nobody there and we played a good show, we look at each other, "Fuck yeah." We'll text each other. "Kick ass show." Who gives a shit?

Jeremiah: You guys don't text me.

Mike: You didn't have a phone until yesterday.

Jeremiah: I hung up on my grandma to do this fuckin' shit.

Mike: What were we supposed to do? Instant message you on your iPod Touch?

Jon: We just want to have a good time. That's it. And traveling.

Frank: Greatest thing.

Jon: We get to play shows with our friends when we play Awesome Fest. We played Milwaukee on Christmas day.

Frank: In Matty Awesome's room.

Jon: I'd rather do that than any other big show anytime.

Frank: Don't get me wrong. I'll play a big show. [laughter] That's not a corporation, right?

Mike: Deli trays.

Jon: Per-nid-i-um.

Todd: Let's leave it with one thing. Are you guys racist?

All: No.

Jeremiah: Just Frank.

Frank: No, I believe in Star Trek, man. Kirk and Uhura made out.

TOP FIVES

RAZORCAKE

Adam Bowers

- Cheap Girls, *Giant Orange*
- Crimpshrine, *The Sound of a New World Being Born*
- Mogwai, *Hardcore Will Never Die but You Will*
- Archers Of Loaf, *Vee Vee*
- Jason Kutchma's cover of "Jinx Removing"

Adrian Salas

- Five (or so) Best of 2012*
5. One Man Army, *She's an Alarm*
 4. Grimes, *Visions / Torche, Harmonicraft*
 3. The Men, *Open Your Heart / Propagandhi, Failed States*
 2. Cloud Nothings, *Attack on Memory*
 1. Royal Headache, *Royal Headache*

Art Ettinger

- Todd Congelliere, *Time to Be a Pussy 7"*
- Yellow Stitches, *Good Times Violent Crimes CD*
- Forgetters, Self-titled LP
- No Fuckin Good, *From Sea to Sea CD*
- Dirt Dress, *DLNVN LP*

Chad Price

1. Propagandhi, *Failed States LP*
2. From Ashes Rise, live at Fest and *Rejoice the End 7"*
3. No Problem, *Living in the Void 7"*
4. Rat Damage, *Cursed LP*
5. Swingin' Utters, *Librarians 7"*

Chris Mason

1. Swearin', Self-titled LP
2. Treasure Fleet, *Future Ways LP*
3. Bob Mould, *Silver Age LP*

Chris Terry

1. Flashlights, *I'm Not Alone LP*
2. Kendrick Lamar, *good kid m.A.A.d. city LP*
3. nine:fifteen, *Electric Blanket LP*
4. Ohbliv, *Up LP*
5. My story "Nerf Ball Water Balloon Beanbag Chair" in *Curbside Splendor #4*

Christina Zamora

- Top 5 Records I Can't Stop Listening to on Repeat*
1. The Only Ones, *Another Girl, Another Planet 7"*
 2. Crusades, *The Sun Is Down and the Night Is Riding In LP*
 3. The Scientists 7" EP
 4. Future Virgins, *Western Problems LP*
 5. Go-Go's, *Beauty & the Beat LP*

Craven Rock

1. The Grand Jury Resistors. Learn about them and support them! (supportresist.net)
2. Daniel Higgs at Cairo and at Hollow Earth Radio
3. Crackbox, *Couldn't Get Worse LP*
4. *Peace Is Every Step* by Thich Nhat Hanh (book)
5. *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald (book)

Daryl Gussin

- Bill Bondsmen, "Nineteen" b/w "Things Fall Apart" 7"
- Grabass Charlestons, *Dale and the Careeners LP*
- Purple 7, "W.T.P.T.M."
- Tom Grrrl, live at VLHS
- School Jerks, Self-titled LP tie with River City Tanlines, *Coast to Coast LP*

Designated Dale

1. Off With Their Heads, French Exit, Turkish Techno, Pu\$\$y Cow at VLHS 11/28/12. Flu

rock and Thin Lizzy proven to kick all your asses.

2. Born Loose, Self-titled LP. Larry May & Co. deliver the sonic salvation of rock'n'roll, straight to your ears.
3. YouTube user JamesNintendoNerd. Hilariously fucking GREAT! (Thanks to the recommendation of my ese Juan Espinosa)
4. Hawaiian shenanigans by way of traveling cruise ship.
5. Eating like Hansel and Gretel on said cruise ship. I heart you, all-you-can stomach NY-style pizza.

Ever a.k.a. The Girl About Town

1. Kid Koala's 12 Bit Blues Vinyl Vaudeville Tour, Dan The Automator, Money Mark, David Choe, Adira Amram And The Experience at the Echoplex
2. The Melvins at Masonic Lodge Hollywood Forever Cemetery
3. Big Business at Alex's Bar
4. The Rezillos, The Stitches, Gestapo Khazi at the Echo
5. Razorcake #71 Issue Release Party with Bombón and Death Hymn Number 9 at Permanent Records

Jeff Proctor

Top 5 Bands of 2012

1. Lenguas Largas
2. King Tuff
3. Mean Jeans
4. Audacity
5. Royal Headache

Jennifer Federico

- Top 5 Oldies but Goodies (American)*
- "Blitzkrieg Bop" by The Ramones (1976)
 - "New Pleasure" by Richard Hell And The Voidoids (1977)
 - "I Wanna Be Loved" by Johnny Thunders And The Heartbreakers (1977)
 - "Attitude" by Misfits (1978)
 - "Human Fly" by The Cramps (1979)

Jimmy Alvarado

- Funky Fresh Five*
- No More Art, *Trouble to Breathe 7"*
 - March Violets, *Botanic Verses CD*

- Marley (documentary)
- Cravats, *In Toytown 2 x CD*
- *We Got Power!: Hardcore Punk Scenes from 1980s Southern California* book by Dave Markey and Jordan Schwartz

Joe Dana

1. Off With Their Heads, French Exit, and Turkish Techno at VLHS
2. PLG/VNDR (Plague Vendor), Black Hands, and As If And The Whatevers at Three Clubs
3. Chotto Ghetto, Hard Girls, and American Lies at the Redwood
4. Stanley Kubrick Exhibit at LACMA
5. Raising a toast to our departed friend Danny Bauder of the Kibitz Room

Josh Brown

Top 5 Live Shows/Sets of 2012

1. Arliss Nancy at Death To False Hope Fest 2, Garage Stage, Durham, NC
2. The Maxies at Way Out West Fest, Tucson, AZ
3. Black Dots, Horror Squad, Dude's Night, GNU Gallery, Fort Collins, CO
4. The Capitalist Kids at Death To False Hope Fest 2, Main Stage, Durham, NC
5. Yacht Rocket and Bedevilled Eggs at Beckie's house, Montpelier, VT

Juan Espinosa

- Mellow Harsher, Self-titled 7"
- Total Control, "Scene from a Marriage" b/w "Contract" 7"
- The Ropes, "Always Nothing" Cassette
- Sea Of Shit/Water Torture, Split 7"
- Dum Dum Girls, CD-R mix that Claudia made for me

Keith Rosson

- Banditas, *Save the Rats LP*
- Chicken's Call, 27 LP
- *The Ask* by Sam Lipsyte (novel)
- Great Apes, Self-titled and split with Daikon 7"s
- archive.org/details/OTRR_Gunsmoke_Singles, which hosts hundreds of episodes on MP3 of the *Gunsmoke* radio program from 1952-1961

Dale

and the Careeners

Kevin Dunn

- Lemuria, "Cannonballs to Hurt" b/w "Varoom Allure" 7"
- So Cow / Squarehead, *Out of Season* split 12"
- Moutpiece, *Black Banana* EP
- Teeth, *The Strain* LP
- *Hand Job: A Labor of Love* (zine) by the Ladydrawers Comics Collective

Kurt Morris

Top Five Albums of 2012
(In No Particular Order)

- Prayer Breakfast, *Family Business* LP
- Merchandise, *Children of Desire* LP
- Baroness, *Yellow & Green* LP
- Burning Love, *Rotten Thing to Say* LP
- Strand Of Oaks, *Dark Shores* LP

Marcus Solomon

Top 5 Songs I First Heard in 1980 at the Skatepark that Introduced Me to Punk Rock

- Dead Kennedys, "Police Truck"
- Sex Pistols, "God Save the Queen"
- Black Flag, "No Values"
- Buzzcocks, "Boredom"
- Plasmatics, "Butcher Baby"

Marty Ploy

Top 5 Bands I Got Turned onto in 2012

- Murmurs
- Siren Songs
- White Lung
- Square Business
- Neighborhood Brats

Matt Average

- Blue Cross, *I Am Death* LP
- Unholy Thoughts, *The Attic* LP
- Beartrap, *Sleep Deprivation* EP
- Modra, *The Line for the Men's Room* LP
- D-Clone, *Creation and Destroy* LP

Mike Bruno

- The Purple 7, One-sided 12"
- Neil Young & Crazy Horse, *Psychedelic Pill*
- Nervosas, *Descension*
- Audacity, *Mellow Cruisers* LP
- Low Culture, *Screens*

Mike Frame

1. ZZ Top, *La Futura* CD
2. Chris Knight, *Little Victories* CD

3. Bluefields, *Pure* CD
4. Public Enemy / The Coup, new albums
5. Michael Dean Damron, *Ghost* LP

Nardwuar

1. *TeenBeat Mayhem* book by Mike Markesich (Incredible A-Z discography and more of 1960s USA garage 45s!)
2. *Black and White Illustrations* book by Raymond Biesinger (Collection of Raymond from the Famines amazing drawings!)
3. *Perfect Youth* book by Sam Sutherland (Wonderful, detailed document of the birth of Canadian punk!)
4. Death (Detroit) live!
5. Colin's Godson, *In Time* CD and comic (Super catchy Scottish punk!)

Nick Toerner

- Grabass Charlestons, *Dale and the Careeners* LP
- Vacation, *Shitty City* 7"
- Parasol, *Crush Season* 7"
- Big Eyes, *Hard Life* LP
- Treasure Fleet, *Cocamotion* LP

Nighthawk

- Neighborhood Brats, Self-titled 12" EP
- Kevi Ghoulie with Mean Jeans at Fest
- F.Y.P. at Fest
- Watching Mr. Belvedere on YouTube
- Starting my own record label

Norb

- Kurt Baker, *Brand New Beat* LP
- Legendary Wings, *Making Paper Roses* LP
- Medical Tourists, Self-titled LP
- Onions, Self-titled LP
- Porcharitas, *Get Wasted With... 7"* EP

Paul J. Comeau

Top Five Favorite Releases of 2012

1. La Armada, Self-titled LP
 2. Converge, *All We Love We Leave Behind* CD
 3. Weird TV, Self-titled 12" EP
 4. Verse, *Bitter Clarity*, *Uncommon Grace* CD
 5. Ceremony, *Zoo* CD
- Honorable Mention: The Coup, *Sorry to Bother You* CD

Replay Dave

- Tragedy, *Darker Days Ahead* LP
- Hot Water Music, *Live In Chicago* 3 x LP
- Van Morrison, *Astral Weeks* LP
- Post Teens / Mauser, flexi
- The Evens, *The Odds* LP

Rick Ecker

1. My wife for putting up with me.
2. My cat Hamilton, for giving me eight years with her before we had to say goodbye to her.
3. Getting to review punk rock, my dream since high school.
4. The Ramones for getting me into punk back in 1979 while watching *Rock'n'roll High School* in the theater.
5. Making it through a shitty 2012.

Naked Rob

- Radio Valencia 87.9FM, SFC
1. Nazi Gold, *A Message of Love* LP (ATX post-punk)
 2. Kicker, *Not You* LP (Oakland punk rock)
 3. *Two Much!* comp LP (Punk rock, garage, pop comp from artist Dirty Donny Gillies)
 4. Heart Attack Alley, *Living in Hell* CD (New Zealand blues trash)
 5. Touch My Rash, *Destined for Disaster* CD (Punk rock from San Jose, CA)

Ryan Horky

1. Mixtapes / Broadway Calls, *Vision Quest* 7"
2. D-Clone, *Creation and Destroy* LP
3. Midnight, *Satanic Royalty* LP
4. Flatfoot, *Blue Water* LP
5. City Mouse / Homewreckers, *Manic Recession* 7"

Sal Lucci

1. Buck Biloxi And The Fucks, Self-titled 7"
2. No Bails, Self-titled 7"
3. Barbaras, *2006-2008* LP
4. Sharp Balloons, *Evening News* 7". I've had this for months and I can't stop listening to it!
5. OBN IIIs, Self-titled LP

Sean Arenas

- Tom Grrrl, *Even When She's Losing, She Is Still Winning* Zine and CD-R
- Toys That Kill, *Famblly 42* Cassette

- Walter Mitty & His Makeshift Orchestra, '09-'11 *Discography* Cassette
- Headwind, *Fall Back* EP
- Roman Candles, *This One's for Terminal Boredom* Cassette

Sean Koeppenick

Bands that are Playing Salad Days Documentary Party at The Black Cat in D.C. on 12/28-12/29/12

1. Dag Nasty
2. Government Issue / Scream (tie)
3. Kingface
4. Youth Brigade (DC)
5. Black Market Baby

Stephen Hart

1. Kowloon Walled City, *Container Ships*
2. X TG, *Desertshore*
3. Neurosis, *Honor Found in Decay*
4. Swans, *The Seer*
5. Giants winning the World Series

Toby Tober

- Top 5 Movies I Have Enjoyed Recently*
1. *Better This World*
 2. *Kill All Redneck Pricks* (KARP documentary)
 3. *Safety Not Guaranteed*
 4. *Wild Bill* (2011)
 5. *How's Your News?* (1999 DVD, 2004 & 2012 Campaigns, 2009 TV series)

Todd Taylor

- Grabass Charlestons, *Dale and the Careeners* LP
- Solid Attitude, *BB Gun Picnic* LP
- Lost Sounds, *Lost Lost* LP + 7"
- Pink Reason, "Ache for You" b/w *Darken Daze* 7"
- Swingin' Utters, "The Librarians Are Hiding Something" b/w "Rude Little Rooms" 7"
- Heavy Times, "Lost Dogs" + "P.O. Box" Flexi 7"

Ty Stranglehold

Top 5 Records of 2012

1. Mind Spiders, *Meltdown*
2. Toys That Kill, *Famblly 42*
3. Riverboat Gamblers, *The Wolf You Feed*
4. Bob Mould, *Silver Age*
5. The Spits, *Müde und Einsam*



16: *Lost Tracks of Time: 12"*

Heavy, riff-laden groove music with lyrics about hating yourself. This is what I want to listen to all day. These were recorded the same time as *Zolof! Smile* in 2001 and don't sound like lame leftovers or out of place with the songs that made it to the album. However, the three songs on this 12" fit together cohesively and I can see how maybe they intended to put this out as an EP ten years ago and it just fell by the wayside. These guys were around during the original stoner/sludge boom of the '90s and though these songs are older, they still show a band that had their shit together and were already ahead of the pack, sonically speaking. They remind me of earlier Eyehategod or Cavity because they play that angry dirge-y style of metal but can still pull off punk beats and power chords when they want to. This is the soundtrack to getting fucked up and punching the steering wheel because your whole family hates you. If you're into '90s stoner stuff you already know this band, but if you are into newer bands like Torche, High On Fire, etc., then this is definitely worth your time to look into. —Ian Wise (Last Hurrah)

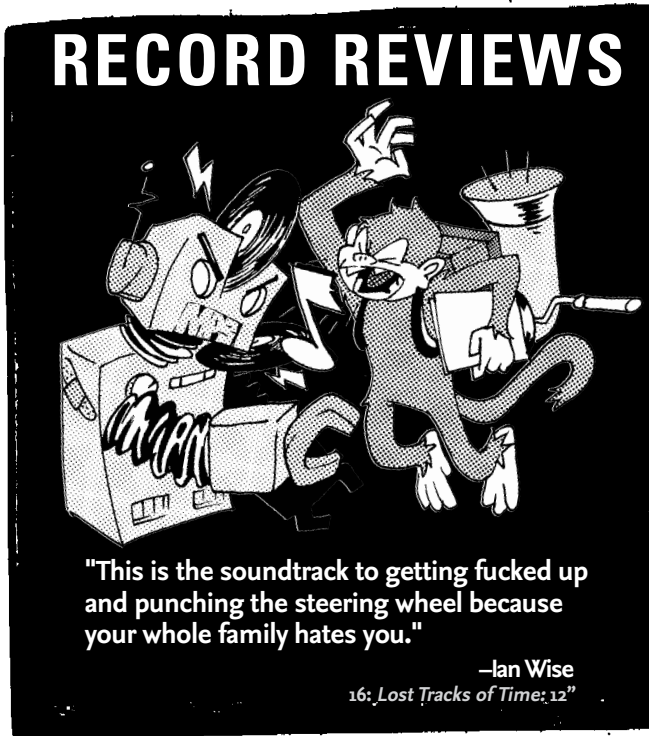
ADAM MOWERY:

Four Track Mind: Cassette

An hour of light, pretty, depressing, and magical songs from a very talented songwriter, *Four Track Mind* is a bold collection of twenty-one songs by lo-fi recording genius Adam Mowery. An unsung hero of underground pop, Mowery does his own thing and does it well. His lyrics are haunting and morose, yet stimulating. They'd sound ridiculous recorded in a bland hi-fi setting and are a rare set of tunes that honestly work best on the cassette format that they're presented on here. You'll have a one-track, Mowery music-hunting mind after aurally ingesting this tape. —Art Ettinger (Hamburger)

ADAM WIDENER: *Cola Kids Hanging Out in the Bubble Dome: 7" EP*

Pogo much? This is skinny ties and horn rimmed glasses kinda music. Out of San Francisco, Adam's four pop punk tracks with snappy melodies and tight 4/4 rhythm maintain a continuous playlist of bounce-happy jams. Easy to sing along to, "CC.MM.YY.KK", and the title track are a fine mock up of Buzzcocks meets The Kinks. Inventive garage riffs and harmonies make this a stand out in this genre. If you're in need of a little sunshine in these winter months, pick this up. Recommended. —Kristen K. (Big Action, bigactionrecords.net)



ANCIENT FILTH: *The Illusion of Freedom Is Control: Cassette*

Boston maniacs Ancient Filth get back into it full force with their second release of the year after an astonishingly impressive debut 7". The formula is essentially the same as the last recording: fast hardcore, with raging vocals and lyrics calling out for a higher consciousness of the human race's doomed existence without wagging a judgmental finger or soapbox preaching. Each song is one ripper after another worthy of any sweaty basement show mosh fest and climaxes with the Crass-gone-hardcore anthem "Fight Fear." Program repeats on both sides, making this perfect for repeated listens. That is exactly what this cassette deserves. Absolutely mandatory. —Juan Espinosa (Self-released, FNL9000@gmail.com)

ANTHRAX: *All for the Cause: CD*

Not to be confused with the U.S. heavy metal band of the same name, this Anthrax was a U.K. anarcho punk band active during that sub-scene's prime era, circa 1980-'84. During that period, they released two EPs and a number of compilation tracks rich with the musical and lyrical influence of noisy peers like Crass and Conflict, yet maintaining a personality of their own. Some thirty-

two years down the road, they've self-released their first bona fide full-length, natively packaged in a brown envelope with a lyric booklet, a poster of the cover art by "The Tasty M." and a CD featuring all new material. They can still kick up dust with the best of 'em, but there's also a slightly more modern U.K. "street punk" feel in places. Lyrically, they remain as astute as ever, with commentary on the futility of war and the greed of those who profit from them, austerity, the evils of capitalism and the consumerist mentality that feeds it, and even an introspective critique of punk's apparent misplacement of its purpose and/or its soul. Many of these "old bands give it another go" releases are abysmal exercises in ego stroking and demonstrations at how horribly songwriting skills can degenerate when a band forgets what it's about. This isn't one of 'em. Much respect due, much respect given, and here's hoping this ain't just a one-off. —Jimmy Alvarado (Anthrax, anthraxukofficial.com)

ANTI-SEEN: *Blood of Freaks: The Singles 1989-1992: LP*

TKO Records' "Vault of ANTI-SEEN" series returns with this extremely cool LP that compiles the songs from seven of the band's best records, originally released between 1989 and 1992. Many of ANTI-SEEN's top songs

appear on this collection, including "Up All Night," "Hippy Punk," and "Two Headed Dog." Limited to just two hundred copies on tri-colored vinyl, this mail order exclusive is sure to go quickly. As I've written in these pages many times before, anyone into Ramones-influenced punk should give this classic band a chance. *Blood of Freaks* is an excellent place to start. It used to be a chore finding all of ANTI-SEEN's material, but TKO keeps making it a very easy task to amass a hearty collection of their releases. Mikey likes Life cereal. You'll like ANTI-SEEN if you give them a listen. —Art Ettinger (TKO)

ATTACK SHIPS ON FIRE: *Vegas Soul: CD*

Um, this is really fucking bad. Point blank. Pennywise meets Clutch in some kind of unholy brogasm. I can't unhear this shit. —Ty Stranglehold (Squid Hat)

BANDITAS: *Save the Rats: LP*

Hands down, *Save the Rats* is the sleeper hit of this review batch. I really wasn't expecting much, and while the Banditas sound is actually a bit hard to pin down, I do know that I really, really like what I'm hearing. A female three-piece with a sound that's a wildly successful amalgam of '60s pop, garage, country, and even gospel... and it's coherent. And awesome. Frequently sweet "he done me wrong" songs coupled with a stunning solemnity that really works in their favor—it's that sense of solemnity, coupled with the simple fact that these people sing really beautifully, that makes this record so rad. "Harmony Glass" is a perfect example of Banditas' magic: a haunting and spooky reverb-heavy number laden with gorgeous harmonies and a slowly simmering rhythm section culminating a flare-bright ending. While that specific formula doesn't stay the same throughout the entire record, the effect does. This is a great, great album. —Keith Rosson (Hard To Kill)

BARBARAS, THE: *2006-2008: LP*

The Barbaras originally released their song "Day at the Shrine" on a 7" with a cover of The Urinals' "Black Hole." It was a good choice. The Barbaras often channel the ethereal energy that made The Urinals special. The infectiously catchy choruses are a stew of upbeat '50s pop riffs augmented with tasteful touches of fuzz and echo. "Topsy Turvey Magic" has nicely executed falsetto vocals and jumpy beats that make for enjoyable shore gazing. If Brian Wilson produced a Urinals record, this might be the result. It's a nice beach accessory. —Billups Allen (Goner)

RAZORCAKE RECORD REVIEW GUIDELINES AND FAQs

• The address to send all review material is Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042. You may address it to specific reviewers. Just make sure they're active.

• Full album art is required for a review. Pre-releases go into the trash. Don't treat us like second-rate citizens. We're all volunteers here.

RAZORCAKE 78

• Are you really sending us a download card or a link to review? Seriously? That's weak. Many of our contributors don't have fancy computers. Nope, we won't review 'em.

• You're sending us a CD-R of a piece of vinyl you're releasing to cut on costs? Please don't pull that stunt with us. We know mail's expensive, but we send full copies of the zine as a thanks to all who send us material to review (if your address is provided).

• It is very important to put a postal address on each and every piece of music sent in. Many packages get separated and given to different reviewers.

• Over a decade of music reviews can be found at razorcake.org. Use our handy "search" function on the site to see if your music has been reviewed. Tight.

• Reviews may take six months. Be patient. We're bi-monthly and have reviewers worldwide.

KISS OF DEATH

to get stoked about:

**PLOW UNITED "Act Like It
b/w Little Bit of Hatred" 7"**

ARMS ALOFT "Saw Dust City" LP

NEW BRUISES "Chock Full Of Misery" LP

to daydream about:

CHEMICAL ACHE / FERAL BABIES "Split" 7" ~ SUNDIALS / TATLINTOWER "Split" 7"

INK & SWEAT / CASERACER "Split" 7" ~ PINK MINK - TBA - 7"

PRETTY BOY THORSON & THE FALLING ANGELS - TBA - LP

still crucial:

HOUSEBOAT "Thorns Of Life" LP ~ The SLOW DEATH "Born Ugly Got Worse" LP

STATIC RADIO NJ "We Are All Beasts" LP ~ SENDERS "Lucidity / Lividity" LP ~ TIMESHARES "Bearable" LP

THE SLOW DEATH / SSSSNAKES "Split" 7" ~ VULTURES UNITED "To Live & Die" 7" ~ THE FUTURE NOW "S/T" 7"

MAYFLOWER / JEFF ROWE "Split" 7" ~ BIG MIKE "Sometime, Somewhere" 7" ~ CRIMINAL CULTURE / RUBRICS "Split" 7" ~ BANGERS "Good Livin'" 7"

WHOLESALE & DISTRIBUTION WORLDWIDE THROUGH NO IDEA RECORDS | KISS OF DEATH RECORDS | PO BOX 75550 | TAMPA, FL 33675 | KISSOFDEATHRECORDS.COM



FISTOLO RECORDS.

carnavalesque devil music since 2000

Some of our wares:

Mischief Brew - "Rhapsody For Knives" 7"

Mischief Brew - "The Stone Operation" LP/CD

Franz Nicolay - "Major General" LP

Meisce - "Bored Of The Dance" 7"

Stockyard Stoics/The Filaments - split 7"

Guignol & Mischief Brew - "Fight Dirty" CD

Mischief Brew - "Jobs In Steeltown" 7"

Can Kickers - "Live At Lavazone" CD

Witch Hunt - "Blood-Red States" CD

The Orphans - "Raise The Youth" CD

Mutiny - "Co-Op Brewery" CD

and more music, stickers, absurdity at...

WWW.FISTOLO.COM / WWW.MISCHIEFBREW.COM

(New websites and new webstore!)

P.O. BOX 2836 / UPPER DARBY, PA 19082 / USA

BEARTRAP: Sleep Eradication: EP

One of those bands that gets better with each release. They sound like they've been locked up in the practice room for weeks, or on tour for a year constantly playing. The songs are tight and the delivery is "brutal," as I hear the high schoolers say at the bus stop. Eight blasts of harsh thrash on one side of a 7"! Hardly any breathing space between songs—they just rip into one after the other—creating the feel of a live show. I love how the bass opens up the record on the down stroke! Totally helps in creating this idea of hell breaking loose. The vocals are delivered fast as hell, making me think the singer must look like a rabid dog with slobber all around his mouth, and spit flying everywhere. The drums are played like they were meant to be busted on every song, and, best of all, despite these songs being played like there's no tomorrow, there are some catchy elements in here as well. Music for the misanthropic and sleep deprived. —M. Avrg (To Live A Lie, tolivealie.com)

BEDFORD FALLS: Elegant Balloons: CD

I really liked this a whole bunch. Bedford Falls sounds like a British version of late-'80s early-'90s melodic punk-derived rock'n'roll the likes of later-era Hüsker Dü, Moving Targets, the Lemonheads after they were punk but before they went totally hippy-dippy, the Goo Goo Dolls after they were punk and before they made their sappy, watered-down fortune, and *Hang Time*-era Soul Asylum. (Sound of dead

horse being flogged.) It's been a long time since I've heard a new record that can pull off this sound without sounding derivative or tributary, and Bedford Falls accomplishes that difficult task. Me want more. —The Lord Kveldulfr (Boss Tuneage, bossstuneage.com)

BIKES: Self-titled: LP

Now that mainstream rock is dead, there's a new rise of garage rock (that, truth be told, has been happening since the White Stripes' released their 2001 album *White Blood Cells*) and I for one welcome our new fuzz-oriented overlords. Bikes is the sound of the Stooges, with the execution of Ty Segall and the energy of a Dirtnap band. I can't help but look fondly on this new nostalgia we've collected in rock'n'roll. More than anything, a musical history should encourage re-exploration. The maps were drawn by artists in a long-ago time, but that doesn't mean they're accurate or even complete. Bikes, keep on keeping on. —Bryan Static (Bachelor, bachelorrecords.com)

BILL BONDSMEN: "Nineteen" b/w "Things Fall Apart": 7"

Truly original hardcore punk! This band is all about execution. Tilting my head like a perplexed Jack Russell Terrier, I was hooked from the first time I saw their name on someone's shirt. Bill Bondsmen? Awesome. On this record they crank out a double dose of dynamic, vicious, degenerated, mutated punk, and then leave you helpless, listening to a lock groove

for about thirty seconds before you even grasp what just happened. Silk-screened cover, self-released by the band, highly suggested. —Daryl (Bill Bondsmen/4TG Procrastinations)

BING SELFISH: Spanish Dictators: EP

For the uninitiated, the Messthetics label specializes in hyper rare DIY punk and power pop back from the dark ages. It makes the Killed By Death series of compilation LPs seem like fuckin' Green Day in terms of obscurity. I have no idea how this dude finds all this shit, folks bashing away in their garage in Hay-On-Wye in '81, making cassettes even their own family never heard. Some of this stuff is really great... hidden gems. This??? Garbage... buncha dudes noodling in a garage somewhere. Not the least bit punk... no hooks. They pressed a 12" of this shit in a pressing of 465 in '81 and still had 125 in 2011. Unsurprising. Terrible. —Tim Brooks (Messthetics)

BLOODTYPES, THE: Just Your Type: CD

According to their website, they're self-described "prog-punkers." While I ain't hearin' the "prog" part of the equation, I am definitely hearin' the "punk": simple, catchy, thuddy punk at that, with names like "The Day the Sun Explodes," "Anti-Social Media," and "Radiation Sickness." As with many of their Northwestern peers, they take that SoCal beach punk template and just run riot with it—hooks aplenty, pummeling power chords, and some nice backup vocals to boot,

with the results sounding reminiscent of both The Epoxies and something that could slip in on Dirtnap's roster without anyone blinking an eye. —Jimmy Alvarado (The Bloodtypes, thebloodtypes.bandcamp.com)

BLUE CROSS: I Am Death: LP

I'm definitely enjoying the resurgence of death rock these past couple years. Blue Cross definitely stand out. I was in Extreme Noise a couple months back, and they were playing this. My friend was losing his mind over it. "Gah!! Who is this? Are they an old band?" Nope. They're new (a two piece, whose members been in/are in bands like Germ Attak, Iron Dogs, etc.). I showed him the LP and suggested he add it to his foot-high stack of seven inches. Seriously, if you like the dark and cold stuff, you will love this record. Think early Siouxsie And The Banshees, but far darker. As though they mated with Christian Death, and this is their hell spawn. The guitar has that nice and dark sound, as well as those ice cold notes that have a way of bleeding all over the place, and creating this air of despair. Then there's the bass that lurks under it all, guiding you further into the gloom. The rhythms are plodding at times, and rumbling others. The vocals have a slight echo going on, giving them an otherworldly quality. "Coming Back to Haunt You" and "The Man That You Fear" are nothing but

OUT NOW ON ABORTED SOCIETY

ADELIT@S



LLAMA VIVA DE LA RABIA

ADELIT@S - LLAMA VIVA DE LA RABIA LP/CS

NINE BRAND NEW TRACKS OF ENERGETIC, MELODIC, AND RAGE-FILLED ANARCHOPUNK WITH DUAL MALE/FEMALE VOCALS SUNG IN SPANISH.

RECORDED AT BUZZ OR HOWL STUDIOS IN PDX BY STAN WRIGHT
MASTERED BY BRAD BOATRIGHT AT AUDIOSIEGE IN PDX

ALSO AVAILABLE:
COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON CD/CS • MURDERESS 1st LP REPRESS (GREEN)
AGE OF COLLAPSE • BURDEN OF BEAST LP/CS • FUTURE RUINS • S/T LP

COMING OUT IN 2013:
MURDERESS "THE GATE" 12" • INSIDIOUS PROCESS LP

ABORTED SOCIETY RECORDS
1122 E. PIKE ST #1377 | SEATTLE, WA 98122
WWW.ABORTEDSOCIETY.COM FOR ONLINE DISTRO

BAD BREATH

COMICS

A **DIY** ONE PERSON
COMIC ANTHOLOGY

JOSH JURESKO.COM

(DIS)ORDER YOUR
COPY TODAY!

IT'LL MAKE A
READER OUTTA
YA!!

black·matter
·MASTERING·



-Fast Turnaround-
-Low Prices-
-Gnarly Sounds-

Call or Email for info on
pricing specials.
Or check the website
for flat rates!

(615) 424-6509
DAN@BLACKMATTERMASTERING.COM
WWW.BLACKMATTERMASTERING.COM

despairing, whereas songs like “No Redeemer” and “Driving Spikes into Flesh” are more defiant. The song, “Despair, Don’t Care” is the most upbeat and has a riff and outro very similar to the Adolescents’ “Amoeba.” Perfect listening for the lonely hours. —M. Avrg (Noxious Noize, noxiousnoize.blogspot.com)

BOB MOULD: *Silver Age*: CD/LP

Bob Mould’s latest solo album arrives twenty years after the release of *Copper Blue*, the much-heralded album from his power pop band, Sugar. Interestingly enough, despite being a “solo” album, *Silver Age* is quite reminiscent of Mould’s former act. These ten songs clocking in at thirty-eight minutes are power pop rock (and do I still hear a little bit of the Hüsker Dü angst in there, too?). Drummer Jon Wurster of Superchunk and bassist Jason Narducy of Telekinesis form a great backing band with energy and strength to match Mould’s. There is a confidence in the sound and Mould’s voice that emanate positivity and strength. Sure, this isn’t as good as some of Sugar’s best material (and it’s entirely different than Hüsker Dü, although it does retain some of the sincerity and vigor), but it’s a solid album that Mould should be proud of. “The Descent” is one of the most infectious rock songs I’ve heard in a while and the other material makes for good driving music. There’s a lot of positive vibes on here and,

despite being in his fifties, *Silver Age* shows that Bob Mould is still writing some great material. Aging Hüsker Dü fans, check this one out. —Kurt Morris (Merge)

BRAIN TUMORS: *Fuck You Forever*: 7” EP

At their core, Brain Tumors are a band that mete out potent hardcore that eschews any metal trappings in favor of sloppy, full-bore thrash. The devil’s in the details, though, with sly hooks embedded into the tuneage, over-the-top performances, and obligatory slower sections that don’t come off as obligatory. Dunno where Deranged finds all these sick friggin’ bands, but this is another winner. —Jimmy Alvarado (Deranged)

BRICK MOWER: *My Hateable Face*: LP

Underdog pop punk from Jersey with self-deprecating lyrics about cigarettes and loneliness. The songs are midtempo and pound, thanks to a strong rhythm section. Choice song titles include “Frozen Firecracker” and “Cheap Gasoline.” If you told me that I saw this band with Plow United and Garden Variety in that sweet part of the mid ‘90s when Green Day had already made everyone like pop punk, but Blink 182 hadn’t yet brought it to *Party of Five*, I’d totally believe you. —Chris Terry (Don Giovanni)

BUCK BILOXI AND THE FUCKS: *Self-titled*: 7”

Four sturdy, three-chord rockers with snotty vocals. The lyrics address hatred

for those “Weirdos on the Street.” “Shut the Hell Up” and “Shut the Fuck Up” convey similar sentiments, but who’s counting? Catchy, snotty, negative and addictive. A band to look out for. —Billups Allen (Orgone Toilet; facebook.com/Orgone-Toilet)

CAIRO PYTHIAN: *Toytowne*: 12” EP

Cairo Pythian is a one person recording (and occasionally performing) project from Olympia, WA. Its 12” EP *Toytowne* comes to listeners from the excellent Olympia-centric label Perennial Death. The label has a knack for putting out releases by somewhat obscure, but deeply talented artists. Cairo Pythian fits right at home in this company. A bit enigmatic, he describes his music as “adult contemporary,” and claims no affiliation with a local scene. Only occasionally performing, Cairo Pythian seldom even practices or writes outside the immediacy of the recording studio. What he crafts in that setting is dark, brooding, and hypnotic synth pop, calling to mind progenitors of the sound while at the same time crafting something fresh and unique. Side A of the starts with a few simple notes and builds up from there into a steady, but subdued beat which he sings over. The simplicity and repetitiveness of the beat gets it caught in the listener’s head, making them hang on every word of the vocals. There’s only a hint of silence as the first song fades before the driving beat of “Dark End,” kicks into life. The subdued beats of the track “Matthew Churchill,” follow. Side A concludes

with “Colouring Book,” which has an echo-y, droning opening before mellowing into a series of synth riffs that build off one another. If a robot’s dreams were turned to music, I think they’d resemble the sound captured on this track. The opening track of Side B, “White Wicker,” is less synth-driven than the rest of the record. Featuring a spoken word intro, it is a guitar and drums track with a lot of reverb on the part of the guitars, and a pretty badass saxophone solo. Olympia is apparently all right if you like saxophones, and “White Wicker,” is a kicker of a song. The whole record seems to ebb and flow with intensity. “White Wicker,” gives way to the mellow “Puce Cross,” followed by the very danceable “Naked under Suede.” If there’s a track on this that I could imagine getting spun at the club, this is the track. *Toytowne* ends with “Laced,” another mellow track that winds the record down to its conclusion. The more I listened to this record, the more I kept wanting to listen to it, and it has occupied my turntable for a number of hours. While not something I’d normally be into, I found every track on this record infectious, and couldn’t get enough. —Paul J. Comeau (Perennial)


CAR 87: *Trapped*: 7”

Brutal hardcore punk coming out of Vancouver. This kind of hatred and nihilism brings Poison Idea to mind and that is never a bad thing. These guys don’t exactly sound like Portland’s heaviest, but I get the same feeling

JELLO BIAFRA

AND THE GUANTANAMO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

SHOCK-U-PY!



OUT NOW!
10" EP with download,
CD EP & digital.


Includes 2 songs NOT on the forthcoming new album, White People and the Damage Done.

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES:

DASH RIP ROCK! DICKS! UNSANE! KYLES! DEAD ENDING! VICTIMS FAMILY! PINS OF LIGHT! CROSS STITCHED EYES! FISH KARMA! VOIVOD!




DICKS




DICKS



DEAD ENDING




UNSANE



FISH KARMA



KYLES!



KYLES!



VICTIMS FAMILY



CROSS STITCHED EYES



VOIVOD!

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS PO BOX 419092 • SF, CA 94141 • USA
www.alternativetentacles.com

when I listen to the record. If you have ever been to Vancouver's DTES (downtown east side) then you know where these songs are coming from. It's an amazing first release. I can't wait to hear more. —Ty Stranglehold (Car 87, facebook.com/careightyseven)

CATALYST, THE: *Voyager*: LP

Long-running Virginia band The Catalyst infuse the full-throttle grooves of stoner metal with metalcore's element of surprise. They avoid each genre's pitfalls—monotony, technically impressive but unfocused songs—and come out with an album that blasts forward like a comet. Suggested for fans of High On Fire and Coalesce. I will now name the dances that I did while playing this record, to give you an idea of the bearded space voyage that I went on in front of my stereo: The Funky Dracula, The Chopper Revver, The Bass Machine Gun, The Wiping Condensation off the Window of a Space Vessel. Might I also add that "Voyager" is a treat to look at. There is a molten fire hawk on the cover, a burning planet inside the gatefold, and the record itself is an orange and yellow vinyl supernova. Oh yeah, and they named a song after the high school I graduated from. —Chris Terry (Forcefield)

CHAD FREY: *Audiorape*: CD

This is some really weird outsider stuff with bad lyrics sung-spoken off-key over generic guitar riffs. He sings about being depressed and how TV and junk food are bad for you and how

you shouldn't download illegally. It's really, really bad, maybe some of the most hardcore of outsider music fans could get some pleasure from it, but even that's a reach. Stay away. —Craven Rock (Frey Nation)

CHANNEL 3: *Land of the Free*: 7"

Decades down the line and CH3 are still kicking out a couple o' new singalongs for yet another generation of kids who appreciate a band with more on their mind than getting fucked (up). This time 'round, they address the narrow-mindedness of some in the "Land of the Free" and, on "Make It Home," surviving domestic violence. Both handily make their point without being preachy and do it with a sound that has matured without sacrificing power and their signature style. Also comes with a download card that tacks on five more tracks to the deal, including another duet with Maria Montoya, who the older fans will remember from her last stint with the band on "You Make Me Feel Cheap." As with most Hostage releases, there are a limited number of these bad boys out there, so start scramblin'. —Jimmy Alvarado (Hostage)

CHERRY BOMBS DK: *Punks on Parole*: CD

So this Danish band has been around for the last twelve years or so. My question is: why aren't they better known? There is some great punk rock going on here. Being influenced by the best in American and British punk and hardcore, but still managing

to keep it sounding fresh is no easy task, but these guys are on it. Raw and catchy is special here and they're serving it up. Now I'm on a mission to track down their other releases. Great stuff! —Ty Stranglehold (Black & Blue, blackandbluerecords.com)

CLEAN, THE: *Oddities*: 2 x LP

One of those times where I came upon some gold in the review box here at the Razorcake bunker. I'm thumbing through, picking out stuff to review, and I see this gem. Thought for a couple minutes Alan Funt might come out and tell me I was on *Candid Camera* or something. Grabbed this, and soon as I came home, put it on the stereo and was blown away. Originally released on cassette in 1982, and now on vinyl in 2012 via 540 Records. This stuff is B-sides and other odds and ends recorded between 1980 and '82. The sound quality is not that rough when you think about where it came from and what it is. Stuff like "Thumbs Off" and "Getting Older" is classic. "Mudchucker Blues" pre-dates bands Pussy Galore and Jon Spencer Blues Explosion and comes out of left field in comparison to the more poppy flavored songs here. Some of the material towards the end is more fragmented and sounds like they were working out some ideas. However, it's all worth spending many afternoons with. Packaged in a gatefold cover, with flyer art on the inside. A must-have for purveyors of fine music. —M. Avrg (540, timmy@chaosintejas.com, chaosintejas.com/540/index)

COMBOMATIX: *Self-titled*: LP

This album is comprised of an enjoyable load of '60s-inspired, three-chord punk riffs. Heavily distorted bass and vocals, tambourines, and naturally distorted guitars are in play for danceable, *Back from the Grave* phrasing with a hint of Reatards influence. They meld the "about to fall apart" feel with solid playing moving in and out of full-on, driving beats and jumpier fare. Well done. You should get this album and slip it in with your party records and then wait for someone to say: "Who is this?" Then you can say: "Oh, you never heard of Combomatix?" Then the other person will be like: "Oh, yeah. I think I've heard of them." And so on. What I'm getting at here is that it's pretty rockin' for fans of lo-fi-fare, or whatever term we're getting attitude about using now. —Billus Allen (Frantic City; franticcity.free.fr)

CONFINES: *Some Sick Joke*: 7" EP

Some heavy duty Boston hardcore here that's out to pummel the listener into compliance. Of the three tunes here, only one goes the thrashy route, with the other two opting for intensity and sheer brute force instead of dazzling tempo trickery or metallic masturbation. Stuff like this can go either way, and these guys are firmly planted on the "whoa!" side of the road this time out. —Jimmy Alvarado (Side Two)

CONVERGE: *All We Love We Leave Behind*: CD/LP

When your band's discography includes genre- and era-defining

DEBT OFFENSIVE RECS



NO PROBLEM
"LIVING IN THE VOID" 7"

Following up their LP on Deranged with this new rager that combines the raw-as-fuck hardcore of that LP with the get-out-my-brain hooks of the earlier 7"s. Must-have stuff here folks. First 100 on red, almost gone!



SABERTOOTH
"MORNING BREATH" 7"

Seriously damaged pop punk, not unlike early Lifetime, Tiltwheel or None More Black if they put records out on a label other than Fat. I don't know what that means either. 375 pressed, all on yellow.



SLATES
CANADIAN TOUR 7"

If Seaweed collectively listened to The Band while trying to remix For Your Own Special Sweetheart with some dude from Squirrel Bait, it might sound like Slates** (175 pressed)
**completely false

debtoffensiverecs@telus.net
debtoffensiverecs.bigcartel.com

dead rodent records

http://deadrodentrecords.limitedrun.com
P.O. BOX 518
Plainfield, IN 46169



WE MUST DISMANTLE ALL THIS!
eomala scansoria 7"



Wartorn
aftermath 2004-2010 LP

comes with a download card for their entire discography!



Fucktard
corporate rats E.P.



Rat Storm / Chaotic Neutral
split 7"

STAY CLEAN

JOLENE 7"

UNFUN/ DESPITE EVERYTHING 7"

WHAT-A-NIGHTS ST LP

FLAMINGO 50 - TEAR IT UP LP

WWW.DRUNKENSAILORRECORDS.CO.UK



DRUNKEN SAILOR RECORDS

albums like *Petitioning the Empty Sky*, *When Forever Comes Crashing*, and *Jane Doe*, I'd imagine that approaching the writing of a new album is a gut-wrenching experience. Lesser bands try to recapture the lightning in the bottle of their earlier glory, churning out record after record of derivative clones of their first successes but never quite recapturing the magic of the original. Converge though, are not a lesser band, and the trails they musically blaze on every album seem to take the band to even more towering heights of greatness. While countless others have tried to imitate them over the years, Converge have a chameleon-like way of reinventing themselves on each new album, each time bringing something that is both fresh, but distinctly their own. *All We Love We Leave Behind* is no exception. The blistering metallic hardcore fury that we've all come to expect from Converge is all over this album. Guitarist Kurt Ballou and bassist Nate Newton each demonstrate their virtuosity, with some of the most technical playing of anything in the Converge catalog. Having one of the best drummers in hardcore, Ben Koller, holding down the rhythms, and the end result is spastic, aggressive, and also really damn catchy. There are some great riffs on this record, sure to please hardcore and more metal aficionados alike. Vocalist Jacob Bannon has always been one of my favorite lyricists, and on tracks like "Aimless Arrow," "Sadness Comes Home," the title track, and the closer

"Predatory Glow," he's written some of my favorite Converge lyrics. Bannon is known for having one of the most distinct, guttural, and abrasive voices in hardcore, with a howl more terrifying than the scariest banshee screams. On *All We Love We Leave Behind* he also demonstrates a very dynamic range, with spoken word and sung-spoken parts as in the opening track "Aimless Arrow." This dynamism only serves to make his voice that much more impactful. After dozens upon dozens of spins, I can't even begin to choose a favorite track on this album. 2012 has been one of the best years of music in recent memory, and *All We Love We Leave Behind* is quickly clawing its way to the top of my list of albums of the year. It is not only Converge's finest record since *Jane Doe*, but is arguably the pinnacle of their career to date—a musical triumph not to be missed. —Paul J. Comeau (Epitaph / Deathwish)

CONVERGE: *All We Love We Leave Behind*: CD/LP

At this point in their career, Converge's songs, as well as their albums, are all starting to run together for me. The early albums (*Petitioning the Empty Sky*, *When Forever Comes Crashing*) will always be distinct, primarily because of the rough nature of the sound. Something happened, though, when the band got to 2001's *Jane Doe* that catapulted them to a whole new level. Since then, thanks in part to guitarist Kurt Ballou's consistently sharp production work, the band has

maintained a professional but aggressive sound. While the albums since *Jane Doe* have all been masterful, there has been little to register any difference in sound between *You Fail Me* (2004), *No Heroes* (2006), and *Axe to Fall* (2009). They're all brutal, intense, and have Jacob Bannon's shrieking, wounded bird vocals. They're all competently played and continually showcase Converge's power and dominance as kings of the metalcore scene. While each album since *Jane Doe* has had its one or two slower songs, I wish there was a little more experimentation on some of the songs on *All We Love We Leave Behind*—something to really make them stand out. *All We Love We Leave Behind* has fourteen songs clocking in at thirty-nine minutes. They are still intense and the "slower" song on the album, "Coral Blue," might be the best "mellower" tune Converge has ever done, with a bluesy riff thrown in on the chorus. The rest of the material is blistering, pissed off, and runs together. Don't get me wrong—I'll still be banging my head and freaking out to this when I'm alone in my bedroom, but I'd just love for there to be some more distinction in the sound with this album. —Kurt Morris (Epitaph / Deathwish)

COOL MUTANTS: Self-titled: Cassette

I don't know about you, but when I'm forced to listen to a band's cassette, I'm already pretty fed up with the band. First, I've got a good three minutes to remember why cassettes are obsolete as I'm struggling to get the plastic

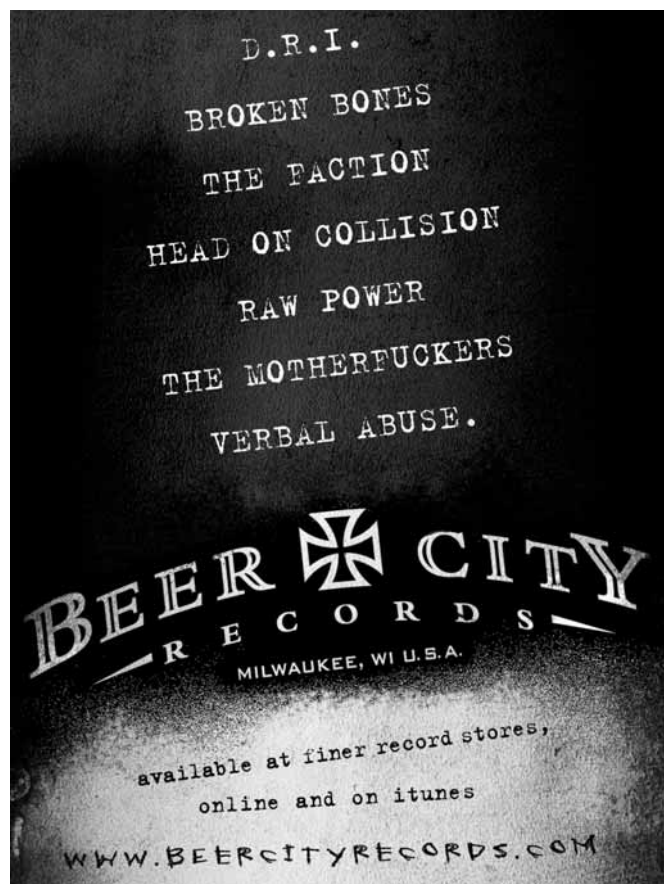
packaging off. Then I have ten minutes to diagnose what's wrong with the cassette player on my stereo and fifteen minutes to try to make the cassette play before remembering that it broke four years ago and I never bothered fixing it because why would I? Then there's another ten minutes of digging out my other cassette player from one of the boxes in the closet although I'm not sure which one. Then a good thirty-five minutes are completely gone because I've stumbled upon a box of old flyers which prompted me to call my ex to see if she remembers seeing The Bouncing Souls with me in senior year of high school. Then I subtly try to feel her out for a bit to gauge whether or not she's seeing anyone. Then I find out she is and get depressed and make myself pizza bagels. Anyway, what were we talking about? Oh yeah, this band isn't very good. —Dan Ozzi (Let's Pretend)

CORMANS, THEE / PACIFICS, THE: Split 7"

Thee Cormans play a fuzzed-out surf tune that would make a good soundtrack for a minute-long movie about a killer shark growing feet and chasing bikini babes around on a beach. The Pacifics drop a revved-up rave up about the sad life of a lonely caveman. B movies for your ears. —MP Johnson (Bachelor)

CRACKBOX: *Couldn't Get Worse*: LP

In the blackness of my despair during my time in Oakland, I felt unappreciated, worthless, and alienated. I am not fond of how I felt during those days or proud



UNFUN / DESPITE EVERYTHING split 7"
 PRETTY BOY THORSON & LIL HAPPINESS "i ain't gonna beg" 45
 SHIT CREEK "psychic hospital" ep
 UNFUN / MUHAMMAD ALI split 7"
 CRASHBANGBOOM cd/ep
 TOO MANY DAVES "dawn of the daves" ep
 PRETTY BOY THORSON "ain't it funny..." lp
 PRETTY BOY THORSON & LIL HAPPINESS "i can't get high" 45
 DECKER "rekced" lp
 NATO COLES & THE BLUE DIAMOND BAND "play loud" ep
 CROW BAIT "three tickle guys" ep
 KING FRIDAY "everything is not okay" lp
 SHIT CREEK "lust for brains" ep
 PRETTY BOY THORSON "let's go home" cd
 DUDE JAMS "how to abuse everything" lp
 coming soon:
 WORTHWHILE WAY "love is all" cd/lp
 NATO COLES / YOUR PEST BAND split 7"

tons of records, disks, shirts, and tapes at: ADDRECS.COM
 stream / download all new A.D.D. releases at: addrecords.bandcamp.com
 also available at - itunes.com/noidearecords.com - interpunk.com - kisssofdeathrecords.com
deadbrokerecords.com - dirtcultrecords.com

of my inability to bring myself out of that darkness. My friend John didn't live with us long, but I liked having him around. John had a sensibility and a presence of mind about him that was refreshing amongst all of my bro-punk roommates. He brought me breakfast in bed on my birthday. Steph bought me beer, beef jerky, and gave me a stupid-looking bear she won in the claw machine on the first night we hung out. She cut a lock of her dreads and stuck it in a hole she cut in the bear's ass to give it a bit of style. Corrina managed to scam food stamps even though she didn't live in Oakland. She spent most of them on my house for letting her stay for a while. She got a kick out of buying us a set of Pez dispensers featuring all of the princesses and girls of Disney movies displayed in a cardboard case, because it could be purchased on stamps as a food item. John left Oakland after about three months to be closer to his family and friends in New Orleans. There he walked in on his own burglary and got shot in the head. Steph lived with him in New Orleans and came home that night to flashing blue and red lights. She never wanted to be in New Orleans, but wore a bracelet around her ankle that would send her to jail if she left. She did leave, though. She turned on the gas in her home and checked out. Corrina would move to New Orleans and start a band. A band called Crackbox, a band I would rave about after getting their first 7" to review for this fanzine by sheer luck of the draw. I was floored by the vigor, soul, and integrity of the

songs. This time, maybe not so much by coincidence, *Razorcake* sent me their second record, *Couldn't Get Worse*, to review. I pulled out the lyric sheet to see Corrina's photo-realistic drawing of Steph and John together and smiling. Playing the record I heard songs written about friends dying and being sad about it. I heard songs about the struggle to keep living and to keep fighting. Songs about resistance in a broken world. Songs about loss and damage and gritty hope. It was the best damned punk record ever made and if there's anything else about it you want to know, you can fuck off. —Craven Rock (Self-released, crackboxxx@gmail.com)

CRACKS & SCARS:

Stick To Your Guns: CD

Twelve songs on this debut CD from this five-piece band from Germany play some cool oi mixed with some speedy hardcore. These guys have been around for a long time in other bands like Maskapone and I Defy, took their past experiences, and brought them to this band. They combine all their older bands and other influences and have created a pretty damn good release with lots of power and passion. This is a great CD to sing along to and hit the repeat button on your CD player. —Rick E. (Aggrobeat, aggrobeat.com)

CRAVATS: In Toytown: 2 x CD

Even on a label that released disparate oddities by the likes of Annie Anxiety, Captain Sensible, and Rudimentary Peni, Cravats were an anomaly. Equal

parts Crass, Captain Beefheart, and what occasionally sounds like some coked-out funk band on a Black Randy bender, they delivered abrasive, dissonant, and oddly groovy tunes with humor, tautness, and a level of musical sophistication that stood well outside the comfort zones of the average punker. Here their four singles on the Small Wonder label are collected with the titular album on one disc, which itself is paired with a new remix of the entire album by none other than Penny Rimbaud, who produced some of those early releases. Crucial stuff here for those who like their punk a bit more esoteric and challenging than the requisite polka beats. —Jimmy Alvarado (Overground)

DADDY LONG LEGS: Evil Eye on You: CD

Since i seem to be chronically unable to describe bands such as this guitar/drums/harmonica trio without using the phrase "bluesy squall" at least once, i might as well drop all pretense of insight and just call it "bluesy squall" right up front. Ergo, "bluesy squall" it is. Let me know to whom i address the royalty check. "I Feel So Electric" is kind of like what i imagine the Rolling Stones might have imagined they were sounding like when they were in actuality subjecting us to pale dreck like "Little Red Rooster," however, more often than not, the disc kinda sounds like two Bob Log III's, a third guy bound and determined to do for the blues harp what Johnny Ramone did for the Mosrite® ((with a rare excursion into Dylan-honk or two)), but no

motorcycle helmets nor Boob Scotch. Well, except for "Witch Hunt," which sounds like Howlin' Wolf doing that moaning thing in Hasil Adkins's left ear, to noteworthy effect. *Abidih abidih abidih, that's squall, folks!* —Rev. Nörb (Norton, nortonrecords.com)

DEAD SKULL: Bangers: CDEP

Right up front, I'm not much of a fan of the average two-member band thing, specifically with the whole guitar-drums/bass-drums thing. The reason is simple: most of 'em aren't proficient enough to compensate for the sonic hole left by the missing instrument. This ain't a big deal when we're talking about something like rockabilly or some other roots-based music, but when it's more rambunctious-oriented stuff, I can count on the fingers of one hand the instances where a band bucks the odds. Usually, though, the results end up sounding a bit flat. Totally a personal preference thing, and I'm well aware that there are those who would disagree, but unfortunately, this is the case here. The songs are potent bits of primal rock/punk but the low end punch provided by a bass (or even a baritone guitar wielded by someone with the dexterous flair to fill that void) is sorely missed here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Dead Skull, facebook.com/blackeyeltd)

DEAFHEAVEN: Roads to Judah: CD

The darlings of the blogosphere in the two years since their formation, Deafheaven have a sound which fuses several different genres and influences,

WE GOT POWER!

HARDCORE PUNK SCENES
FROM 1980s SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY DAVID MARKEY & JORDAN SCHWARTZ



400 PHOTOS + ZINE REPRINTS + ESSAYS BY:
HENRY ROLLINS CHUCK DUKOWSKI
DEZ CADENA KEITH MORRIS MIKE
WATT JACK BREWER JOE CARDUCCI
PAT FEAR SEAN WHEELER LOUCHE
MAYORGA JANET HOUSDEN EUGENE
TATU TONY ADOLESCENT + MORE...

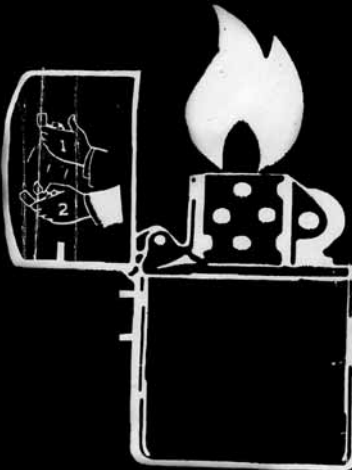
**Bazillion
Points**

WWW.WEGOTPOWERBOOK.COM

much love and sympathy to
the friends, family and
loved ones of Sarah Kirsch

much love and thanks to
Matt Welch for rocking
Transitions Art Gallery
for many years

P.M.A. 2013



campfireisland.org

collision course records

the
Ejector Seats

the
Ejector Seats

say sorry

say sorry
LP/CD

collision course records

neat 'o bluey/greeny/orangy/purpley
splattered vinyl

collisioncourserecords.com

collision course records

including elements of black metal, shoegaze, and post-punk/post-rock into something uniquely their own. The duo of vocalist George Clarke and guitarist Kerry McCoy make up the core of Deafheaven with McCoy acting as the primary songwriter and Clarke the primary lyricist. A revolving cast of supporting musicians has filled out the band to a quintet since the release of their demo. *Roads to Judah* marks the band's first full-length release on label Deathwish after a 7" single on the label. With four tracks clocking in at just under forty minutes, *Roads to Judah* is an atmospheric, ephemeral, experience. The opening track "Violet," begins with a bit of an ambient soundscape, with clips in the background before guitars come in, followed by the rest of the band. The intensity builds note by note, layer upon layer, and riff upon riff, before crashing over the listener in waves of sound. There's a movie soundtrack feeling evoked by the progression. Breaks between each track are brief, as though allowing the listener time to catch their breath before submerging them once more in an ocean of sonic waves. After the roaring climax of the second track, "Language Games," there's a particularly noticeable break before the third track "Unrequited." This track opens with a slow melodic intro, before steadily ratcheting the intensity back up. "Unrequited" and the closing track, "Tunnel of Trees," were my favorite tracks on this record. "Tunnel of Trees" features some of the most interesting

riffs and the most dynamic overall sound of the entire album. It's the track I will likely point new listeners to when I tell them to check out Deafheaven in the future. While I was a bit late coming to Deafheaven, partly out of a desire to avoid "hype" bands, I wish I had checked these guys out earlier. Every ounce of attention given to this band is justified, and *Roads to Judah* has made me a believer. —Paul J. Comeau (Deathwish Inc.)

DESPERAT:

Demokrati Eller Diktatur?: 7"

I liken d-beat to the relationship with your favorite beer: it's still fucking refreshing no matter how many times you've partaken. Desperat are all lifers when it comes to the genre (Mob 47 members!) and from the mayhem exhibited here, they show no signs of tiring, with a sound that so many punks hold dear. Typically, I'd be a little less than enthused with such high production values but I'd be a lying asshole if I said it doesn't work perfectly here. The cymbal sound is like they're playing right in front of you; and for that alone, they definitely got their money's worth. Personal taste disclosure: nobody (besides the mighty Discharge, of course) does it better than the Swedes. So if you're into Krigshot, Totalitär, and Kvoteringen, then you absolutely need this. —Juan Espinosa (Beach Impediment, beachimpediment@hotmail.com, desperathc@hotmail.com)

DHARMA DOGS: *Drown*

w/ Moon Rocks + Speed: Cassette

Some crazy dissonant, distorted punk rock here from Madison, kind of like if Sonic Youth were a garage band, but way cooler than that might sound. It's just some awesome, heavy, off-kilter, fuzzy rock'n'roll that won't be content in classifications like post-hardcore or gunk rock. Climbing walls of distorted buzzsaw guitars, the lead singer gives it all: his sweaty, midsummer desperation vocals are tense and high, almost always bursting into a strangled shout. If you get one freaked-out, oddball punk cassette this year, this is the one. —Craven Rock (Kitschy Manitou, thedharmadogs@gmail.com)

DOUBLE VISION: *Cold Comfort: 7"*

Long sleeves, gym shorts, singalongs, straight edge, being fucking posi, loving Youth Of Today, gang vocals, mosh lanes, crew cuts, New Balance. Do these things describe the whole of Polish youth? I hope so, because these guys make me feel like they should. This record reminds me of my youth and hardcore from the late '90s/early '00s in a way that doesn't make me want to throw up all over myself. The songs are tight, the production is sparse, the lyrics talk about forgetting shitty friends, hanging out with good friends, and being cooler than everybody. These guys probably have more fun than you. This kind of music is like the garage rock of my generation; it's just four kids playing a few chords in the basement because

it's fun and just playing music to their friends. I smiled all the way through this thing and immediately called my friends to tell them about this band. Highest recommendations for fans of the style or just people who remember when this kind of music wasn't nearly as fun as these kids are having. —Ian Wise (Refuse)

E.D. SEDGWICK: *We Wear White: CD*

Catchy, infectious, and often funky rock stuff from a former member of Dischord staples El Guapo and Antelope. I must profess at never having heard anything from Edie/E.D. prior to this, but the ride is fun and damn if I didn't find myself with "Weatherman" earworming my noggin. —Jimmy Alvarado (Dischord)

ELEPHANT RIFLE: *Party Child: LP*

Far and away the high point of this whole loud and painful affair, the gross and stylish cover art is reminiscent of a cross between Gary Panter's work for *Raw* magazine in the '80s and something that would've gotten Mike Diana tossed in the pokey back around then. The band, however, should change its name to "The Uck," owing to its great uckiness. If I remembered what Steel Pole Bathtub sounded like, I'd see if these guys sounded at all like them. Uck. BEST SONG: "Saddest Comedian" BEST SONG TITLE: Either "Rib-Eye for the Dead Guy" or "Nurse Feratu" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: If I am reading things correctly, "You're

KEPONE

CARGO CULT / TEXAS BISCUIT BOMBS

S/T LP
THE 1997 QUARTERSTICK / TOUCH AND GO ALBUM FINALLY AVAILABLE ON VINYL.

THE TWO-HEADED COBRA SPLIT 2xLP
UNRELEASED 1987 DEMO RECORDINGS BY TOUCH AND GO BAND, CARGO CULT, FEATURING RANDY 'BISCUIT' TURNER (EX-BIG BOYS) AND DUANE DENISON (LATER OF THE JESUS LIZARD), ALONG WITH STUDIO AND LIVE RECORDINGS BY THE TEXAS BISCUIT BOMBS - BISCUIT'S LAST PROJECT, PLAYING THE BIG BOYS AND OTHER TEXAS PUNK CLASSICS.

www.moderncityrecords.com

MODERN CITY RECORDS

Them Martyrs
(metal-tinged h/c from Ireland)
Wretched 12" EP

Dott
(harmony-driven garage pop)
Button EP

Rubber Cushions
(southern fried r&b punk)
debut 7"

State of Franklin
(Americana punk)
Cancer EP

Sivle si Dog
(grunge punk)
Draino 12"; Room 30 CD



www.GirthRecords.com

Welcome" is the only entity on the "Thank You" list. —Rev. Nørð (Satan's Pimp/Humanterrorist)

ELEPHANT RIFLE: *Party Child: LP*

I must admit, I grabbed this because I saw it was on Satan's Pimp, which was/is a label from the 1990s that was known for interesting packaging and music that pushed against the borders. I like not knowing what I'm going to exactly get from a record all the time. And, as a label, that's what Satan's Pimp does. You know it's not going to be the norm, but how far out is always the question. Musically, Elephant Rifle sound like something that could have been on Touch & Go, early Sub Pop, or Am Rep. Their style is, I guess, what one would call post-rock, or maybe post-hardcore. No easy categorization. Songs are sometimes wound up tight, then, other times, they are a sprawling and thundering landscape of percussion with guitars and bass churning in the back. I find myself going back to the second side of this record most. The songs just flow together more and the overall feel is more cohesive, not to mention, much darker sounding. The transition from "Saddest Comedian" to the slower, broodier, ominous "Nurse Feratu" makes sense, as they both have the same feel, despite one being more hyper and the other more down. —M. Avrg (Satan's Pimp / Humanterrorist, humanterrorist.tumblr.com)

EPIC PROBLEM: *Self-titled: 7"*

Epic Problem is a very interesting new project from Mackie of the early U.K.

oi band Blitz. As influenced by later bands like Jawbreaker and Leatherface as they are by early oi, Epic Problem wonderfully mixes the old and the new on this engaging three-song 7". I'm not sure I've heard anything like it before, as it mixes two styles that don't normally coexist in regimented punkville. Odder still is that the combination works and that it works well. The legendary Mackie brings immediate integrity to any band, but this is a truly outstanding record regardless of its members' history. Plus there's a song on it called "(Not So) Smart Bombs," which is awesome on so, so many levels. —Art Ettinger (Longshot)

EX CULT: *MPD: 7"*

Title track is a nice bit o' garage punk stompin', raw enough to pass the stringent tests laid out by purists but not so much so that it sounds like a wall of shit. Flip is a Chosen Few cover, the original of which I've not heard before so I'm not in an authoritative position to determine whether or not they fuck it up. Produced by Ty Segall. —Jimmy Alvarado (Goner)

FIZZY POPS, THE / UP FOR NOTHING / CAFFIENDS: *Split: 7"*

Life-affirming, happy-as-fuck, 1990s-style pop punk in the vein of Squirtgun explodes from these three lovable bands from Florida, New York, and Illinois. I haven't heard a better new pop punk record in some time. I'm literally dancing at the computer like a fucking idiot as I review this gem. Fans

of quality underground, catchy pop punk like The Connie Dungs will go apeshit over these three brilliant bands. Six songs are crammed onto this gift of a 7". The best track is "Productive" by Fizzy Pops, which has a White Trash Superman or Grumpies vibe. The co-opting of pop punk into the mainstream will never kill it in the underground as long as there are rad bands like these out there. The locals who get to see these groups regularly are living large, whether they know it or not. Have fun! I'm jealous. —Art Ettinger (Swamp Cabbage, swampcabbagerecords.com)

FLASHLIGHTS: *I'm Not Alone: LP*

This just sounds like the southeast. Catchy and chaotic and screaming to get out but happy and narcotized by lush green surroundings and barefoot summers and not being sure if you love how your neighbor always says "Hi" or if you wish they'd butt out for once. Set this in a college town: Indie pop punk bands Superchunk and Archers Of Loaf are playing a club on the main strip, in between the fratboy pizza place and the antique shop where professors buy lamps. Assfactor 4 and some other chaotic emo bands are making the walls sweat at a basement show a couple blocks into the neighborhood. Flashlights are standing under a streetlight halfway in-between, pulling quickly warming beers from a soggy cardboard box, realizing they don't have to choose—they can stand right there and enjoy both shows. —Chris Terry (Protagonist Music)

FLIP SHIT: *Outgoing Rockers: 7"*

At first look, this 7" looks like it could be by a '60s garage punk band. Nice screened cover, custom inner sleeve printed with the label's logo... I sure as hell wasn't expecting the scrappy punk that hit my ears. I think it might have just been the recording style, but I kept thinking about The Shitty Limits. That is a good thing. I'm definitely going to be on the lookout for more. —Ty Stranglehold (Reel Time)

FRUSTRATION:

Paranoia and Regret: LP

Fuck yes! The opening licks hinted towards a bit of Born Against influence, which I'm all for, but suddenly the speed dial gets turned up to the likes of which BA never cared to reach. Mixed into the equation are some great gruff vocals (ala Jack Control) and an awesome concoction of Scandi-core and Northwest depression influence (think Wipers' "Over the Edge" and you're getting warmer). In their thanks list, they mention people who have helped them on tour, which elates me to no end; the possibility, no matter how remote, of being able to see a great, newly discovered band is what makes punk rock worthwhile to me. This record is fucking awesome, through and through. —Juan Espinosa (Inimical, inimical.com)

F.U.2: *Punk Rock: LP*

I didn't know this record was such a commodity! I knew it had to be good because both The Raunch Hands and

xxx southern california devilmusick xxx

death strip

DEATH STRIP
THE DEATH SESSIONS

a collection of songs from the first original garage sessions (sk120)

DEATH STRIP
SEX WITH GHOSTS EP

first demo from direct from soca's underground dark rock influences - misfits meets joy division (sk-121)

softkill records po box 27353 la ca 90027

deathstrip.net

LOST CAT

lostcatrecords.org

Direct Hit/Braver split 7"
Utter Failure- E.P. 7"
Smooth Brain- Fleas 7"
Unfun- Pain Prescription 7" (color repress)
Wild Assumptions- Run Like You 7"
Crow Bait- Three Tickle Guys 7"
Rations- How Much Land Does A Man Need? 7"
Thanks- Demos tape/CD

JDIDSTUFF ILLUSTRATION / ART

jdidstuff@hotmail.com

The Exploding Hearts covered F.U.2 ("Mean Evil Child" and "Sniffin' Glue," respectively.) Originally released in 1977 then bootlegged to hell, finally seeing a legit rerelease thanks to 1-2-3-4 Go! Updated liner notes dispel rumors that F.U.2 was a joke band done up on a drunken whim. F.U.2 was made up of members of The Downliners Sect, who had some extra songs that didn't quite match their typical R&B/beat style. Not quite pub rock and not quite raw punk. Maybe a combo of both, filtered through competent musicians? Worth your time. —Sal Lucci (1-2-3-4 Go!)

FUTURO: *Sair de Mim: 7" EP*

These Brazilian noisemongers fall somewhere in that spacious void between hardcore and garage punk, with *loud*, clanging guitars and tons of reverb. There's maybe a smidge of artiness in there, giving things a different spin as well. Good stuff. —Jimmy Alvarado (Spicoli Discos, myspace.com/spicolidiscos)

GENTLEMEN OF HORROR: *Live in Kelowna: 7"*

This record shouldn't even be possible. The factors involved fly in the face of logic. A small Canadian town in the early days of punk rock's transformation to hardcore, a concert held in a public park booked by a fourteen-year-old punk rocker, the same fourteen-year-olds resolve to hold the city to the contract when they tried to cancel it upon discovering that it was a "punk rock concert" and then the fact that

someone bothered to think "We should record this" amongst the hail of threats and beer bottles from the audience. Well, all those things happened and the result (albeit thirty years later) is this record. Four of the five songs here were recorded at the above mentioned show in 1981, complete with verbal abuse from the crowd between tracks. The last song is a live track from a hall show in 1982. The sleeve warns that the sound quality is "more horror than music," but I was left in awe of the dark alchemy Dave Eck worked. It sounds every bit as vital as a punk record in 1981 should sound. I heard there is a GOH "complete recordings" type of release coming soon. I can't wait. —Ty Stranglehold (Punk Records, punkrecords.com)

GIRLS!, THE: *Rodney: 7"*

Bland female-fronted power pop with trite lyrics about boys. Dull. —Craven Rock (Self-released)

GOODTIME BOYS: *What's Left to Let Go: CD*

I don't understand the current proliferation of bands with a melodic post-hardcore-y sound and screamed vocals calling themselves "hardcore" bands. The U.K.'s Goodtime Boys are one of the better-sounding of this crop of bands. *What's Left to Let Go* is a double EP worth of the band's material on one CD. Their music is at times aggressive, and at others mellow and subdued, retaining a melodic element even at its most spastic. I wanted more of the

spastic aggressive parts, as they felt like they were too few and far between the subdued riffing and drumming over which vocalist Alexander Pennie screams and speaks his introspective lyrics. The lyrics are generally well written, but Pennie's vocal delivery, combined with the frequently subdued vibe on this didn't do much for me. The big exception to this was "Wake/Daylight" whose extended intro builds to a frantic crescendo before ripping into the song proper. From there things do mellow a bit, but they pick up once more and build to the end, like a wave crashing in upon shore. I think if there had been more tracks like this, and the follow-up, "Harrow," I might have enjoyed this better. It's an album done in a style that doesn't really excite me, but it's done well enough for me to appreciate it. I can't call it a goodtime, but I can call it an okaytime. —Paul J. Comeau (Bridge Nine)

GRABASS CHARLESTONS: *Dale & the Careeners: LP*

Where to start? I've been a fan of Grabass since the Billy Reese Peters split LP in 2002. I celebrate their entire catalog; I've reviewed their entire oeuvre. They were on the cover of *Razorcake* #17. I have the story of Replay being arrested in Texas on the fourth of July memorized and I tell it to kids during library readings. *Razorcake* Records put out a Sister Series 7" of theirs. I took the photo of the painting for their side of the TTK split LP. Bias? You fucking bet. They're my friends

and that friendship was first started because their music struck a deep chord in me. My bias is this: I think they're woefully underrated. (Your guess is as good as mine as to why. Maybe it's the name. Maybe it's because we live in a classist, image-conscience, artifice-saturated, lead-by-the-nose culture (even in punk. Especially in punk.)) So instead of complaining, I'm a facilitator when the opportunities arise. I was not expecting *Dale & the Careeners*, didn't see it coming, and that makes me happy. Because, at this stage in the game—living adult lives as human beings who happen to not be able to divorce themselves from punk rock and dealing with music—I want contemporaries who aren't regurgitating their own expelled fluids. I want people who are musically much smarter than me showing that uniforms can dissolve, that others' expectations are gravestones waiting for inscription, that suburban cul-de-sacs of the mind can become bike lanes, that aging and collapse aren't one in the same. *Dale & the Careeners* does all of that as a record. Lyrically, it's complex. It takes multiple voices (first, second, and third person) and acts as a prism that looks at addiction, safety, impulse (and a baseball game). It's poetic and direct. To put this in a bit of context, think of folks like Todd Congelliere, Isaac Reyes, Isaac Thotz, and Mark Ryan—all people who were/are in dynamite bands that have broken music wide open in the past couple of years in an almost absolute vacuum beyond their immediate families, friends, and close

WWW.LAUREN-RECORDS.COM

LAUREN RECORDS

TODD CONGELLIERE
TIME TO BE A PUSSY 7"

TOYS THAT KILL
FAMBLY 42 CS

PANGEA
KILLER DREAMS 7"
LIVING DUMMY CD

HARD GIRLS
ISN'T IT WORSE CS

THE BANANAS
NAUTICAL ROCK N ROLL CS
SUMMER VACATION
DISCOGRAPHY CS
CONDITION CD

ANDREW JACKSON JIHAD
KNIFE MAN CS

WALTER MITTY & HIS MAKESHIFT ORCHESTRA
DISCOGRAPHY CS

MERRY CHRISTMAS
HER EXCEPTIONAL KINDNESS CD

JAPANHER
BEETS LIMES & RICE CS

TOM GRRRL
EVEN WHEN SHE'S
LOSING, SHE IS
STILL WINNING

JOYCE MANOR
S/T b/w OF ALL
THINGS I WILL
SOON GROW TIRED CS

COMING SOON!
JOYRIDE! LP



MONEY IS STUPID. SPEND IT ON MUSIC.

**PYGMY
RECORDS**
PYGMYRECORDS.COM

peers. On a cultural level, it's so fucking bittersweet to be a front row listener to their world-class bands. I feel like simultaneously laughing and crying; getting fucked up and remaining cold sober; shaking my head and shaking my fist. If meaning still has meaning for you, I highly recommend *Dale & the Careeners*. Soak in it like the sea. Let it crash around you. Let it hypnotize you like waves. —Todd Taylor (No Idea)

GRABASS CHARLESTONS: *Dale & The Careeners*: CD

Is it a surprise that I don't think about the Grabass Charlestons all that much anymore? Seven years since the release of their last LP finally brings us the third Grabass Charlestons full length and, boy, is it different. The growl and harshness of the previous records has been turned down and the Replacements influence turned way, way up. All of this might have been abled by the addition of a fourth Charleston, who seems to have taken over drumming duties from Will. If you are a fan of previous Grabass albums, I would suggest you check this out, but be warned about the potential shock value of what's to come. If you've never dug the Charlestons before, I'd recommend giving this one a listen. As songwriters, I don't think the band has ever come close to some of the songs on this record. —Bryan Static (No Idea)

GUNS, THE: *Self-titled*: 2 x LP

The Guns were an early hardcore band not only noteworthy for offering up

two smoking tracks on *The New Hope* compilation, Cleveland's answer to *Flex Your Head* and *This Is Boston, Not L.A.*, but also because at the time of those recordings it was a two-member band and neither of them were yet old enough for high school. With the addition of bassist Sean Saley, the band recorded a full-length showcasing a band that was tight and able to work well at making a creative niche for themselves within hardcore's often rigid template. It was originally offered to Enigma, but ultimately ended up being shelved, though it did end up being unceremoniously bootlegged as part of another band's release to fill space. Lineup changes that included a guitarist capable of playing leads, slight stylistic changes in direction, breakups, and the later deaths of both original members within the span of a decade seemed sure to leave the band in the "could've been" pages of punk history with little more than an unreleased album, a smattering of comp tracks, and a later full-length "reunion" album. Released by Tom Dark (brother of original member Scott Eakin) and the folks at Smog Veil, this seeks to rectify the dearth of material available from the band by unleashing a double-LP set that includes forty-three tracks comprised of the unreleased album, comp tracks, outtakes, demo tracks, rehearsal recordings, a radio session, and assorted live recordings covering the band's career, plus some great liner notes from Saley and Dark to give some historical perspective. The sound varies from studio to boombox

quality, the latter of which might be a bit raw for those accustomed to modern sonic fidelity standards, but none so bad that they are unlistenable. A definite must for both historians and fans of the genre, this is a fine showcase and a fitting attempt to give props to a band quite deserving. —Jimmy Alvarado (Smog Veil)

HEAVY TIMES:

"Lost Dogs" + "P.O. Box": Flexi

Part of the Rotten Tooth Summer Series of flexies with super duper silk screening both on the cover and the thin wax, this is a breezy two-songer. This Heavy Times appetizer has them at my favorite. They mix both the don't-fuck-with-us-burl of Sabbath with the fuzzy-static melody of The Jesus And Mary Chain. It's badassery that you roll down the window and shout along to while intimidating minivans and laughing at poseurs in yet another line to purchase their mass-marketed individuality. The rusty plow digs in the dirt. A golden scythe is held aloft. Blood and honey drip muddy from the blades. Nice. —Todd (Rotted Tooth, rottedtoothrecordings.com)

HOLDING ONTO SOUND: *Self-titled*: 7"

This Las Vegas four-piece band has put out three songs that didn't get onto their album *The Sea*, but could have with no problem. These three songs are in the vein of progressive hardcore, punk, and a tiny bit of reggae mixed in. They kind of remind me of a time when more bands mixed things up a

bit back in the old days, when people experimented a bit more in the punk styles. These guys are pretty good, not something that I would throw on all the time, but they will be in my rotation to listen to. I am interested in where they will go on their next release. Should be interesting. My copy came on cool split color vinyl, yellow and white. —Rick E. (GC, gcrecords.com)

HOMEWRECKERS, THE / CITY MOUSE: *Manic Recession*: 7"

I've had this record for a day and it's almost worn out already. City Mouse renewed my love for pop punk. The band just hits the bull's-eye with lyrics that offer so much beyond what's at surface level, together with a willingness to drive the music forward and not linger, forcing you instead to go back and listen again. It never gets bouncy or jangly or annoying even when "whoa-oh"-ing. Also, does Cristy Road from the Homewreckers sound like a grown up version of Angelica from Rugrats? —MP Johnson (Mooster)

I WANT TO KILL EVERY HUMAN:

Bill Murray Tapes: 7"

This isn't noise rock or noisy hardcore. This is just noise, a genre which rarely seems to fare well in this fanzine, but I found it rather intriguing. Both sides are quite similar, each has the long, ambient, droning feedback of two or three indiscernible instruments. It's layered. On the top of the track is a shrill, harsh, squeal (but not unbearable or ear-piercing for the sake



JERK STORE

ISSUE ELEVEN

AUSTRALIAN DIY PUNK FANZINE

FEATURING:

TERRIBLE FEELINGS (SWE)
CITY MOUSE (USA)
UNFUN (CAN)

PLUS LOADS OF RECORD, TAPE AND ZINE REVIEWS,
RANTS, AND OTHER ASSORTED ARTICLES AND
WHATEVEYOU.

PO BOX 284, MAYLANDS WA 6931 AUSTRALIA
JERKSTORE.BIGCARTEL.COM

St. Louis Punk - Old & New!



medical tourists

THE NOW!

MEDICAL TOURISTS-LP
Synth-Punk nerdiness!

SYNTAX ERROR

Prefecture

SYNTAX ERROR-EP
Bargain basement Casio Punk!

PREFECTURE-EP
Raw, slobbering Punk/core!

THE THEN!

THE PHILOSOPHIC COLLAGE-EP
Reissue of 1981 Art Punk/No Wave!

SCREAMIN' MEE-MEES

**Two CS/CDR releases of '60s-'90s
gothball music from the minds of
The Screamin' Mee-Mees!**

...plus other high quality reissues and archival releases of
'70s-'80s Punk and lowbrow Rock from St. Louis and beyond!
M.O.T.O., Screamin' Mee-Mees, VOM, Welders, Retros,
Manic Depressives, Gruberger Brother, Reactors & more!

...and our St. Louis only label

Rerun Records **BDR RECORDS**

Info and Orders: RerunRecordsSTL.com



MARCOS SIREF ILLUSTRATIONS

CHEAP!

MARCOSIREF@GMAIL.COM

UPTHAMEEX.WORDPRESS.COM

of ear-piercing), it repeats itself as an underlying layer, a sort of melodic drone plays out underneath. It's oddly pleasant, the two work together to put you into a sort of comforting spell. At times it almost sounds intentional—rather than improvised—noise, giving off the womblike, druggy, downy feel of a My Bloody Valentine or Medicine song. I've always respected noise more than I cared to listen to it, so I'm surprised how many times I've played this. My only complaint is the project's name, I Want To Kill Every Human. Its superfluous nihilism conforms to the out-of-touch, I'm-being-bad aesthetics of the noise scene and poorly represents a starkly exquisite couple of tunes. —Craven Rock (Self-released)

IMPO & THE TENTS: *Pop Secret: 7" EP*

If, as has been postulated by others elsewhere, the Dickies were an offshoot of power pop sensations The Quick, Impo & The Tents are apparently trying to make that regressive connection back on Leonard and Stan's behalf. These Swedes have that Dickies undertow down pat, applying it to some tight-as-nails, frighteningly pogo-perfect pop ditties that should make Hufsteter and company beam with pride. 'Scuse me while I flip it over for another spin 'n' bounce off the walls. —Jimmy Alvarado (Impo & the Tents, impoandthetents@gmail.com)

INOCENTES: *Miséria E Fome: 7" EP*

Outside of knowing they existed, I gotta admit I know jack diddly about

this band. This is what I was able to scare up: Inocentes were one of Sao Paulo's earliest punk/hardcore groups, and contemporaries of Olho Seco and Cólera. This is a reissue of their debut EP, originally unleashed in 1983 and later expanded into a full-length in 1988. Outside of a mid-tempo opener, you get for your buck some prime Brazilian hardcore not unlike those more celebrated groups, with thrashing tempos and menacing vocals. Fine release for both the collector geek and the punker lookin' for something worth a spin. —Jimmy Alvarado (Spicoli Discos, myspace.com/spicolidiscos)

IRON CROSS: *Skinhead Glory: 7" EP*

To say I've mixed feelings about this release would be a bit of an understatement. What you have here is a vinyl reissue of what is arguably the first U.S. oi release originally put out in 1982 jointly by Dischord and the band's Skinflint Records. As with much involving the skinhead subculture, this release was not without some controversy, particularly with the song "Psycho Skin," which was allegedly inspired by some of the members' extracurricular activities, including assaulting unsuspecting homosexuals. Probably not eager to rehash said controversy, the offending track has been replaced here with an outtake from the same session, "Criminal Minds." On the one hand, it's great to see this reissued in its original medium, and the desire to avoid having to explain that song *yet again*, and avoid the often

savagely puritanical ire of the punk community is totally understandable, and lord knows I'm no fan or defender of anyone who thinks it's fun to beat up on *anybody*—gay, straight, mauve, oddly tall, or whatever. On the other hand, self-censoring by fiddling with the track order of a record that, warts and all, went on to influence a helluva lot of bands seems a bit disingenuous. Ah, fuck it, those who'll find this interesting will dig it nonetheless, and fuck nitpicky bastards like me. —Jimmy Alvarado (TKO)

JD AND THE F.D.C.'S: *Recognize: CD*

Formulaic, punk-derived rock'n'roll that has a paint-by-numbers feel. The band looks like they've copied a look and a sound for the sake of cashing in on said look and sound. After all, the record was simultaneously released on iTunes, which makes me very cautious. In the end, the record is okay, but it feels like I've heard all these songs before. In one case, it's literal: "The Secret" starts off with a line about sharp knees and holes in jeans that has been blatantly pilfered from Boris the Sprinkler's "(Do You Wanna) Grilled Cheese." It's not just the words (which are same, in both syntax and spelling)—the actual intonation and rhythm of the delivery is *exactly* the same as the Boris song. (The rip-off ends there, I presume because this band believes the notion of Schrödinger's cat not to be rock'n'roll enough and therefore of little worth.) And J.D. and the F.D.C.'s give no credit to my fellow Green Bay ne'er-do-wells for what

they've "borrowed"! Just how am I to respect this record now? Formulaic and plagiaristic—it's like when I read the same goddamn freshman comp paper over and over from different students... Of course, if Norb somehow had a hand in the provenance of "The Secret" and I'm just ignorant, I detract the entire review except for the stuff about being formulaic. That stands. —The Lord Kveldulfr (Derelict)

JEFFREY LEWIS: *The Last Time I Did Acid I Went Insane & Other Favorites: LP*

First released in 2001, this re-issue of *Acid* is its first vinyl pressing. To recap, Lewis has illustrated album covers for Moldy Peaches, published articles, and lectured at universities. His anti-folk punk, lo-fi brand of tunes mixes Neil Young with Beck's ironic lyrics. Both laugh-out-loud irresistible and vulnerable, Lewis can fall into that love him or leave him category. His laundry list of unfortunate endings wrought in acoustic guitar includes the classic, "The Chelsea Hotel Oral Sex Song." If you haven't heard this painfully sweet ode to a girl he ran into briefly outside that famous hotel, you ought to. Some say his woe-is-me shtick becomes grating, but for me, his disheveled blues are like a salve. Recommended. —Kristen K. (Don Giovanni, dongiovannirecords.com)

K-JELL: *People Like Us in a Pretty Pink World: CD*

If you like fairly crappy punk rock, you should get this CD. If you don't,

Design by Amy Fortunato



Sunday February 17th, 2013
11 a.m. - 5 p.m.

at The Ukrainian Cultural Center
4315 Melrose Avenue, 90029

LazineFest.com

RAD GIRLFRIEND RECORDS



2981 MEADOW PARK DR.
DAYTON, OH 45440
SEND US YOUR DEMOS



TRADES, WHOLESALE, ALL THAT SHIT

RADGIRLFRIENDRECORDS.BIGCARTEL.COM

RADGIRLFRIENDRECORDS@GMAIL.COM

AVAILABLE NOW!

PRETTY BOY THORSON
& LIL' HAPPINESS
"I AIN'T GONNA BEG"

ROB THE BANK
"SPOKEN CODES" LP

THE RAGING NATHANS
"S/T"



COMING SOON!

WHAT-A-NIGHTS
"S/T" LP

FLAMINGO 50
"TEAR IT UP" LP

TIGHT BROS.
"S/T" LP



then you shouldn't. Nothing really stands out among the ten songs here. It is noted that this CD was recorded in Norway. So I'm assuming these guys are European, unless the Norway thing is merely coincidental. —Nighthawk (October Party, October Party_Records@hotmail.com)

KNOTS: Heartbreaker: 7"

Yet another obscure band gets the reissue treatment, but in this case it's more than warranted and welcomed. Title track is a driving, fan-fucking-tastic bit of punk/rock with a bit of synth dropped in at strategic points. The flip, "Action," has cleaner channel guitars and is maybe a hair slower than the other tune, but the delivery is just as tight. —Jimmy Alvarado (Last Laugh)

LEGENDARY WINGS:

Making Paper Roses: LP

The biggest thing from Kalamazoo since either Violent Apathy or the Killamazoo Derby Darlins, the Legendary Wings took their name from a video game, are fond of substantially unappealing (and presumably ironic?) romantic imagery on their record covers, and sound like a cross between the lanky stoned garage pop songwriter genius of the Bare Wires and the indisputably insistent rhythm section of the White Wires, which begs the question of why they didn't just call a spade a spade and name the band "The Crossed Wires," or, at bare minimum, "The Legendary Wires" ((to say nothing of an obligatory "12XU"

reference, time permitting)). If you can get past the faceless roses/chocolates/dolies cover art, the payoff is sixteen reasonably socko garage pop rockers, with harmony and sincerity trading lines with bashing and stupidity with disorienting frequency. At sixteen songs and forty-seven minutes, this opus is probably a bit too sprawling to serve as a concise statement of Pop Genius or anything, but the songs are good and I can alternate bites of dainty white chocolates with mouthfuls of Little Caesar's® pizza to it. None can ask fairer than that. **BEST SONG:** "Pure" **BEST SONG TITLE:** "Spacehead" **FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT:** A full eighth of the song titles hereon contain the word "dumb," but a good three-sixteenths contain references to nachos, cartoons, or the sun. —Rev. Nørð (Dirtnap)

LEGS, THE: Self-titled: 7"

This record contains a solid load of beer-throwing, overdriven guitar punk. The recordings are from 2000: a righteous offering featuring members of The Oblivians and The Neckbones. Great for fans of either. Among the covers on the album is a drunken "Wild About You" by The Saints. Sloppy rock at its best. —Billups Allen (Goner)

LEWD, THE: Kill Yourself...Again: CD

It's a curious thing why certain bands—even those with genuine talent and the best of intentions—wind up doing pratfalls through the cracks in history and landing in punk's dustbin of

forgotten souls. The curious case of the Lewd is a prime example of just such a band. Surprisingly, even having one of their songs covered by Turbonegro couldn't seem to save them from the brink of oblivion. Maybe memories of the Lewd still sit sacrosanct like manger scenes in the minds of older punks in and around the San Francisco area, but here in the midriff of the country, the Lewd is mostly just a name passingly referenced in those-were-the-days Punk Histories. And that's just plain not right. The early Lewd (circa '78) had a scummy, crotch-rotty larval punk sound somewhat similar to the Dead Boys and giving off a seamy aural odor not unlike a can of molting night crawlers. The early '80s phase Lewd, featuring the late Olga de Volga on bass, vocals, and leather porn suits, took on a more hardcore sound, shifting their malodorous garbage truck of sonic filth into a speedier realm of reckless abandon, comparable to DOA in the *Hardcore* '81 days. In both modes the Lewd proved up to the task of bringing the classic sounding punk that you immediately sense was Frankensteined-together in seedy basements with stale cigarette smoke, spilled beers, and fruit flies. Lyrically, things occasionally get ham-fisted to the point where the punk-by-numbers wordsmithery strains between near-rhymes and "shock value" so much that you can feel your coccyx twitch with a flutter of embarrassment. But this was some thirty years ago. This was back when the neonate anti-art art form was

first sprouting snot-filled lungs and pulling itself out of the primordial slop swamp of vapid '70s AOR/arena rock with spindly little arms that hadn't so long before been swaying fins in the current of mediocrity. So I can cut the Lewd all sorts of slack for a cheesy lyric here and there. There weren't many T.S. Eliot types involved with the punk scene back in those days and—let's be honest—there aren't many around now either. I guess now we have bigshot Broadway musical Andrew Lloyd Weber types—like that Green Day guy, for instance—but I'll take J. Sats Beret's lyrical output any day over Billy Joe Cyrus or whatever his name is. *Kill Yourself...Again* is just plain solid old school trash punk and, to quote Baron Von Raschke, that's all the people need to know. I'm not sure just why this lost gem is suddenly back in circulation again, but I'm not going to pick the nits out of a gift horse's mouth or however the saying goes. The Bottom Line Good News: shoveling out large piles of cash for a rare collector's copy is no longer your only option. But get one while you can. You never know when it will disappear again. —Aphid Peewit (Self-released.)

LIKE RATS: Self-titled: LP

Nice to hear that there's still some good ol' Celtic Frost worship running through hardcore's rotten underworld. I thought this band's debut 7" was pretty decent, but this is a hell of a step up—raging metal punk that fills the mind with visions of ancient Scandinavian

VINYL PRESSING

LUCKY

100 7"s - Color Vinyl \$619
 500 7"s - 400 Black, 100 Color \$748
 500 10"s - 400 Black, 100 Color \$1203
 500 12"s - 400 Black, 100 Color \$1153

Includes Master Lacquers Flat Cut, Masters Shipping, Plating, 4 Tests, 2-Color Center Art, White Paper Sleeves

100 7"s - Black Vinyl \$523 *
 500 7"s - As few as 100 of Each Color Vinyl \$763 *

* Same as above, except one Color Center Labels

NEW!! Digital Downloads!!! 500 Codes = \$25 Creating Download File: \$35 (206) 497-3006
 Quality Vinyl & CD Mastering Email for Order Forms orders@luckylacquers.com






Get a Reference Lacquer, so you know how your music will sound on vinyl, before you pay for Metal Plates and Test Presses! Recent Jobs include: The Briefs, Leatherface, Samiam, Toys That Kill, Grabass Charlesons, Muhammadali, Pangea, Creepoid, Mac Blackout, The Hot Toddlies, Now In 3D, School Jerks, Night Birds, The Rockers, The Finders, Adelitas, The Limit, The Bomb!, Gentlemen Of Horror, F, Born Without A Face, Thee Chemicals, The Steve Adamyk Band, Red Dons, The White Wires, Guantanamo Baywatch, Mind Spiders, Ch13, Mean Jeans, Crusaders Of Love, Banditas, The Vaccines, Tion, The Pietasters, God Equals Genocide, The Pilfers, Edna's Goldfish, Low Culture,

www.luckylacquers.com

Monthly 7" Series

JUKEBOX

For JUKEBOXES!!

45 RPM!!!
BIG HOLE!!!
Rock N' Roll !!!

Monthly 7" Series
For JUKEBOXES!!



Your Favorite
BANDS!
Performing Oldies
(And Originals)
From the '80s
and BEYOND!!!
Side B is a COVER Song!!!

Subscriptions:
\$30 for 6 Months
\$60 for a Year!!!

2013 Jan thru June- Limited Edition of 300!!!

January - Thee Chemicals
February - Mac Blackout
March - Now In 3-D
April - Rad Company
May - Banditas
June - The Hot Toddlies

July thru Dec announced soon!!!
Surprise 7" every 6 Months for Subscribers!!!

NOW Accepting DEMOS!!!

Make Checks out to
Lucky Lacquers
6907 University Ave #224
Middleton, WI 53562

RECORDS

evils. I'm going to assume that these fellas are no strangers to the Gehenna catalog, and they're probably pretty psyched on the Triptykon stuff too. Rad. —Dave Williams (A389)

LITERATURE: "Cincinnati" b/w "It's Cruel": 7"

When I first started hearing bands of the current power pop trend, for instance, some stuff on Burger Records, I was stoked. It just seemed like just good ol' rock'n'roll to me. Now it's an oversaturated market where every band has the same shimmering, slightly psych guitars and high vocals. This band is indistinguishable from the rest of 'em and the songs disappear from memory as soon as the record's over. —Craven Rock (Square Of Opposition, squareofopposition.bigcartel.com)

LOACH: Demo: Cassette

Close your eyes and imagine being crammed into a sweaty basement with a bunch of other punks. All around you is the faint smell of cigarettes and booze. A band takes the stage, and begins ripping through songs with maniacal fury. The crowd breaks—you find yourself being pushed across the room—and can't help but join in the frenzy of moshing. Sound like a vivid image? Now open your eyes. You're still in your living room, sitting on the couch. The experience I just described for you is the experience of listening to the new demo from Loach. Featuring a little over nine minutes of churning, raging hardcore punk, the demo has a very live-sound, making

listening to it a visceral experience. It's not so far removed from the band's actual live show, but it's a great stand-in for when you can't rage with them in person. Featuring former and current members of Ripshit and Circle, Circle, Loach is a band definitely worth checking out. —Paul J. Comeau (Loach, loachhc@yahoo.com)

MARCHING ORDERS:

Songs of Yesterday: 7"

Australia's Marching Orders blew a lot of us away when they played at the East Coast of Oi! festival a few years ago. Their records aren't too shabby either. This two-song single features the ultra catchy "Songs of Yesterday" from their new LP as well as a cover of the classic "Mods Skins Punks" by The Professionals. While firmly rooted in oi, Marching Orders also have a lot in common with European street punk bands like Klasse Kriminale. Marching Orders are as catchy as punk gets, so these anthems are hard to resist. Expertly recorded at a Melbourne studio, this 7" is a prime example of how to retain musical credibility despite slick production. They might call themselves Marching Orders, but no one's going to be giving them their marching orders anytime soon. —Art Ettinger (Longshot)

MASCARA NITES / THE POOR CHOICES: Split: 7"

Mascara Nites seem to fall somewhere between Cub and the Donnas. They're definitely going for a rock vibe, but

their pair of songs aren't overproduced and dorky, nor are they entirely cutesy and delicately crafted. Lacking really significant hooks, but still pretty convincing. There are apparently eight people in the band. Including, yes, a tambourine and triangle player. The Poor Choices do what's essentially more of the same, and they sound somewhat like if Texas Terri, again, wasn't overproduced and dorky. The record's fun enough, but I couldn't help wishing either band had brought a bit more ferocity and/or songwriting hooks to the table. —Keith Rosson (Shake!, experienceshake.com)

MASERATI: Maserati VII: CD/2 x LP

Two years after the death of their drummer, Jerry Fuchs, Maserati is back with another solid piece of instrumental indie prog rock. Pardon the pun, but in many ways, it's as though they haven't missed a beat. The band continues their progressive rock evolution, this time drawing from influences such as prog-era Genesis (see their song "Abracadabracab") and Kraftwerk to create an album that picks up where they left off with *Passages*, their 2010 release. The nine songs that emerge over fifty-four minutes show that the group hasn't changed much but still has a few ideas up their collective sleeve. That includes the first use of vocals ("Solar Exodus," although done through a vocoder), and some utilization of keyboards. I've been a fan since Maserati's first album (37:29:24) was released back in 2000. While the band has changed members

and their sound has progressed from indie-rock influenced jamming to electronic-influenced music, the band has remained competent in all they do. It's really hard for me to understate how well Maserati has served me as fulfilling background noise, too. I can read to their songs without getting distracted, but also realize that there is competent, catchy, quality music being played in the background. This is music one can get lost in or sit back and listen to closely in order to try and figure out what makes such a tight group of musicians work so well. *Maserati VII* certainly continues in that vein of success. —Kurt Morris (Temporary Residence)

MASKED INTRUDER: Self-titled: CD

2011. I'm on tour in Boston, walking around the city post-set, depressed as hell. Life is not going well. I get a text from our guitar player telling me that I should get back to the club pronto. The band playing now is "fucking awesome." I cannot actually remember the last time this particular guitar player has enjoyed a band (let alone sent me a text). I high-tail it back in time to catch the last half of Masked Intruder's set. Four dudes in different colored ski masks doing a hood/stalker schtick playing pop punk. I try to be cynical (the bad mood, remember?) but can't. They really are "fucking awesome." They brightened my whole day with their Ramonesy, classic Lookout-flavored pop punk. I had some trepidation upon receiving this in the mail though; being a "gimmick"

MAMMOTH SOUND
MASTERING
FLAT RATES PPD
 7"s: \$100
 7" COMPILATIONS: \$125
 CD/12" EPs: \$160
 CD/LPs: \$220
 CD/LP COMPS: \$275
PROUD TO HAVE COMPLETED PROJECTS FOR ARTISTS INCLUDING

CXS MIDNIGHT ANNIHILATION TIME
SEIT NOOTHGRUSH SICK WASTED
VOLTUR COKE BUST CAPITALIST FIX
DIRECT CONTROL cūlo CASUALTIES CHAUL
BIG EYES GOVERNMENT WARNING ALLS MAGRUDERGRIND CANNABIS
VITAMIN X NEON SEEN TOTAL AMDI CORPSE
PLUTOCRACY PISS RED ABUSE PETERSENS ARMÉ

CALL / EMAIL FOR QUOTE
WWW.MAMMOTHSOUNDMASTERING.COM
(831) 566-5381

NO FRONT TEETH RECORDS
COMING EARLY 2013

THE UNRELEASABLES
 (KID STYLE RAW LONDON PUNK)
NEW 7"
CIKUTA 7"
 (KILLER PUNK / POWERPOP FROM URUGUAY)

LOVESORES IO"
 (MEMBERS OF THE SUMMER VICE PRINCIPALS, FAST TALKED)
CRAZY SQUEEZE 7"
 (BRAND NEW SINGLE FEAT. JOHNNY FROM THE STITCHED)

NOFRONTTEETH.NET

band is a tricky tightrope to walk. Lean on the gimmick too hard, nobody cares about your songs. Abandon the gimmick, pretty soon you're Kiss without the makeup. (Although let's be honest, they started to suck *years* before they took the makeup off.) This could have easily sucked and ruined my good memory. However, Masked Intruder does a pretty good job with that particular balancing act. You could enjoy these tunes on their own merits without even realizing that all of the love songs were really songs about weird, creepy stalkers in different colored ski masks. Provided, of course, that you really dug super catchy pop punk. And fuck you if you don't. —Ryan Horky (Red Scare)

MISSING MONUMENTS: Self-titled: 7"

Three spot-on bits of punk/rock embedded with pop hooks so sweet they'll likely get your teeth rotting after one listen. —Jimmy Alvarado (HoZac, hozacrecords.com)

MIXTAPES:

Even on the Worst Nights: LP

The best shit comes your way when you aren't looking for it. I don't believe in fate or that the universe has a plan or any of that sitcom-type spirituality, but life has a way of handing you one record a year that you really fuckin' need. In 2011 it was Houseboat's *Thorns of Life*. 2012's undisputed heavyweight contender for the record I really had to have in my life is *Even on the Worst Nights*.

Rustbelt kids just tryin' to figure it all out with a real knack for super-catchy melodies and big-ass hooks. They're not reinventing the wheel or squaring the circle or whatever the fuck it is reviewers say when a band's not "groundbreaking," but damn are these songs good. Days are gray and shit generally sucks, but I get just a tiny little glimmer of hope when I listen to this record. Fuck yes. —Ryan Horky (No Sleep, nosleeprecords.com)

MODRA:

The Line for the Men's Room: LP

This record has trance-inducing qualities. It's all I've listened to tonight. Over and over and over. The music is minimal, guitar-driven, and light on the percussion (it's there, but treated almost like something you kick around the room just to get it out of your way). My immediate thought, right before I fell under this album's spell, is these guys remind me of Jandek, FSA, as well as the *Sonic Death* tape from a long, long time ago (I wish that would be repressed on vinyl). The notes are plucked, sometimes sharp, sometimes cold, and, strangely, the sound goes over you like a warm blanket (much nicer and less corny than a Snuggie). But these guitars, though sparsely played, ring out, and float around, while there are some noises in the background vying for your attention. I like when they flesh out the sound more and create nervous tension with a bass thumping like a motor in the song "The Restless Dream." As they transition

into "She's Too Big," my mind has melted into a puddle. By the middle of the second side, I'm vaguely aware of my surroundings. I don't want to get up from my chair. I just want to sit hear and listen and look at how the lamp cast shadows on my cottage cheese ceiling. —M. Avrg (Savage Quality, savagequalityrecordings.com)

MONKS OF SCIENCE / DEFAULT:

Inspirations and Escalations:

Complete Recordings 1987-1992: CD

This disc is a pretty crucial release that gathers all the recorded output that both bands had. I had frankly never heard of either band, so this compilation was a real treat for me. To recount, both bands were active in the U.K. from 1987 until 1992. I think both bands were essentially the same band sans a lead singer and an added bassist. The only real problem I had with the disc was the chronology of the track listings. Default happened earlier in time, but their tracks are at the end of the CD. Likewise, the liner notes detailing everything are kind of jumbled in the same manner. Luckily, this doesn't really matter, as the disc kills! Both bands cranked out an awesome blend of American-styled pop punk that sounds familiar yet fresh even today. The Default tracks feature vocalist Loyd Sims who took his vocal cues from Glenn Danzig, it seems, which isn't a critique as much as an observation. Conversely, the bassist who joined The Monks was Stuart West—who you might know as Stu

West—currently a member of a little band called The Damned. This disc is totally worth making an effort to find. —Garrett Barnwell (Boss Tuneage)

MORONS, THE: *Discography: Cassette*

The Morons! Really? I have to review...

The Morons?, was the first thing to go through my head when I saw this tape. Then I put it on and got a swift smack in the face for making assumptions based on a shitty band name alone. The first song, "Come Get Drunk with Me," is pure punk rock perfection, a song so flawless in its portrayal of punk rock camaraderie it fails to be a classic simply because of its obscurity. It's in the voice of a guy drinking alone and missing his friends: "If you will come get drunk with me / too sloppy drunks is all we've got to be / I'm not asking for much just some fun / will smoke some crack and go for a beer run / To the store for more beer / I wish you guys were here." The Morons are one of those rare bands that redeem the banal melodic hardcore genre by taking the Fat Wreck/Epitaph/skate video style of punk, ramping up the speed, and just playing the living shit out of it; much in the spirit of British bands like Snuff and Guns 'n' Wankers and even Motörhead (they do covers of the latter two), but still, whether it's the lead singer or all of the band jumping in together on vocals, you can hear every word over the din. From what I gather, this is the retrospective discography of the band. They were pretty prolific in the early nineties in Chattanooga, a

HEY PUNKS!

QUIT BEING A LAZY FUCK AND SUBMIT TO MRR.

SCENE REPORTS, INTERVIEWS, GUEST COLUMNS, LETTERS...

WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON
IN YOUR TOWN, BARRIO, HOOD, ETC... NETA?

LET THE WORLD KNOW WHAT YOU THINK AT

MRR@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM





JANUARY 8th, 2013 ON RIPPING RECORDS.

Runnamucks

"Deficit of Dreams" LP/CD
200 on Clear Vinyl with
Red, White and Blue Splatter

Libyan Hit Squad/ Round Eye
"Full Circle" split LP/CD
featuring Greg Ginn!
500 on Orange Vinyl

Available from ildistro.com
runnamucks.com/rippingrecords.html

town famous for wonderfully obscure bands. It kind of makes me feel left out that they had all this fun and I just found out about their music. But it's better late than never, so jump on board. —Craven Rock (Once Tender)

NEEDFUL THINGS / ROSKOPP: Split: 7"

Okay, here's my beef: I'm immediately turned off by any record that A. doesn't include lyrics but B. still uses imagery in their packaging that includes scenes of shocking violence, images that frequently take place in underdeveloped or war-ravaged nations—in this case a video still of a group of smiling men holding a man's severed head aloft. There's no context beyond the bands' attempt at being "brutal." I understand that it's supposedly an aesthetic of the genre (in this case, grindcore), but I personally think it's totally fucking irresponsible and exploitative. That aside, both bands here sound like some gigantic dot matrix printer screeching behind Yog-Sothoth's answering machine message. Meaning the record's essentially a wall of noise with a monster yelling over the top of it. I'll pass. —Keith Rosson (To Live A Lie, tolivealie.com)

NO BAILS: Self-titled: 7"

This is what the punk rock of today should sound like, if Buck Biloxi And The Fucks didn't exist. Only slightly less awesome than label mates Buck Biloxi, even with the extra points No Bails get for covering Head when I

saw 'em live. Simple, straightforward music by some dopes who got together to say "fuck you." Near perfect! —Sal Lucci (Orgone Toilet, facebook.com/pages/Orgone-Toilet)

NO MORE ART: Tough to Breathe: 7"

Grade-A pop thuggery here. The lyrics are a little clunky in spots, but, on the whole, you get two wallop-packing, mid-tempo bruisers that would handily crack the charts if the world wasn't so ass backward. Hope a full-length ain't too far behind. —Jimmy Alvarado (Deranged)

NO PROBLEM: Living in the Void: EP

This is a band that just gets better with every record. This EP cranks all the way through. The title track is a crusher. The tempos vary and there's a bridge to underscore the energy and increase the tension. The vocal delivery is great! The words are spit out with venom, and opening the record with the bellow of "Living in a void!!!" definitely grabs your attention. Made better when the music matches it. The song is fast and heavy at the same time. "What Have I Become?" has a really cool pace, and the pacing of the vocals is great. They can be fast, crushing, and tuneful all in one song. No easy feat. —M. Avrg (Debt Offensive, debtoffensiverecs.bigcartel.com)

NOFX: Self/Entitled: CD

Solid return to form by this outfit. If you're expecting politically correct punk, you might as well turn this off after thirty seconds, since the first song

is called "72 Hookers!" The '80s are represented by everyone's favorite politicians—"Ronnie & Mags." Since this is post-breakup record for Fat Mike, he sings about what really matters to him most—his record collection. "I've Got One Jealous Again, Again" is a great song. There's even a Christmas song on here, so what else do you need? The only fuck-up is the picture insert, which, for some reason, omits El Hefe dressing up in drag. I'll let it slide this time. —Sean Koepenick (Fat Wreck, fatwreck.com)

NORMALS, THE: So Bad, So Sad: LP

The Normals were one of New Orleans's early punk bands that really didn't get much out vinyl-wise during their initial run, but what they did manage to release, namely the "Almost Ready"/"Hardcore" single, has become quite the bee's knees among the collector circuit—and with good reason. Since then, a number of releases featuring various recordings have been released, and this is the latest. Comprised of ten tracks from a 1979 demo and an alternate mix of "Almost Ready," this marks the first time these tracks have made it to vinyl. The sound quality is release quality, which leaves one figuring they probably just didn't have the moolah to release it proper-like back then or something, and the songs themselves are solid bits of punchy punk rock along the same lines as their much ballyhooed single of yore. Nice addition to their legacy here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Last Laugh)

NORTH OF GRAND:

A Farewell to Rockets: CD

These songs all have hooks galore... And I'm a total sucker for a hook. But, the hooks just can't seem to hold my interest here. This record is like if you had a group of kids who were weaned on a steady diet of Superchunk, Knapsack, and Jimmy Eat World when they were younger. Age the members fifteen years and then have this same band come together to create the most polished, radio friendly rock record, and this would be the result. You can tell there are great ideas here and the hooks are undeniable, but it comes off too much like a band trying to "make it." —Mark Twistworthy (Brolester)

OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB:

Alright Gentleman: 7"

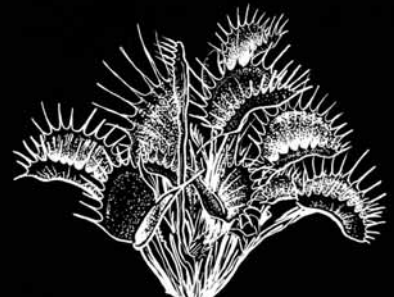
I swear, listening to an Occult Detective Club record makes me feel like I'm experiencing street punk-influenced pop punk (I loved One Man Army) for the first time again. Every hook and riff is just absolutely perfect when paired with the vocals of what sounds to me like a ballsier Elvis Costello. Just as recent as the release of this record is a split 10" with Something Fierce, another excellent Texas-based outfit who receive many comparisons to the Clash for both sound and modern relevance. If that's the case, then I'd have to say that Occult Detective Club is our generation's Stiff Little Fingers and I say that with absolute faith in how bold of a statement that may be. Pick up this record and tell

OUT NOW:
new releases from

ROUGH KIDS

DOUBLE NEGATIVE

BROKEN PRAYER



SORRY STATE

Shake! records.

experienceshake.com

SHAKE IT UP! VOL 1. (12" LP)

600 black vinyl (yellow cover)
100 mint vinyl (silver cover)

Compilation includes unreleased new songs by: THE JOLTS, DURBAN POISON, GREENBACK HIGH, HEADONS and many more of our favs!!

Mascara Nites (12" LP)


250 black vinyl (white cover)
150 white vinyl (blue/cream covers)
100 gold vinyl (black cover)


These are selling like hot cakes! Don't miss out on this rockin' garage punk masterpiece. RIYL: Blondie, The Pandoras, AC/DC.

Check out our in-stock 7" singles below .. available while supplies last!



WHAT DO YOU STAND BY? WE STAND BY GREAT TONE, MIDWEST VALUE, AND WORKING CLASS PRIDE. WE ALSO BELIEVE IN BEING YOURSELF AND ASK YOU TO JOIN US. STANDING APART DOESN'T MEAN STANDING ALONE.





SIUXGUITARS.COM
THE HOME OF TONE
SIUX CITY, IOWA

me it doesn't fucking rock. I'll slap you silly. —Juan Espinosa (Dirt Cult, dirtcultrecords.com)

PETTYBONE: *From Desperate Times Comes Radical Minds*: LP

Pettybone play a combination of '90s-style hardcore, a more melodic sound, and, at times, they slightly veer off into math rock type stuff. Outspoken and direct in their lyrics, they don't mince words with their intentions. The guitar playing on here is really good. She's doing things that aren't typical in things like the chorus, as there are flourishes added to accentuate the mood, instead of the usual strumming that a lot of bands tend to do. The bass has just the right amount of distortion, giving the sound that heaviness and dark edge. "Justice Tonight" sounds a lot like the Born Against song "Wellfedfuck," from the bass, drums, and the vocal delivery. There's a dark tone that hangs over this record that I really like. They can be fast and angry one song, then shift down to something a bit moodier the next. Pretty solid record throughout from a band that more than deserves your attention. Not something you can listen to passively. —M. Avrg (Emancypunx, emancypunx.com)

PHANTOM OF THE BLACK HILLS: *Enemy*: CD

Bandana-masked, whisky-slathered, six-gun wielding outlaw country music. Banjos and mandolins played with punk speed and hardcore aggression. Psychobilly? Nah. The

Phantom stomps on that pretty boy pompadoured bullshit. This disc has true grit, no question about it, and if you thought to question it, you'd likely get a blade in your gut as an answer. —MP Johnson (Ratchet Blade)

PIG DESTROYER: *Book Burner*: CD/LP

I've been waiting five years for a new Pig Destroyer album. The band's last release, *Phantom Limb*, came out in 2007, and is in my top five all-time favorite albums. It would be tough for this Maryland/Virginia four-piece to top that glorious slab of excruciating grindcore. The nineteen songs on *Book Burner* arrive in thirty-two minutes, being reminiscent of older albums in their catalog like 2004's *Terrifyer* in so far as the bursts and brevity of the tracks. Guest vocals are prevalent on the album, which is unusual for the band. Vocalists include Kat Katz and Richard Johnson from Agoraphobic Nosebleed (Pig Destroyer guitarist Scott Hull's other band), and Jason Netherton of Misery Index (Pig Destroyer drummer Adam Jarvis's other band). Upon first listen, these guest vocalists seem to upend the sound of J. R. Hayes's rough screaming, but after more listens, it's good to hear some different vocalists trying to hold their own with Pig Destroyer's aggressive sound and not just doing so but complementing it. One of the things that made *Phantom Limb* so great was the grooves of the songs. They were long enough (more than two minutes is a rarity

in grindcore) to build the song into a groove, work it through, and then end the tune, all while still pummeling the listeners' ears. That's not the case on *Book Burner*. Like *Terrifyer*, these songs are primarily blistering, fast, and to the point. The ones that shine ("Baltimore Strangler," "The Bug," "The Diplomat," "Permanent Funeral") are the ones that extend past the three-minute point. The rest of the songs are still good, but seem insignificant in light of the material that has depth. The lyrics also don't seem as intelligent (no, I'm not kidding—see "Gravedancer" or "Alexandria" on past albums for examples of J. R. Hayes lyrical capabilities), either. They're blunt, like the music, and seem to be drawing more from the Kerry King style of lyricism than the Henry Rollins school, which is a disappointment, as I had always considered vocalist and lyricist J. R. Hayes to be amongst the better lyricists in the hard music genre. Let's face it—it's hard to top an all-time favorite album, so despite these reservations, *Book Burner* is still far above almost anything else you'll hear in the grindcore scene this year and a good place for the uninitiated to learn about Pig Destroyer. —Kurt Morris (Relapse)

PINBACK: *Information Retrieved*: CD/LP

At this point in their career, Pinback has made one thing clear: every album they release sounds pretty similar, but dammit if they aren't all good. What

allows Pinback to get away with this redundancy is that there aren't any other bands that sound quite like them. The dual harmonies of Rob Crow and Zach Smith complement one another so well, it's as though they were always meant to go together. The multi-instrumentalism (it seems there's always something else to listen to in each song—strings, keyboards, piano, electronic drums, bass, and various guitars), and the darker nature of the music mixed with the pop sensibilities cause the band to stand out in the indie rock scene. The lyrics continue to remain obscure, albeit catchy. "It shouldn't be so hard to have a nice day," the band sings on "Diminished" and soon I'm crooning along, too, but I have no idea what I'm even singing about. And in the course of the ten songs in thirty-eight minutes, this happens frequently. The opening track, "Proceed to Memory," might be one of the best rock songs I've heard this year and while none of the other tracks can top it, "True North" and the closer, "Sediment," are both strong numbers. The one stinker on *Information Retrieved* is "Denslow, You Idiot!" mainly because the keyboard sounds like it was taken from a rejected Wesley Willis song, especially at the beginning of the track. While the nuances of the tone of an album can be rather subjective, *Information Retrieved* seems to be more melancholic than much of Pinback's previous work, which sits well with this reviewer. The day this band records a happy pop album is the day I stop listening to them.



P.O. BOX 410892
SAN FRANCISCO,
CA 94141-0892 USA
WWW.PRANKRECORDS.COM

PRANKREC@MINDSPRING.COM

PRANK WEB STORE AT:
PRANKRECORDS.BIGCARTEL.COM

PRANK BLOG AT:
WWW.PRANKRECORDS.BLOGSPOT.COM
LOOK US UP ON FACEBOOK, MYSPACE
TWITTER

WHOLESALE FROM: HAVOC, EBULLITON,
NO IDEA, REVOLVER USA.

WRITE FOR MAILORDER PRICES. COMBINED
SHIPPING. ONLINE PAYMENTS OR COMPLETE
MAILORDER LIST.

LP'S \$14 PPD IN THE US BY PAYPAL TO
PRANKREC@MINDSPRING.COM
\$13 BY US MAIL.



HERÄTYS "NÄEN PUNALISTA" 7"
FINAL 6 SONG EP



IRON LUNG "WHITE GLOVE TEST" DLP/CD
A CO-RELEASE WITH IRON LUNG RECORDS



EFFLUXUS 7" OUT FEBRUARY.



FORWARD "WAR NUKE AND DEATH
SENTENCE" LP NEW FORWARD LP



ASTA KASK "MED IS I MAGEN" LP
RE-MASTERED VINYL REPRESS.
LIMITED TO 1,000 COPIES



NO STATIK "EVERYWHERE YOU AREN'T
LOOKING"
LP NEW 10-SONG LP

COMING SOON: ASTA KASK "ALDRIG EN" LP. REPLICA 7". NO STATIK RE-PRESSES. STILL AVAILABLE: SMASH DETOX 7" / BURY
THE LIVING "ALL THE NEWS" LP / CD / PESD LP / FORWARD "JUST GO FORWARD TO DEATH" LP / REALITY CRISIS LP / DAMAD "BURNING
COLD" CD / WORD SALAD "SPECIMEN" 7" ON TOUR: IRON LUNG AUSTRALIA / NEW ZEALAND JAN / FEB 2013. EFFLUXUS FEB 22ND
OAKLAND (EFFLUXUS/ REPLICA RECORD RELEASE SHOW) FEB 23RD LONG BEACH / FEB 24TH SAN JOSE. FORWARD AUSTRALIA MARCH 2013

But based on where they're at with this latest album, it appears that's not occurring any time soon. —Kurt Morris (Temporary Residence)

PINK REASON: "Ache for You" b/w "Darken Daze": 7"

Ohio and environs—close enough to be far away. Far away enough to be left alone to form a unique identity and not harvested by the microsecond by whatever style is in fancy, almost regardless if the shiny/fancy shit is on the backs of undocumented souls and decades of great work. I'm thinking Sun God, This Moment In Black History, The Chargers Street Gang, wherever the Homostupids are from. There's a bleak desperation in Kevin DeBroux; a rust-encrusted, poverty-ensnared, life-is-shit, better-play-music vibe in Pink Reason that I really respond to. It's outsider music for those without a backup plan. To give you a watershed, it's garage rock without the comfort of a garage. Handgun in the Laundromat. —Todd Taylor (Savage Quality, savagequalityrecordings.com)

PITY PARTY / VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL: Split: 7"

Pity Party: Featuring Fid of the Measure [SA] and Joel and Cassady from Sexy Crimes. Spazzy and a little unhinged. It sounds like a confluent wave-crash of Toy Dolls and PS Elliot playing ADHD (as opposed to NYHC) hardcore—sweet, spastic, and time changes galore. Trouble City, here we come. Nice. Vacation Bible School:

Chicago-styled, modern pop punk for the "please play more, Pegboy" fan in all of us. Beefy hooks. Peppy delivery. Dour subtext. Honest dudes. Clean, clear, and punchy recording. If this was the future that didn't suck, a can of beer would pop out of the top of the record and open itself up at the beginning of the first song. Don't take this shit for granted folks, because there are a thousand ways to fuck this up and two or three ways to do it right. —Todd (Underground Communiqué, undercomm.org)

PLAGUE DOGS: Self-titled: 12" EP

Pretty damn good metallic crust from these guys. They successfully blend in some rock elements via Motörhead influences into their sound, which helps them stand apart from the masses making a stab at this stuff. They keep things mainly at a somewhat mid-tempo simmer, allowing for the urgency to come through nice and strong. The raspy vocals work well and never grate or turn into one big growl. You can make out what is being said, which is sort of rare. The guitar work on here is pretty good. They definitely know how to play and the metal-style soloing is an asset. Not to mention the drummer can smash the hell out his kit! All six songs on here are pretty solid and will do the job nicely. If you're a fan of Hellshock, Tragedy, Inepsy, and the type, then you should pick this up as well. —M. Avrg (Sit & Spin, sitandspinrecords@gmail.com / sitandspinrecords.blogspot.com)

POINTED STICKS: Xmas: 7"

My love of Canadian punk rock and Christmas punk has finally been merged. Living legends of the early Vancouver punk scene Pointed Sticks have brought forth an early gift to put under the tree. For those not in the know, the Sticks could very well be described as Canada's answer to the Buzzcocks (or for a better, more detailed description, check out Sam Sutherland's amazing Canadian punk tome *Perfect Youth*). The single kicks off with "Power Pop Santa" and it is the catchiest Christmas list I've heard in a while. They name check a lot of bands and people all while reminding us how to pogo. The flip side gives us "Xmas Time Again," which is easily the lesser of the two tracks. It's still pretty good, but just can't keep up to the former track. It's a bit slower with piano accents. For some reason it reminds me of a mid-era Stiff Little Fingers B-side or something. This slab of festive green vinyl is a very welcome addition to my ever-growing Xmas punk collection. —Ty Stranglehold (La-Ti-Da)

POISON IDEA: The Fatal Erection Years: CD

The sideshow cavalcade of human oddities in punk rock has always featured an unsettling array of freaks of earnestness; some punks pickled in jars of their own self-righteous juices, others with rigid dogmas pounded into their heads like the nails hammered into the heads of sideshow blockheads and human pincushions. Take Ian

MacKaye, for instance. MacKaye was not only very, very earnest, but he also seemed like a very somber chap. Like a very serious librarian or a Mennonite or Norman Mailer. But Poison Idea was every bit as earnest as Ian MacKaye. The main difference being that they did let a certain very dark nihilistic sense of humor shine through—the "Violence Is Funny" clips on their *Mating Walruses* DVD immediately spring to mind as a good example—but it never tempered their intensity or earnestness one iota. They were possessed of a rendering plant level of earnestness, which was fitting for a band that, if you were to put their carcasses through a giant meat grinder, would produce more pounds of ground beef than three normal bands. Not to mention that they would probably make a hamburger that you could get drunk off of. They were Rabelaisian giants and they were to hardcore what King Kong Bundy was to wrestling. Brutal, massive, stroke-inspiring. Looking at them, you'd think they'd be ponderous and elephantine like Crowbar, but they weren't. With a Bobbitt Ibanez Iceman in his hands, Pig Champion's ham hock arms moved as fast as Bruce Lee's. Poison Idea combined heavy and fast like no other band dared. *The Fatal Erection Years* gives you a veritable feast of mid-'80s Poison Idea all on one CD, including *Pick Your King*, *Record Collectors Are Pretentious Assholes*, compilation tracks from the *Drinking Is Great 7"* and the *Cleanse the Bacteria* LP—PLUS previously unreleased live

WWW.ON THE REAL RECORDS.com



COMING SOON:

AMERICAN LIES/SMOKEJUMPER SPLIT 7"

AVAILABLE NOW:

DUDES NIGHT/HORROR SQUAD SPLIT 7"

ADDER - NO BABIES PLEASE EP

FRENCH EXIT/SIGNALS MIDWEST SPLIT 7"



12TH & G COMPILATION



FEATURING: DEAD TO ME • TURKISH TECHNO • SUMMER VACATION & MORE

AND CHECK OUR HUGE DISTRO OF RECORDS AND TAPES

THE THREADS



LOVE AND OTHER BAD DECISIONS

www.theThreadsNyc.com

NOW ON ITUNES AND AMAZON.COM

tracks from Portland in 1983. And if the release of this CD wasn't in itself good news for modern man, word on the streets is that Southern Lord is going to be re-releasing several more Poison Idea classics on CD, including the long lost *Ian MacKaye* recordings. I just hope that these wonderful plans don't go up in a cloud of bong smoke; I glanced over the Southern Lord website and they seem to be big purveyors of stoner metal and that does cause me some concern. Short-term memory lapse might be fairly commonplace at that particular office. The best laid plans sometimes just don't happen, I'd wager. I also really, really hope that the brain trust at Southern Lord has the fog-free horse sense to re-release the *Ian MacKaye* recording using the original *uncensored* cover photo—which is a sort of Poison Idea's hairy proctological valentine to the Messiah of Straightedge, Mr. MacKaye himself. Poison Idea were behemoth motherfuckers—to borrow an apt designation by Tad Doyle, himself a connoisseur of things large, loud, powerful, and dangerous. It's doubtful we'll ever see another band quite like them. —Aphid Peewit (Southern Lord, southernlord.com)

PORCHARITAS:
Get Wasted With...: 7" EP

The tiger-striped fruit of the perennially-fertile Bobbyteens tree blooms once again in the bendy-straw-enhanced form of this three-girls-and-a-guy-drummer Hunstville quartet.

Song topics include—not particularly surprisingly—pillow fights, drinking, and love's labors lost. For some reason, the band is unable to sell me on attitudinal claims like "IT'S GONNA BE A MAKEOUT NIGHT!" with full sincerity; "Get Wasted," however, beams forth with full authenticity. I'll drink girlie drinks to that! **BEST SONG:** "Get Wasted" **BEST SONG TITLE:** "Pillow Fight" **FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT:** Record comes complete with Porcharita drink recipe and conveniently attached bendy straw. —Rev. Norb (Vertical House, theverticalhouse.com)

PURPLE 7: Self-titled: One-sided 12"

Containing members of Defiance, OH, Hot New Mexicans, and Landlord, Purple 7 lay down five plump, bottom-heavy tracks, kinda dirty and muddy, but in a glorious way. Midwestern basement pop rooted in an analog way of life. The back cover mentions it was recorded to ½" tape, and really does sound like it. It's got such a massive body to it, it's vibrating the speakers. And while all the songs are good, the last track truly is the clincher. "W.T.P.T.M." is as solid as a song gets. All the elements are there: questioning, anthemic, gang vocals, the pristine guitar lead, the breakdown. It kind of overshadows the other tracks, or maybe I'm just a total sucker for songs like this. Imagine the Compulsive Gamblers covering "If the Kids Are United." If you were already a fan of Hot New Mexicans and Landlord, you

gotta get your hands on this record as well. You will not be disappointed. —Daryl (Let's Pretend)

RAD PAYOFF: *Amazing Blaze: 7"*

In the Summer of 2011, my roommates and I traveled to the fantastical land Chicago to enjoy the sights and sounds of the second city. While there, I took the effort to find a local punk show happening in the week we'd be around. In a warehouse turned living space/concert hall, we watched Rad Payoff play to a crowd of thirty or so when they looked like they were in front of three thousand. The pedigree is high, with members' previous experience being test in Sass Dragons, The Treasure Fleet, Das Kapital and others I'm sure I'm forgetting right now. The music is familiar enough to anyone who's heard the Sass Dragons before, mostly due to Jason's unmistakable screams. Ultimately, this is four guys who know how to play their instruments playing catchy punk rock songs. Get this. You may not heed my advice now, but one day the LP will drop and I hope you all remember the name Rad Payoff. —Bryan Static (Let's Pretend, letspretendrecords.com)

RADICAL DISCHARGE:
Party On Dudes: 7"

Metallic punk—or punky metal, take yer pick—of the variety that was all the rage circa 1986. —Jimmy Alvarado (Radical Discharge)

RATIONAL ANIMALS: *Gabrielle: 7"*

I feel like my opinion of Rational Animals records would be much higher had I not seen them before listening to them. There is an energy in their live set—that I've been lucky enough to see a few times—and I never felt it translated to their recorded material. That being said, I've never had to objectively review their records so it was easy to pass them off as one of those, "Well, you had to be there" bands that are forever stuck in one place and time, to a very specific group of people who were lucky enough to see them. So I'm listening to this 7" trying to push out any memory I have of seeing them. These two tracks are slower and heavier (the B side especially) than I remember from their other records, with a late '80s SST slant on modern punk. The guitars are punchy and evil in a good way and the beats are somehow danceable. Maybe giving them a more attentive listen has yielded better results, or maybe this single is just better than the stuff I heard previously, but the songs, while not really "catchy," do have a character to them that I feel their earlier material was lacking. However, they fall short of the expectations they create even in these songs, as I just don't want to listen to it again. I can't think of a time when these two songs would pop up on a mix tape or DJ set and I would get excited. The song "Gabrielle" is fantastic lyrically and creates a haunting mental image, but I don't hear the voice of the character in the music. It's hard to be

PROFANE EXISTENCE RECORDS LIMITED EDITION SINGLES SERIES

PROFANE EXISTENCE

Limited Edition SINGLES SERIES

<p>THE SHAME <i>The World Is Ours 7"</i></p>  <p>PE SINGLES SERIES #1 January 2013</p>	<p>DESPISE <i>Desolate / Inebriated 7"</i></p>  <p>PE SINGLES SERIES #2 February 2013</p>	<p>WARTORN <i>Domestic Terrorist 7"</i></p>  <p>PE SINGLES SERIES #3 March 2013</p>
--	--	--

In 2013 Profane Existence will release one new 7" a month as part of our limited edition singles series. This series is going to spotlight different underground / D.I.Y. bands that have captured our attention and we feel are deserving of yours. There will be a short run pressing of each record. Once they are gone they are gone. We have no plans to repress them or keep them in print. This is a one shot deal. Bands will be announced quarterly. For more info visit:

www.profaneexistence.com

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE FIRST 6 AND GET EXCLUSIVE GLOW-IN-THE-DARK VINYL & A FREE SILK SCREENED PATCH

PROFANE EXISTENCE RECORDS LIMITED EDITION SINGLES SERIES

HEY PUNK! S.W.T. RECORDS HAS LOADS OF NEW RELEASES AND LOTS OF Distro. ITEMS IN WEBSITE SO COME ON DOWN CHECK IT OUT - IF WE'RE STILL ALIVE - PLUS NEW CATALOGS

EMAIL: PUNKROCKJES@AOL.COM

WE LOVE TO DO TRAPSET

KEEP THE OLD SCHOOL SWEET IN ALIVE

SUBURBAN RECORDS

**P.O. BOX 270594
FORT COLLINS, CO
80527-0594 USA**

negative about something when it's obvious that this record was created with pure artistic intentions and you can really feel that they aren't holding anything back, but after a few listens, I feel no connection to these songs. Maybe in a little while I'll be able to share these songs with someone in one of those late nights of flipping through records with a friend, the way these records seem to come up because they just haunt us like "Gabrielle." *"It's been a long time since I've heard this record. The A side is this really sad song, I think it's maybe about his mom..."*, but right now I just don't feel it. —Ian Wise (Cowabunga)

RAZORCUT: Self-titled: 7"

Longshot Music continues to discover and release top notch oi bands from around the world. RazorCut are from Australia and play aggressive, U.K.-style early oi, sans hardcore U.S. influences. What sets RazorCut apart is that two of its members are women, so there are dual female voices backing up the frontman. All four of these songs hooked me instantly. I'd hate to be a skinhead in post-Romper Stomper Australia, but it'd be awfully hard to keep one's hair growing with rad bands like RazorCut around. —Art Ettinger (Longshot)

REVILERS: Self-titled: CD

All I can say is holy hell! I went into this review not knowing anything about this band, but I am so glad that I have heard this album. You have a four piece

band from Boston who has been around since 2008 who have put out their self-titled album after releasing a bunch of singles before this and it's really good. The album starts off with the song "No Bullshit" and keeps on building until the last one "BCR" with a cool Jerry Lee Lewis cover of "End of the Road" thrown in the mix. These guys have the right mix of hardcore, punk, and street punk that most bands cannot pull off. All the styles blend together really well and make for a great bunch of songs. They rail away against politics, shitty jobs, about being a punk when you were young and being one when you're older, and just being sick of all the bullshit in the world. You get two different vocalists on here, both doing some heartfelt hollering. The guitar, drums, and bass all accent each other perfectly and create a racket to piss off your uptight neighbors. The album has thirteen tracks and not a duff one on it. The production is really good, with everything mixed together very well and dirty enough to make it sound like it's an older release, not all prettied up like a lot of newer releases. Now I must try to beg for their older releases because I need them and you need them. —Rick E. (Patac, patacrecords.com)

RINGWORM: Stigmatas in the Flesh: LP

An impeccably recorded (and played) live set from one of my all-time favorite bands. Caught a few years back at A389 Records' sixth birthday bash (AKA *The Show That Ends The*

World), this is Ringworm in perfect form. Vicious, tight as hell, and killing a setlist that runs the gamut from *The Promise* up to (and including) *The Venomous Grand Design*. One of hardcore's greats at the top of their game. —Dave Williams (A389)

rites of spring: Demo 1984: 10"/CD

What an artifact! I'm not sure if this record is necessary listening, unless you've listened to the ROS LP constantly for years. But if you have, then it's absolutely necessary. These takes aren't half of what they would eventually be, but hearing demo versions of what became classic songs can be very humanizing. Guy's voice is raggedy and a little snotty, the guitar sound is pretty terrible at parts, but it's still these timeless songs I've obsessed over for years. My only complaint is that now when I listen to the LP version of "All There Is" I can't help but hear the ear-piercing squeal from the demo version. But it's worth it. —Daryl (Dischord)

ROOFTOP VIGILANTES / MANNEQUIN MEN: Split: 7" EP

Rooftop Vigilantes: Solid popsmithing here—sick hooks, singalong choruses, wholly memorable results. Mannequin Men: Maybe a bit darker hues in their palette, and their side sounds like hints of paisley jangle in there somewhere as well, but the results are no less impressive than their vinyl mates. Good, good work on both sides of the fence here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Replay)

ROSELIT BONE: Self-titled: Cassette

This duo has taken the time to listen to Hank Williams and the like, rather than concocting some sort of imagined version of what Hank sounded like, which is what I think a lot of bands of this ilk do. On top of their mournful, dusty country, they layer lyrics that are often sick and upsetting, delivered without tongue in cheek or wink of the eye, but with a wail and snarl that makes you wonder how long it's going to be before they do something really bad. —MP Johnson (Suncoured Shehog)

SASS DRAGONS: New Kids on the Bong: LP

When you pick up an album called *New Kids on the Bong*, you pretty much lower your expectations and just accept that you're in for a stoner rock album as stale as the pun that bears its name. But then Sass Dragons have you right where they want you. They exploit your presumptions by hitting you with a barrage of musical styles you did not see coming until you're willing to accept whatever it is you're hearing on this album. Thrash punk? Sure. Pop punk love songs? Why not. An acoustic sing-along featuring a banjo? Yeah, fine. A slow jam about a cat? Sounds good. A saxophone solo? Alright. Every song on this album sounds like it was recorded by a different band. Totally eclectic. Slightly weird. All unexpected. —Dan Ozzi (It's Alive/No Breaks)



SCRAP KIDS: All That I Can't Be: CD

Folk punk? Or is this just the latest installment of the bevy of acoustic punk sans percussion? Either way, I do like this sound on occasion (although I'm becoming a bit weary that this watershed has not yet been plugged) and I do like this record. In both music and lyrics, it reminds me a lot of Wingnut Dishwashers Union and similar Silver Sprocket releases, but it's less diverse in the tuneage. The insert has written on it, boldly, "Militant rudeboy. Vegan fury," which made me laugh derisively until the proverbial milk came out my nose. (There's your vegan fury!) Either way, I liked it, and I'll keep it around and enjoy it. On occasion. —The Lord Kveldulfr (Gox)

SEA OF SHIT / WATER TORTURE: Split: 7"

I have previously raved in these pages about the disgusting ugly mess that is Sea Of Shit, and this release finds them even more tight and concise. They build tension with exaggerated moments of syncopation and breakneck powerviolence before imploding back into sludge torture. They are one of the few powerviolence bands in recent memory that I really feel could hold their own on an LP because they write songs that adhere to the style without falling into generic gimmicks to put longer grooves on the record. Water Torture has one other 7" out that I somehow missed, so this is my first introduction to their recorded material (though their live show is

phenomenal). They complement Sea Of Shit with a similar style, but the advent of more bass and awkward forays into feedback and noise that cut out in a second's notice create a different landscape. I am so happy that the powerviolence trend has died so those left over are making music that is sincere but still pushing the music into new boundaries. While the influence is obvious, comparing these bands to Man Is The Bastard or Infest is like comparing Crass to the Ramones. The intent is different, the worldview is skewed, and the result is light years away, despite the application of the identifier. —Ian Wise (Diseased Audio)

SHANKS, THE: I'd Fuck Me: Cassette

This is a rarities and B-sides collection by Omaha-based garage rockers The Shanks. Their specialty is the seedier edge of the subgenre, very reminiscent of The Spider Babies. Fans of heavily distorted garage sounds with gritty, sexually-infused lyrics will dig them for sure. From the mildly perverted cover art to the nifty cassette shell, it is releases like this one that are making me a big fan of the tape resurgence. It's also cool that a download card is included. Fun, sick, and mesmerizing. The Shanks are like Christian TV minus the Christians. How's that for an endorsement? —Art Ettinger (Rainy Road)

SICK FIX: Vexed: LP

Pretty cool, heavy hardcore that's usually a bit too fast for my tastes,

although I'm not exactly surprised since Sick Fix features members of Magrudergrind/Coke Bust/etc. I'm sure this is a total mindbomb live (Michelle's vocals are positively insane), so while I usually like my hardcore to have a bit more groove to it, I'll definitely check Sick Fix out at the A389 party in Baltimore this January. I'd say there's a damn good chance I'll be converted. —Dave Williams (A389)

SIDEKICKS, THE: Grace: 7"

The Sidekicks play wimp pop with annoying vocals. For fans of Weezer and girls who sleep with the guy with the guitar at the party. —Craven Rock (Red Scare)

SOFT DOV: Deathblast: Cassette

Pure chaos. Shattered chords choked out of guitars, giving friction-filled birth to solos that scrape and cut. Drums shoving everything forward. Bass crawling into your gut. Vocals like a desperate warning. Must play again. —MP Johnson (Soft Dov)

SONSKULL: Wiped Clean: 12" EP

Sonskull make noisy, jangly-sounding punk rock with female vocals. There's plenty of feedback and grit in the sound of this, which I enjoyed. Vocalist Mary has a roaring voice that fits their loose-sounding style well. The long buildup of the title track makes the payoff of the song itself worth the wait. From there, each track, rips, rages, and wails from start to finish. The exception to this

intensity is "Weeping Hole" on the B-Side of the record. This is a sparse lo-fi sounding track with one of the other members of the band singing in a quiet, monotone voice. It didn't do much for me, but the rawness of the rest of this record more than makes up for this one hiccup. —Paul J. Comeau (Perennial)

SPIDERFACE: Nobody's Safe: CD

I have very discriminating taste when it comes to shock rock. You can't just spit blood in my face and expect me to love your band forever. That may be shocking, but it's not rocking. Spiderface brings forth the grimy, angry rock with straightjacket scum songs like "Death Dong 1" about declaring war on the asses of homophobes. I'm blasting it now. I hope my neighbor can hear it over all the shitty Christmas music she's playing. —MP Johnson (Unrepentant)

SPITTING IMAGE: Valley Floor: 7"

What a weird record. The music is sort of noise pop (think Shoppers) that is very informed by early Joy Division and other heavier elements of British post-punk. The closest point of reference would be early Iceage/Lowercase I guess other Danish noisy punk bands, but it lacks the intensity or memorability of either of the aforementioned bands. It comes with a thirty-some page zine of artists from Nevada that is really cool and sort of over shadows the record. —Ian Wise (Negative Space)

RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS
FIRST TIME ON VINYL

RECORDED MESSAGES

Pre-Order and get limited Mail-Order-Only Color Available at www.Recorded-Messages.com

OUT NOW // winter2012



OLD FLINGS
SPITE 12" LP

ODDCZAR
ONE WORD
12" LP



OUT SOON // early2013

LATEBLOOMER
S/T 12" LP



www.selfawarerecords.com

STAR AND DAGGER: *In My Blood*: 12"

Occasionally, you hear a band that is really ugly and domineering but somehow sounds like they could be poised for commercial success. I'm talking about the Baronesses and Fucked Ups of our time, bands that wrote songs that stuck in your head and had big production because they had an idea and knew how to pull it off, not because they were actively trying to sell more records. I imagine this will be the case with Star And Dagger, and not because they are easily marketable in terms of their "ex members" credentials, but because they just write really good songs. This 12" is three doomy stoner songs with female vocals that have a heavy focus on both the low end and the melody. The music is more reminiscent of early Sabbath/Jerusalem than more recent doom/stoner rock and everything is so methodic and in place it's hard to nitpick. The guitar tone is perfect, the song structures are engaging, and the vocals fit the music perfectly. I didn't really know what to expect from this record and I was pleasantly surprised. —Ian Wise (Last Hurrah)

STEAMY WOLVES: *Moist Lord*: Cassette

Five tracks of some seriously fucked gabber/electronic/experimental noise immersed in paranoia and sacrilege. This isn't music to listen to anywhere but in your room alone or with like-minded individuals, though, at times, I can picture it being blared at some

shitty club full of soulless clones when suddenly the security sprinklers start to shower everyone with piss. Recommended for anyone who's looking for anything but a good time. —Juan Espinosa (Self-released, steamywolves.web.com)

STRANGLEHOLD: Self-titled: 7"

Ahhhhhhh, I see what's going on here. Well, no, I'm not affiliated with this band despite having the same name. It wouldn't be a bad thing though because I like what's going on here. Solid mid-tempo punk rock whose singer had an amazingly raspy voice. Does she gargle with razor blades and whiskey? The thing is she sounds great, as does the rest of the band. Three straight-up, catchy originals and a Stiff Little Fingers cover. Stranglehold approved! —Ty Stranglehold (Longshot)

STREET DOGS: *GOP*: 7"

Menace performed at the 2012 2000 Tons of TNT festival in Hartford, CT. Watching them play their classic punk anthem "G.L.C." was a childhood dream come true. Queer Pills Records released an awesome repress of that classic 7" in conjunction with the show, with another four Menace 7" represses promised for the near future. Is the Street Dogs cover of "G.L.C.," altered to be about the Republican party, worth checking out? Of course it is. Former Dropkick Murphys vocalist Mike McColgan's Street Dogs are always a good time and this record is no exception. The B-side is

a live version of their popular "Not without a Purpose." Twenty thousand copies of this 7" were originally pressed as a flexi to hand out to Republicans outside of election year Republican events as an educational act of protest. Now the true vinyl is available. Hopefully some young Street Dogs fans check out Menace as a result, an outcome even nobler than changing the face of lame mainstream politics. —Art Ettinger (Pirates Press, piratespressrecords.com)

SUGAR STEMS: *Like I Do*: 7"

Perhaps it's somewhat unfair to review this single when the rest of my review materials consisted of raging hardcore releases, but I'm confident that I can remain objective. That said, I'm really not feeling this at all. Don't get me wrong, I'm not hating on the sweeter side of punk rock (I was in The Steve Adamyk Band, for Pete's sake), but Sugar Stems are just a bit too, I dunno... *twee* for my liking, I s'pose. I'm sure there are a shit-ton of pop punk nerds who'll be drooling all over this, but I guess I just don't see how this even begins to fall under the punk umbrella. Meh. —Dave Williams (Certified PR)

SWEATER GIRLS:***Sweater Girls Were Here*...: LP**

Cardigans drawn on a chalk board, sack lunches, algebra books, and paper airplanes populate the album cover. Equipped with handclaps, toy keyboards, and xylophones, this twee

five piece out of L.A. present their debut album for the class. That perfect shade of shy awkwardness that reeks of teen spirit is heard throughout the twelve tracks. In the same department as Tiger Trap and Shonen Knife, Sweater Girls employ female harmonies to ride a pink cloud of infatuation and nostalgia, cooing "and my parents don't know" in the chorus to "Fingers Crossed." Impressively produced, especially for a debut, with guitar hooks worthy of any gym room dance, Sweater Girls are head of the class. Recommended. —Kristen K. (HHBTM, hbbtm.com)


SWEET PUPS: Self-titled: Cassette

As simple as it may sound, you don't come across too many bands who play some fun punk much like the Go-Go's did in the '80s, but Sweet Pups sure do sound like they've been doing it forever. There's some doo-wop and '60s bubblegum pop influence lurking about, and it comes through big time with the soulful vocals provided by ladies who appear to be very comfortable with their singing abilities. The Soviettes go garage? Bow Wow Wow as a real punk band? Three songs is such a tiny morsel to savor. Give us more! —Juan Espinosa (Self-released, sweetpups@yahoo.com)

SWINGIN' UTTERS: *"The Librarians Are Hiding Something" b/w "Rude Little Rooms"*: 7"

Cockney Rejects meet John Cougar Mellencamp. Who knew there'd be magic? The Utters are very continental

PAINT FUMES "UCK LIFE"



MANGLED AND SCREAMING GARAGE-PUKE BLAST!!!
LP / CD
OUT NOW
FROM...

Slovenly RECORDINGS

"I LOVE THESE FRAGRANT PRICKS."
—SYFFAL.COM

MORE SICK CRUD AVAILABLE NOW... OW! OW!

THEE OOPS "HAPPY CHARLIE" 2x 7" / CD
VOYAGER 8 "ACID BABY JESUS AND HELLSHOVEL PRESENT" 10" EP

CHECK OUT WWW.SLOVENLY.COM FOR TOTAL SPAZZ FACTOR

stickerguy.com!

775.358.7865



LLUIS FUZZHOUND 2010

in their Americanness and very San Francisco in their Britishisms. The Utters could have easily turned into compone oi or liver-damage anglophile sad sacks lamenting drained pints, shagged birds, and deflated weather balloons of careers. Instead, the Utters are reliable, always worth a listen, and are aging with defiant, honorable dignity. One question. How the hell can a table legs ever be illegal? I'll take my answer off the air. Worth the wax. —Todd (Fat, fatwreck.com)

TEENAGE SOFTIES: *Brunch: 7"*

Thoughtful, spirited pop punk with male/female vocals and the unfortunate tendency to extend a song's refrain a bit longer than seems necessary. Five tracks, all of them well played, though the recording seemed a bit thin and the first side of the record tended to skip. Still, there's serious potential here—*Brunch* makes me think of either Astrid Oto or a more frenzied Oswald Five-O, both of whom had some pretty cool songs in their catalog. —Keith Rosson (Meth Mouth)

TEMPLARS, THE: *Dans Les Catacombs Du Studio de L'Acre 1993-1999 20th Anniversary Edition: LP*

The Templars are hands down the greatest American oi band of all time. This reissue of their collection *Dans Les Catacombs*, released in conjunction with the band's twentieth anniversary, adds the two-song *Milites Templi 7"* to the existing seventeen-song edition, for a total of nineteen tracks of Templars

goodness. Known for their unique, stripped down, lo-fi approach, The Templars are an absolutely incredible band. Their live shows are amazing, as are their records. I've always contended that *Dans Les Catacombs* is their finest release, since it includes so many classics like "Police Informer," "The Sixties Are Over," "The Templars," "Subculture Kid," "I Believe in Myself," and "Victim." Fancy packaging and excellent-sounding vinyl add to the awesomeness. The Templars will turn even the snobbiest anti-skin punk into an oi fan. It's true. Social science research conducted by yours truly indicates that ninety three out of one hundred punks love The Templars upon a first listen. Don't miss out! —Art Ettinger (TKO)

THROWAWAYS, THE: *Self-titled: 7"*

This three-piece from Calgary play fun longing-for-summer, girl-fronted Ramones-style pop punk with lots of woah-ohs. Think of a faster Tocatot and you'd be getting pretty close. Fun, energetic stuff from a very young-looking band. —Craven Rock (J.A.W.)

ULTRAMAN / DOT DASH!: *Split: 10"*

Wow. St. Louis's classic Dag Nasty-ish Ultraman return with this neat split with a French band called Dot Dash! Dot Dash! are more power poppy than Ultraman, but the two bands very much complement one another. Ultraman is one of those groups that is still remembered regionally, but is often overlooked by those not in the

Midwest. They've always felt like St. Louis's Naked Raygun in that they're catchy, but not obnoxiously so. The lesser known Dot Dash! are very likable, too. Have your French friends over for a mixer and check this nifty platter out. —Art Ettinger (Chanmax)

VACATION: *Candy Waves: 7"*

On this record Vacation execute three tracks written by Chicago, IL's Al Scorch. Applying a hefty amount of reverb on the vocals, playing some straight up rock'n'roll riffs, and the occasional garage-guitar-thudding, there's definitely a departure from earlier recordings. But collaborations like this can be just what some bands need, a little experimentation to throw you off your usual routines. Definitely more of a garage record than a pop punk record. —Daryl (Let's Pretend / Drunken Sailor)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Dead Broke Rekerds Tape Comp Vol.4: Cassette*

With some obvious exceptions, no one likes a comp. My favorite comps were put out by Sacramento's Secret Center Records in the 1990s, usually on cassette. I don't know to what degree the fact that this is on tape is what is reminding me so much of those classic Secret Center releases, but this collection of sloppy pop is filling me with joy. Besides Stoned At Heart, Gordon Gano's Army, and God Equals Genocide, most of the bands included were new to me. If you're looking to check out a slew of fun, fresh bands, it

doesn't get much better than this. I'm digging out *Yahzee Punks Fuck Off* now to relive my cassette compilation past. Viva la tape comp! —Art Ettinger (Dead Broke)

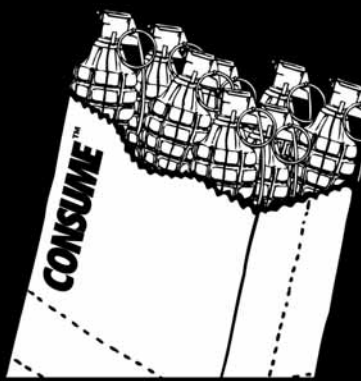
VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Dekalb, Brawl City: CD

In an era when "compilation" is synonymous with "here's assorted dreck from my label's shitpile of crap releases," it's always faboo when something comes along that recalls the medium's glory days. Seventeen bands, presumably from the titular city, grace this bad boy, dishing up assorted hues of punk, hardcore, and points between, the results varying from downright catchy to blissfully grating. As with other similar releases, my only gripe here is the lack of band info provided (though an insert with web address for each band is included, I'm a right lazy bastard and want it all handed to me on a silver platter, goddammit), but I reckon one can overlook such slights in this case, considering all this glorious racket-mongering is available for the princely sum of "\$3 or else," or so says the back of the release. All smartassery aside, this is one solid bit of work here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Don't Panic)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Tor Johnson Records Ten Year Anniversary Omnibus 2012: 7"*

Tor Johnson Records has been a consistently great label, not only because of the great bands and releases they've put out over the years, but because of founder Paul Dechichio's



TRUST

WWW.TRUSTZINE.DE

We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in an underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

THE THINGZ

STEP RIGHT UP!

BRAND NEW FULL LENGTH LP ON COFFEE ADDICT RECORDS!!!



\$15 POST PAID

ALSO AVAILABLE:

- THINGZ - OF SHAPES TO COME CD \$10
- THINGZ - SELF TITLED CD \$10
- THINGZ - LAS COSAS DEL NORTE EP \$5
- THINGZ - SURF N TURF EP \$5

PAYPAL PAYMENTS TO
INFO@THETHINGZ.COM

OR VISIT
THETHINGZ@BANDCAMP.COM

AND LOOK US UP ON FACEBOOK, TOO!

PETER WALKER RECORDS

OUT NOW!
CHRON TURBINE SKULL NECKLACE FOR YOU LP
DISTORTED HEAVINESS FROM NYC EX RYE COALITION

-ALSO COMING SOON-

SOKEA PISTE - AJATUS KARKAA 12" LP
DEBUT US PRESSING OF THIS FANTASTIC FINNISH PUNK LP

SIMON LEBRON - MONSTER MANUAL 12" LP
FROM SAN FRANCISCO - MEMBERS OF THE PULSES

HERO DISHONEST - DANGEROUS 12" LP
FIRST US PRESSING & FORTHCOMING NEW 12" LP

OUT NOW! THE FIGGS
THE DAY GRAVITY STOPPED
BRAND NEW 20 SONG DOUBLE 12" LP

THE FIGGS LIVE AT THE HURRICANE LP
LIMITED TO 100 COPIES. LIVE LP PACKAGE. SILK SCREENED ARTWORK. BONUS CD, TSHIRT & MORE!

SOKEA PISTE - OIRE 7"
MEMBERS OF KYKLOOPIEN SUKUPUUTTO & MANIFESTO JUKEBOX

THE FIGGS - SUCKING IN STEREO 12" LP
FIRST PRESSING! ALMOST SOLD OUT! GET IT NOW!

LIEUTENANT - S/T LP LESS THAN 25 COPIES LEFT!!

KITTY LITTLE/SCIENTIFIC MAPS SPLIT 7"

THE FIGGS - CASINO HAYES 7"

SPREAD EM' PIZZA CRISIS 7"

DEAD UNICORN - YELLOWSTONE SUPERVOLCANO CD

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON UPCOMING RELEASES
PRICING, MAIL ORDER AND SHIPPING
CHECK OUT:

WWW.PETERWALKERRECORDS.COM

unflagging dedication to his local scene and community. It is rare that labels and those who run them get the credit they deserve. This 7" and accompanying download is a celebration of dedication to keeping the Providence, RI scene vibrant, and supporting the great bands that have been on the label over the years. Side A of the 7" features a previously unreleased track by Saint Jude, "The Great Finality," and a cover of the Misfits "We Bite," by Now Denial. Now Denial has the distinction of being the longest-running band on Tor Johnson, and the track was taken from a live radio recording. I reviewed their most recent Tor Johnson Release *Fuck Now Denial* in a previous issue. Saint Jude was not only one of my favorite bands on the label, but also one of my favorite bands from Providence in the '00s. A group of good friends playing great heavy hardcore punk, their Tor Johnson release *Always Hard* is absolutely worth picking up for anyone who likes heavy hardcore punk. Side B includes a track from an early Tor Johnson band, Pretty Faces, and an unreleased track from A Fine Boat, "That Coffin." If that weren't enough, a download card with each record features additional great jams including unreleased tracks from Weak Teeth, Jesuscentric, Closer Than Kin, and The Defeat. The Closer Than Kin and The Defeat tracks are from each band's unreleased Tor Johnson albums, and it's great to see tracks from those lost records finally making it to listeners' ears. This record is worth picking up not only because it marks a milestone in the

history of an independent DIY label, but because it's also crammed full of great music. Do yourself a favor, check out this record, and discover some great new bands. —Paul J. Comeau (Tor Johnson, torjohnsonrecords@yahoo.com)

VENENO LENTO: Self-titled: 7" EP

Decent enough Brazilian street punk-influenced stuff—mid-level tempos and a raspy singer belting out tunes about mistrust, not fitting in, and street life in general. None of the bullshit trappings that plague this subgenre in evidence, which is a relief. Worth a spin or two. —Jimmy Alvarado (Nada Nada, info@nadanadiscos.com)

VIRGIN WHORES, THE: *Whiskey Girl*: 7"

It's not dope to like dope punk. Why do fans of fashion punk always come back for more? My answer is because dope bands are hilarious and are generally in on the joke. Minnesota's Virgin Whores are no exception and their exposed, non-high concept blasts of young energy are a refreshing anecdote to the wannabe artsy bullshit that so many bands of today strive for. The record's sides are labeled with one cherry and two cherries as opposed to "A" and "B." If you roll your eyes at that brilliance, skip this band and have fun outgrowing fun. The rest of us will continue having a blast. —Art Ettinger (Two-Bit)

WEIRD TV: Self-titled: 12" EP

Sprouting out of a vibrant Olympia, Washington music scene, Weird TV

is one of my favorite new bands. Their fuzzed-out garage punk sound includes tons of guitar wankery and had me hooked on this record from the first track. Guitarist John Root and bassist Erika Santillan churn out salvo after salvo of catchy riffs that get your head bobbing, and the frantic raging of Ben Trogdon on drums keeps the rhythm going as Root's shredding threatens to bring everything down in a crash of wailing guitars. Through the roar of guitar, bass, and drums, vocalist Lizet Ortuño holds court, sounding to my ears like a more raw and gritty Poly Styrene from X-Ray Spex. Her singing, mixed with a banshee-like howl which she lets loose on tracks like "Intro(TKM)" and others, seals the deal for me. It's a fantastic EP that has only left me wanting more. Full-length soon please? —Paul J. Comeau (Perennial)

WHITE COFFIN: *Before the Cut*: CD

This is really bad. Beginning with the back cover, with its Hellcat Records-style—photoshopped to look cut'n'paste aesthetic—and the band member's eye shadow darkly standing out in fake photocopy. The music is really shitty goth rock. I know deathrock has always been kind of clean-sounding, even as far back as The Damned, but I'll just say, if you ever wondered what Poison would sound like if they covered "Bullet," check out track eight. What color of coffin? White, dude. —Craven Rock (Coffin Tone)

WOLF-FACE: Self-titled: CDEP

Six songs of a bad attempt at punk rock. The lyrics are about *Teen Wolf*. This is not very entertaining. It sounds like your friend's first band in high school, but they're so shitty you don't even wanna go to their shows. —Nighthawk (Self-released)

ZYGOTEENS:

Sleeping with the Stereo On: 7" EP

'90s style pop punk from Milwaukee ((which kinda makes retroactive sense, given that Milwaukee really didn't have any pop punk bands of its own in the '90s, unless you're counting Alligator Gun, which i'm not)) which is, at bare minimum, a bit more tuneful than current standard-bearers/dead-horse-beaters like Teenage Bottlerocket or the Manges, yet not really transcendent enough to move into the rarified straits of cross-platform striped shirt stalwarts like the Yum Yums or whomever. Nice cover art and meritoriously loud production; despite the absence of any top-drawer smasheroo to serve as the straw that stirs the drink, you could ((and very well might)) do worse further up the alphabet. BEST SONG: "See You Later" BEST SONG TITLE: "Sleeping with the Stereo On" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: This band is the last band on my iTunes alphabetically, except for the bands whose names start with numerals. —Rev. Nørð (Timmeheichumme, mspace.com/timmeheichummerecords)

Read 18,607 more record reviews at razorcake.org/record-reviews



WHO ARE YOU? RECORDS



P.T.'s Revenge - Never Let Her Go
CD / Digital
Ex-Teen Idols / Bullets to Broadway /
Common Rider



The Wanton Looks - S/T
LP
Chicago Pop Punk Rock (FFO Joan
Jett / The Runaways)



The Black List - The Elephant Graveyard
CD / Digital
Detroit Post-Hardcore (FFO Fugazi / The
Bronx)



Few and Far Between / Cruise Italy
Split 7" / Digital
Guest Appearance by Jason
Navarro of Suicide Machines /
Break Anchor

[HTTP://STORE.WHOARECORDS.NET](http://store.whoarerecords.net)



COMING SOON



TO RAZORCAKE RECORDS

Still available, loud, & proud: Blood Buddies 7", God Equals Genocide LP, Summer Vacation LP, Dan Padilla LP, Crusades LP, Killer Dreamer LP, Grabass 7", Arrivals 7", Pine Hill Haints 7", 3rd GEG 7"EP, and the Shang-A-Lang / GEG, split 7". Mail \$50 to PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042 and get 'em all!

CONTACT ADDRESSES

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue
or recently posted on razorcake.org.



- **1-2-3-4 Go!**, 420 40th St., Suite 5, Oakland, CA 94609
- **G131**, 3965 Moore St., #105, L.A., CA 90066
- **A389**, PO Box 12058, Baltimore, MD 21281
- **Aggrobeat**, PO Box 1184, 6501 BD Nijmegen, Netherlands
- **Alarm Clock Revolution**, PO Box 228, Watkins Glen, NY 14891
- **Angels In Exile**, 42 Glynde Way, Southend-on-Sea, Essex SS2 4TS, UK
- **Bachelor**, 5421 Adnet 186, Austria
- **Big Action**, 915 Scheffer Ave., St. Paul, MN 55102
- **Big Neck**, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20165
- **Bill Bondsmen/4TG Procrastinations**, 15106 Paris St., Detroit, MI 48101
- **Boss Tuneage**, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, England
- **Bridge Nine**, 119 Foster St., Building 4 Floor 3, Peabody, MA 01960
- **Brolester**, PO Box 286, Des Moines, IA 50301
- **Certified PR**, 6364 3rd Ave. S., Saint Petersburg, FL 33707
- **Clean Plate**, PO Box 9461, North Amherst, MA 01059
- **Cowabunga**, attn: Nick Lovro, 311 Stearn Dr., Genoa, IL 60135
- **Dead Broke Rekerds**, 139 Huber Ave., Holbrook, NY 11741
- **Deathwish Inc.**, 59 Park St., 2nd Floor, Beverly, MA 01915
- **Deranged**, c/o Gordon Dufresne, 2700 Lower Rd., Roberts Creek, BC V0N 2W4, Canada
- **Die Slaughterhouse**, PO Box 160168, Atlanta, GA 30316
- **Dirtnap**, 3840 SE Gladstone St., Portland, OR 97202
- **Dischord**, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007-1802
- **Don Giovanni**, PO Box 628, Kingston, NJ 08528
- **Don't Panic**, c/o Danny Collins, 501 Carolan Dr., Lake Zurich, IL 60047
- **Doubleplusgood**, 3817 Clinton Ave., MPLS, MN 55409
- **Drunken Sailor**, 9 Lorian Close, Leek, Staffs, ST138NY, UK
- **Echo Canyon**, 8 Rue Jaboulay, 60997 Lyon, France
- **Epitaph**, 2798 Sunset Blvd., L.A., CA 90026
- **Fat**, 2196 Palou Ave., SF, CA 94124
- **Forcefield**, PO Box 26946, Richmond, VA 23261

- **GC**, PO Box 93324, Las Vegas, NV 89193
- **Girth**, PO Box 13, Geneva, NY 14456
- **Go Ape**, PO Box 110411, Brooklyn, NY 11211
- **Goner**, 2152 Young Ave., Memphis, TN 38104
- **Hand Grenade Job**, 4108 4th St. NW, Washington, DC 20011
- **Hard To Kill**, 17 Calvin St., Somerville, MA 02143
- **Heptown**, Sankt Vars Lag 21, SE-222 70 Lund, Sweden
- **HHBTM**, PO Box 742, Athens, GA 30603
- **Hostage**, PO Box 5401, Huntington Beach, CA 92615
- **Inimical**, PO Box 2803, Seattle, WA 98111
- **It's Alive**, 11411 Hewes St., Orange, CA 92869
- **Kitschy Manitou**, c/o Chris Joutas, N4182 Rory Rd., Poynette, WI 53955
- **La Escalera**, PO Box 3085, San Diego, CA 92163
- **Last Laugh**, 313 President St. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11231
- **La-Ti-Da**, 1152 A Goldstream Ave., Victoria, BC V9B 2Z1, Canada
- **Let's Pretend**, PO Box 1663, Bloomington, IN 47402
- **Living Deadbeats, The**, PO Box 56064, Vancouver, BC V5L 5E2, Canada
- **Loach**, 69 Daggett St #1-1, New Haven, CT 06511
- **Loch Ness Radio**, c/o Kevin Hogan, 11214 Cactus Valley Ct., Houston, TX 77089
- **Longshot**, 1301 17th St., SF, CA 94107
- **Man Hands**, c/o Jackie Cruz, 2234 N 17th Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85007
- **Merge**, PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514
- **Messthetics**, PO Box 351, Westminster, MA 01473
- **Meth Mouth**, 3909 Maplewood Ave. Apt. B, Austin, TX 78722
- **Mooster**, 941 W. Carmen Ave. #401, Chicago, IL 60640
- **Mouthbomb**, 2858 California St., Denver, CO 80205
- **MVD Visual**, PO Box 280, Oaks, PA 19456
- **No Breaks**, 184 Rogers Sr NE #301, Atlanta, GA 30317
- **No Front Teeth**, PO Box 27070, London N2 QZP, England
- **No Idea**, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604
- **No More Fake Labels**, 116 Greentree Trail, Chapel Hill, NC 27516
- **No Sleep**, 16651 Gothard St. Unit E, Huntington Beach, CA 92647

- **Norton**, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276
- **Noxious Noize**, c/o C. Troxell, PO Box 3598, New Orleans, LA 70177
- **Once Tender**, 1103 Highland Dr., Chattanooga, TN 37405
- **Overground**, PO Box 1 NW, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, NE99 1NW, England
- **Pageripper**, c/o Brent Ault, 7023 N. Albina Ave., Portland, OR 97217
- **Parasol**, 200 Amory St., Jamaica Plain, MA 02130
- **Patac**, PO Box 2082, Hyannis, MA 02601
- **Perennial**, PO Box 2084, Olympia, WA 98507
- **Pirates Press**, 1301 17th St., SF, CA 94107
- **Profane Existence**, PO Box 18051, MPLS, MN 55418
- **Protagonist Music**, PO Box 64574, Tucson, AZ 85728
- **Rainy Road**, 1111 North 13th St. Suite 118, Omaha, NE 68102
- **Ratchet Blade**, PO Box 26966, L.A., CA 90026
- **Red Scare**, PO Box 13285, Chicago, IL 60613
- **Reel Time**, 1087 Clinton Ave. S. No. 3, Rochester, NY 14620-2031
- **Refuse**, PO Box 7, 02-792 Warszawa 78, Poland
- **Relapse**, PO Box 2060, Upper Darby, PA 19082
- **Replay**, 946 Massachusetts St., Lawrence, KS 66044
- **Rorschach**, PO Box 14712, Richmond, VA 23221
- **Rotten To The Core**, c/o Robert Janis, 1471 E. Main St., Ventura, CA 93001
- **Sacramento**, PO Box 161971, Sacramento, CA 95816
- **Sashcloth & Axes**, c/o Richard Douglas, 6502 Corrine Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647
- **Satan's Pimp**, PO Box 13141, Reno, NV 89507
- **Savage Quality**, 308 Clinton St., Columbus, OH 43202
- **Say10**, 1214 Perry St., Richmond, VA 23224
- **Self Aware**, c/o Joshua Robbins, 4901 Cedar Forest Dr., Charlotte, NC 28226
- **Seven Eight Life**, Caixa Postal 2505, Santo Andre, SP, CEP: 09190-971, Brazil
- **Shake!**, 334-1575 Begbie St., Victoria, BC V8R 1L2, Canada
- **Side Two**, 6 Wadleigh Place, Boston, MA 02127
- **Sidejar**, 108 Buttimer Ave., Frankfort, KY 40601
- **Smog Veil**, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave. #284, Chicago, IL 60647

- **Soft Dov**, Barley Point Island, 142 Black Point Rd., Bungalow #c-4, Rumson, NJ 87760
- **Spiral**, c/o Aaron Frale, 9909 Woodland Ave. NE, Albuquerque, NM 87112
- **Squid Hat**, 848 N. Rainbow Blvd. #889, Las Vegas, NV 89107
- **Squirmy**, 1289 22nd Ave. Apt #302, SF, CA 91422
- **Stockyards**, c/o Danny Collins, 501 Carolan Dr., Lake Zurich, IL 60047
- **Stomp**, 1223 Blvd. Saint-Laurent Suite 305, Montreal, Quebec H2X 2S6, Canada
- **Suburban White Trash**, PO Box 270594, Fort Collins, CO 80527-0594
- **Suicide King**, 435 South Broadway, L.A., CA 90033
- **Suncoured Shehog**, 3715 SE Taylor St., Portland, OR 97214
- **Swamp Cabbage**, 1438 W. Smith St., Orlando, FL 32804
- **Tapes Not Bombs**, c/o Kevin Nunn, 1405 Dunham St. SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49506
- **Temporary Residence**, PO Box 60097, Brooklyn, NY 11206
- **Timmeheichumme**, c/o Bernd Fischer, Am Hemberg 40, 49716 Meppen, Germany
- **TKO**, 18948 Brookhurst St., Fountain Valley, CA 92708
- **To Live A Lie**, c/o Will Butler, 2825 Van Dyke Ave., Raleigh, NC 27607-7021
- **Tor Johnson**, PO Box 1556, Providence, RI 02901-1556
- **TPV**, PO Box 250483, Aguadilla, Puerto Rico 00604
- **Trigger**, 386 12^{ème} Ave., Lachine, Quebec, H8S 3H9, Canada
- **Turkey Baster**, 2706 San Marcus Ave., Dallas, TX 75228
- **Twistworthy**, PO Box 4491, Austin, TX 78765
- **Two-Bit**, PO Box 40006, St. Paul, MN 55104
- **Under Current**, 3017 Rosemary Ln., Falls Church, VA 22042
- **Underground Communiqué**, c/o Justin Schwier, 2441 W. Gunnison St. #2, Chicago, IL 60625
- **Unrepentant**, 1761 George Washington Way #172, Richland, WA 99354
- **Vehement**, 1303 Yosemite Dr., Corcoran, CA 93212
- **Vertical House**, 2211 Seminole Dr., Railroad Room #3, Huntsville, AL 35805
- **Vomit Comet**, 60-39 75th Ave., Ridgewood, NY 11385
- **XI**, 264 Holbrook St., Detroit, MI 4820261-1805

ZINE REVIEWS

Send all zines for review to:
Razorcake,
PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
Please include a postal
address (that's how we trade),
the number of pages, the price,
and whether or not you accept trades.



“Ramen to the
grave / we inherit
all the bills; ‘love
can starve in the
corner / while
hate eats itself.”

—Dave Brainwreck
SPARE CHANGE #25

DISTORTION FAITH #1, \$5 ppd., 5 3/4" x 8 1/4", 20 pgs. Cool start to a new zine out of Sweden. They do pack the twenty pages with information and graphics. Coverage is focused mainly on the noisier stuff that's getting a lot of hype lately. Interviews serve more like introductions, and tend to discuss the music output of the bands (I would like/hope to see deeper questions asked in future issues). The one interview I enjoyed most was with the radio show Sjuka Signaler, because these types of projects rarely get discussed. The bands interviewed are Nerv, Effluxus, Sex Dwarf, Human Power, Acute, Lögnhalsmottagningen, and record labels Hardcore Survives, and De:Nihil. I also like the "Fast & Loud" column, where the writer tells us about some demos, sharing music, and gives a playlist. The overall layout is the standard punk style, with a slightly chaotic look, but never too busy or confusing. The printing is great, and the photos come through nice and clear. I'm interested in seeing how this grows. —M.Avrq (Björn Kårén, Föreningsgatan 45, 211 52 Malmö, Sweden, smrtrecords.se)

FASTCORE PHOTOS #3, \$5 ppd., 5 1/2" x 8", 56 pgs. This issue breaks away from the format of the first two and interviews a ton of bands like Coke Bust, Punch, Street Pizza, Curmudgeon, Sectarian Violence, BearTrap, and more. The interviews are short and serve more as an introduction. Knowing that Will is pretty connected to what's going on in the scene, I wonder how he would do with conducting longer, more in-depth interviews? Those could be pretty interesting. You also get pages of just photos with bands like Negative Approach, Tenement, Abuse, Stripmines, Mad Dog, as well as some blasts from the past decade, or so: Earth Crisis, Against All Authority, Swank, and more. I always enjoy this zine. This issue was a nice change of pace. Looking

forward to seeing what he does next. —M.Avrq (Will Butler, 2825 Van Dyke Ave., Raleigh, NC 27607-7021, tolivealie.com)

FEEDBACK #12, \$2, 7" x 5" Photocopied, 44 pgs. Really fun comics describing John Isaacson's various nights out on the town around Portland. Isaacson illustrates his show reviews and writes about a wide spectrum of bands. His personal take on shows gives a nice overview of clubs and bands playing the area. I enjoyed it and I don't live there. *Feedback* also has a record and zine review section. Good stuff. —Billups Allen (Feedback, PO Box 42041, Portland, OR 97242)

FUCK AND FIGHT FANZINE #2, \$2, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, 12 pgs. *Fuck and Fight* is a mess. The layout had me constantly twisting it to read it. Typewritten sections. Hand-written sections. Cookie fortunes. It's jumbled together. The back cover is a direct scan of *Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band/Live 1975-1985*. These are all outward indications that this zine will probably blow. Nothing could be further from the truth. Rene is insightful (talking firsthand about the inherent racism of San Diego's public transit), passionate (beware kickable trash cans), and a huge fan of music as a cathartic release (live review of Pressure Point). I want to listen to Rene talk all day long. I want Rene to be my life coach on drinking days. He's an engaging story teller, there's often a surprise, and he wears his heart on his sleeve. (The piece on his grandmother's death and U.S./Mexico border crossings is powerful.) With Bruce Springsteen's sweat rubbed into Rene's scalp, *Fuck and Fight* is a glorious, honest, sloppy mess, one that I highly recommend. —Todd Taylor (Rene Navarro, no address listed)

GUIDE TO BEING ALONE #1, \$4, photocopied, 11" x 7", 18 pgs. From going stag to bars and clubs,

to chilling at home, this survival guide to flying solo covers all the bases. Not just for the recently single, this should get any seasoned loner's approval. With segments on realizing your friends suck and subsequently realizing *everyone* sucks, Julia ViceVersa holds your hand through what could be a daunting social exercise. As someone who enjoys the company of me, myself, and I, the material doesn't really bring any new ideas to the table. However, for someone struggling with their newfound alone time, this ought to outline your options and boost your confidence in patronizing a café or (gasp) hitting the road by yourself. Put together in the classic cut and paste time fashion, the graphics and old timey photos are brought to you by the creator of *Guide to Dating Gangsters Vol.1*. Julia has even put together a soundtrack to go along with your unaccompanied journey. What's not to love? —Kristen K. (Vice Versa Press, 328 Clifford St., Corpus Christi, TX 78404, viceversapress@gmail.com)

INFINITY MACHINE, 5 1/2" x 6 3/4", photocopied mini-zine, 8 pgs. Short and sweet, *Infinity Machine* is quick collection of black and white collages that mix patterns—man, I love security envelope designs—with hand-drawn elements and clipped-in depictions of power, security, and status quo all crumbling and failing. (A nurse holds a baby, caringly looking down at it. Behind the baby are endless receipts. "You're already fucked" is the text.) Nice. —Todd Taylor (Half Fiction Press, half-fiction.com)

KISS OFF #14, \$2, 4" x 5", photocopied, 32 pgs. This is a personal zine that takes place entirely in the author's head. Very little physical action. Half pages are spent discussing finding a place to stand at a show. It's the definition of uneventful. Unfortunately, the author doesn't shed much light on why these non-events are being written about.

There are a few subtle instances of tension or growth or a sort of poetry of scene, but there's not really anything compelling. —MP Johnson (Chris, 1274 Dundas St. W. Apt. 2, Toronto, ON M6J 1X7, Canada)

LES CARNETS RASTAPOULOS #8, free, photocopied, 7" x 8", 14 pgs. This issue is about the Canadian author's childhood and his impassioned pen pal hobby. It's a short, interesting look at the joy of corresponding with kids from all over the world through letter-writing in the '80s. He talks about writing kids from Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Denmark, East Germany, and a whole bunch of other places. He says, "We all wrote each other about our fears, our hope, of the mundane lives ordinary people experienced in our own parts of the world... Without knowing it all of us were contradicting the massive propaganda machines our governments put in place to demonize the other during the Cold War Era." Wow, pen pals, it all seems so archaic, to think kids could even be that cosmopolitan. I doubt they are now with the small and unchallenging worlds that Facebook and Google craft for them. This issue is only the first part of a project. In the next issue he's going to re-write all his old pen pals to see if he can find out where they're at and what kind of lives they've had. Both issues are free if you get in contact with the author. (It is also written in English. Don't let the French title throw you off). —Craven Rock (Les Carnets de Rastapoulos, 2-7 Larch St., Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1R 6W4)

LOSERS WEEPERS #3, \$5, Offset, 6 3/4" x 7 1/4" The premise: J.T. Yost makes a comic with a story inspired by found materials, which he collages into the comic. In this issue, we have a misspelled language lessons flyer, a sorta-sexy letter from jail, and a cryptic note found on an art store's pen testing pad. The result is a shaggy dog story about the downfall

of a struggling language instructor whose home life is sent into a tailspin by a letter from jail. Clear, expressive art drives the whole thing home and the final product is in that gray area between zine and indie comic. —Chris Terry (Birdcage Bottom Books, 324-A West 71st St., NY, NY 10023, birdcagebottombooks.com)

PORK #7, Free, 15" x 10", Newsprint, 20 pgs. *Pork* is dense with excellent artist profiles. Interviews include Jeff Gaither, whose monster-themed art

MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL #355, \$4, newsprint, 8½" x 11", 144 pgs. You've got to hand it to *MRR*. After thirty years, they've got this punk zine thing down to a science. My first issue had to be #3 or #4. You do the math: I'm old. Anyway, some things in life you come to count on to always be there and *MRR* is certainly one of them. This issue features interviews with The Red Dons, La Armada, DHK, as well as Avi Spivak who also provided the awesome cover art. Also included are the ever-present gaggle of

designed vibe at others. It's a good balance, and is both easy to read and features some of the most crisp black and white photos and images I've seen in any zine. A few of the interviews were on the short side, and I would have appreciated a bit more depth, but, overall, they were pretty well done. My favorite part of this issue is Joe Lachut's guest column. Lachut's discussion of bands breaking up and others who drag out their careers long after they've ceased doing anything relevant is particularly relevant

ZISK #21, \$3, 6¾" x 8½", photocopied, 23 pgs. I'm not one for fetishisms or fawning when talking about zines. I own thousands, have written hundreds, been doing it for sixteen years straight as my "day job." I'm a utilitarian, a pragmatist, not a tourist, vulture, or holding on for "something better." So when the "Look what I made with my own two hands!" feeling settles down after the first several issues and the novelty of self-made cultural production sags like dirty socks

"In this issue, we have a misspelled language lessons flyer, a sorta-sexy letter from jail, and a cryptic note found on an art store's pen testing pad."

—Chris Terry | *LOSERS WEEPERS* #31

has graced *Accused* and *Municipal Waste* album covers. Arturo Vega is interviewed regarding his work as art director for the Ramones. Basil Wolverton's son Monte carries on with his father's seminal work and talks to *Pork* about his dad's legacy. Derek Higgs, the man responsible for Iron Maiden's iconic "Eddie" character, is also interviewed. The interviews are well informed. How much good stuff can you cram into twenty pages of solid rock'n'roll art talk? Apparently, the answer is *Pork*. —Billups Allen (*Pork*, PO Box 12044, Eugene, OR 97440)

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL #353, \$4, newsprint, 8½" x 11", 144 pgs. On the steel toe heels of the 30th anniversary issue, what else can be said about *MRR*? Except that despite the three decades of chronicling punk, the zine has not only managed to keep things fresh with surveys, world news, and columns punched out by a rainbow of folks but has established itself as being synonymous with North American punk. #353 is no different. On the cover, Drew, the singer for Brain Tumors, screams into the mic, eyes closed, an arm's length away from the all-ages crowd. On the inside of the cover, past the Top 10s, politico columns are bent on asking questions rather than posing answers, while George Tabb's retell of his over-salivating dog's anxious journey to the vet adds some levity, balancing the scales. Further in, a journalistic snapshot of the scene in Peru is revealed plus an interview with Brain Tumors by Paddy Costello of Dillinger Four. Thorough with book and movie reviews, including a couple vegan cookbook reviews, *MRR* rolls on as part megaphone, part distro—a one stop shop for all your punk needs. —Kristen K. (PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146-0760, maximumrocknroll.com)

reviews and columns that you've grown to love. A bonus exclusive to this particular issue is the apparent pissing match between longtime columnist Mykel Board and the coordinators that spilled over into the letters section over a column of his that didn't run due to its subject matter. It is good to see that the coordinators chose to take the issue on head-on. —Garrett Barnwell (PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146)

NECK DATA #15, \$?, 8½" x 11", copied, 12 pgs. Weird, weird zine. Subtitled "Organizing a Properly Executed Donatello," this is apparently the fifteenth issue, but you wouldn't know it by looking at the thing. There's virtually nothing here that's even particularly cohesive, much less captivating. Held together by three staples in the margin, and using a standard washed-out collage aesthetic, the majority of the material is made up of some jarring and mostly nonsensical writing about Stanley Kubrick's films, Val Kilmer, and thoughts on various blockbuster film trailers. Contains the only *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* fan fiction I've ever read in my life. —Keith Rosson (Neck Data, neckdata@gmail.com)

SELF AWARE #9, \$1, ½" x 5½" A very well put together zine published by the record label of the same name. This issue features interviews with Title Fight, Ninja Gun, No Power, and Nailbiter. In addition to interviews, the issue features a guest column by Joe Lachut of *Seven Inches to Freedom* zine, show reports from Chaos in Tejas and Fest 10, a scene report from Wilmington, NC, and nearly two dozen record reviews. The layout has a retro cut and paste feel at times, and a modern computer

in 2012/2013 with both the sheer amount of reunions taking place and the number of washed up bands attempting to recapture past glories. "Pull the plug when life ceases to matter," Lachut writes. Amen to that. I'm definitely checking out Lachut's own zine as soon as possible, and after reading this issue I'm definitely stoked to read the next issue of *Self Aware*. It's a great zine in a small package, and well worth checking out. —Paul J. Comeau (Self Aware, selfawarerecords@gmail.com)

SPARE CHANGE #25, \$3, 5½" x 8½", copied, 40 pgs. A solid coffee table zine; each page of this offers a haiku as well as a photocopied reply to business junk mail. Both represent healthy drives to achieve something—the haikus come from the author's drive to create, and the business reply mail is part of a single-handed campaign to help save the post office from going bankrupt by making businesses foot the postage bill for the junk mail replies. The haikus are mostly decent, peppered occasionally with great lines ("ramen to the grave / we inherit all the bills"; "love can starve in the corner / while hate eats itself"). The business reply mail appeals more to the punk sensibility: witty, often snotty or political, it runs the gamut without losing its sharpness, going from lashing out at fetishized "Native American"-inspired goods to simple little nonsenses like, "I'm that voice in your head, I just learned to write!" I can only hope that the people opening the mail at Globe Life Insurance and Renown Health Products enjoyed these as much as I did. —Dave Brainwreck (T. Foote, PO Box 6023, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

at the end of your feet, when it's just you in your underpants in the middle of room full of half-formed ideas, that's when zines show to me what they're really made of. That's when it becomes really interesting to me. *Zisk* is awesome. It's all about baseball, but it's put together by dorks, nerds, and misfits; not jocks, cheerleaders, and precocious tweens who've figured out social media and will forget about zines when a new app comes out. Baseball is the diamond-shaped prism that *Zisk* looks through the world. In this issue: *Sick Teen's* Rev Nørb fulfills a lifelong goal and becomes the in-park announcer for a minor league baseball team for a summer. He then rates the music that accompanies batters to the plate. Regarding Justin Bieber's "Boyfriend," "WHAT. THE. FUCK... Seriously, dude what the fuck." *Roctober's* Jake Austen applies art theory and basic sculptural proportion to the recent proliferation of baseball statues crowding Chicago. On Harold Baines's statue: "This very wrong right leg is so weird that the poor likeness and oddity of the sculpted beard hairs are moot." He also makes me want to see the (baseball) Batcolumn with my own two eyes: "This is pretty great public art. Because it's awesome and giant (over one hundred feet!), stupid and absurd (it's a giant bat!), it makes sense..." Re-read Jake's quote. With a couple little tweaks, he could easily be talking about *Zisk* and I couldn't agree more. —Todd Taylor (PO Box 469, Patterson, NY 12563, ziskmagazine@aol.com)



Read 1,870 more zine reviews at razorcake.org/punk-zine-reviews



DIXIE THE DISTRO GOAT SAYS:

**SHOW US SOME
LOVE AT THE
NEW**

MICROCOSM DISTRIBUTION & Pioneers Press

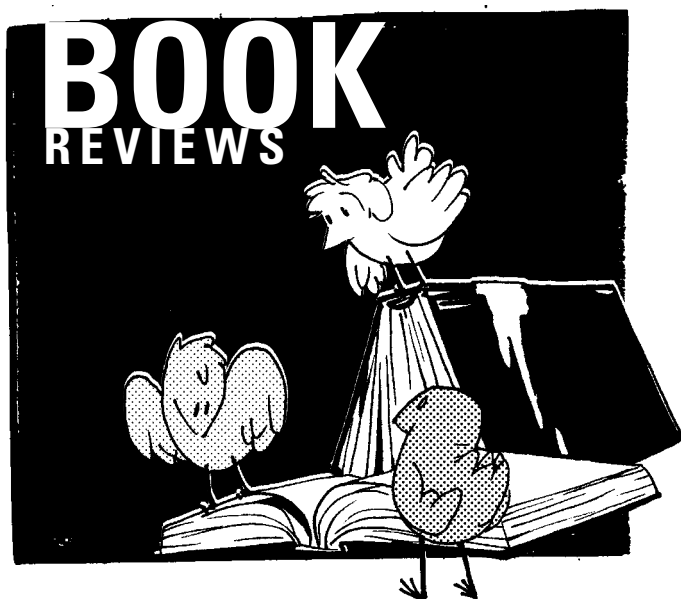
*Owned and operated on the "Hard 50 Farm"
in beautiful Kansas*

GET YER:

- **2013 SLINGSHOT ORGANIZERS**
- **HUNDREDS OF ZINES, BOOKS, PATCHES, + MORE**
- **CUSTOM PRINTED PATCHES AND BUTTONS**
- **ZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECEIVE EVERY NEW ITEM**
- **PUBLISHED TITLES FROM OUR NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE**

PIONEERSPRESS.COM

112 S MAIN ST STE C, LANSING, KS 66043 MICROCOSMDISTRIBUTION.COM



Digestate: A Food & Eating Themed Anthology

Edited by J. T. Yost, 288 pgs.

Brace yourself, because comics and food have come together in a big anthology. What could be in a comic about food? How about a sprig of broccoli watching chunks of meat battle it out in a Roman-style coliseum? How about tales of picky eaters, family recipes, and shoddily run restaurants? How about multiple, graphic pleas for animal rights? It's all in *Digestate*, drawn by indie luminaries

which would've been a better title for this book if not for the fact that I think Allen Ginsberg already used that title for a book of poetry way back when. (Critics of Mr. Warner and his particular school of Soto Zen might suggest that Brad and his teacher Nishijima don't seem to have any qualms about appropriating for their own use already used titles from other authors' books. But that's a squabble best left for the churlish cockfighting that takes place on internet Zen forums.)

Despite all the *tsk-tsking* and general feeling of censure from the mainstream Buddhist community—or maybe because of it—the original *Hardcore Zen* book remains Warner's best-selling book to date, which is interesting since it is surely the only Buddhist publication anywhere to feature both Johnny Rotten and the Misfits' Crimson Skull on its covers. It was also the book wherein the then outlandish notion was put forth that beneath the outward accoutrements—the spiked leather jackets and the monkish robes—there was a surprisingly deep resonance between Zen and punk.

As a return to the themes of that early '90s *Hardcore Zen* era, this book immediately jumps right back into the "Are Zen and punk related?" slobberknocker with the first two chapters, entitled respectively "Punk Is Zen, Zen Is Punk" and "Zen Is Not Punk." As a feather-ruffling topic of comparative philosophy, and to speak, it's something I've been interested in long before I ever heard of Brad Warner or Noah Levine. So it was good to revisit the subject again after Warner had more or less moved on from it in his last couple books before *HZSA*. Reading these chapters, one is left with little doubt that the formulation of punk and Zen into spiritually-conjoined twins is the P.T. Barnum-esque masterstroke on which Warner's whole writing career has been built and is almost certainly the main source of his notoriety as a gadfly and cad.

But is it accurate to say that it's *Zen* that has a resonance with punk? It's accurate enough; if we are to trust the validity of the so-called "actual words" of the historical Buddha as recorded in the Pali Cannon, there are definite DIY and "Question Authority" themes being expounded there. Warner has done an admirable job of highlighting many of these "quotes" in his books and various interviews. And Zen has a long, storied history of its adherents displaying crazy wisdom antics that look much more "punkish" than "monkish." But I will stick my

"In a way, you could say that Zhuangzi was the GG Allin of ancient China, just one with brains. Not that Zhuangzi had a habit of eating his own stools, but he was a true character and a sublime nonconformist..."

—Aphid Peewit, *Hardcore Zen Strikes Again!*

like Jeffrey Brown and James Kochalka, punks like Ben Snakepit and Nicole Georges, and there's even something from syndicated comic artist Berkeley Breathed. This comes in at almost three hundred pages—so not everything is mind-blowing, but the art is varied and always high quality—and the quantity and variety guarantee that there will be at least a few things of interest to anyone who likes to eat or look at pictures. That's everyone, right? —Chris Terry (Birdcage Bottom Books, 324-A West 71st St., NY, NY 10023, birdcagebottombooks.com)

Hardcore Zen Strikes Again!

By Brad Warner, 169 pgs.

As the title implies, this smallish book is something of a resurrection of Brad Warner: the boorish years. And right when self-respecting Zennies were starting to think he was beginning to act like a grown up.

Yes, the frowzy Dr. Ruth Westheimer costume he wore during his last couple investigations of the tangled red thread connecting Dogen Zen and human carnality has been doffed and his dukes are up, just like in his truculent younger days. So if you've been hankering for a stiff belt of what many of Warner's first readers perceived to be his unbridled arrogance and sophomoric penchant for shock tactics, then you are about to be slaked by the contents of his latest book.

Hardcore Zen Strikes Again (HZSA) is a collection of short pieces—not so much essays as nettling rants—composed for his website during the years preceding the publication of his first book, *Hardcore Zen: Punk Rock, Monster Movies, and the Truth about Reality*, the book that worked like itching powder on meditation cushions far and wide, resulting in many chapped asses amongst stodgy Zen country clubbers. *HZSA* is more than just a mere collection of old rants that anyone could cull off the internet for free; it offers up the older rants (circa '01 to '03) each sandwiched between newly penned intros and afterwards wherein Warner opines on what he sees as the strengths and weaknesses of each piece. So the chapters are each served up kind of like "reality sandwiches"—

neck out and say that if you're specifically talking about Zen Buddhism, it's even more accurate to say that a hefty chunk of those features of Zen that overlap with punk can be traced directly back to the proto-Daoist rogue philosopher Zhuangzi, even more than to the Buddha himself. Zen, as almost all sinologists and Buddhist scholars agree, was the result of a cross pollination between Indian Mahayana Buddhism and Chinese Daoism and it's also generally agreed that Zen's famous irreverence (e.g., referring to the Buddha as dried dung and instructing students to "kill the Buddha" if you see him on the road) is something it inherited from the Daoist side of the family. Crazy Great-grandpa Zhuangzi in particular.

In a way, you could say that Zhuangzi was the GG Allin of ancient China, just one with brains. Not that Zhuangzi had a habit of eating his own stools, but he was a true character and a sublime nonconformist, humorously lampooning decorum and constantly thumbing his nose at authority. He was very much engaged with the world, being occasionally argumentative and always playfully mischievous. In his earthy philosophy he lauded the virtues of the natural, the rough, the unforced, the spontaneous, and the unpretentious—elements that later became incorporated into the Japanese aesthetic of *wabi-sabi* where imperfection is not only accepted but actually valorized. If I'm not mistaken, those are the very elements that go into the potent brew we know as punk.

But as oftentimes happens, I'm not sure Brad would agree with me on this point. When I interviewed him for *Razorcake* many years ago and asked about the relationship between Zen and Daoism, I seem to recall his mood ring darkening as he frostily dismissed the question with a single terse sentence. I therefore have great doubt that there will ever be a Brad Warner book entitled *Hardcore Dao*.

And so I come, after reading *Hardcore Zen Strikes Again*, to the same conclusion I arrived at after having read any of Warner's books: though I don't always see eye to eye with him and I occasionally cringe when I step into one of the piles of dogma he leaves to mark his philosophical territory, I still enjoy his astrigent, irreverent flavor of Zen. He remains down-to-earth with a punk

WHITE COFFIN

New Full Length "Before The Cut"

AVAILABLE FROM:

COBABY
INTERPUNK
ITUNES

#WHITECOFFIN
FB.COM/WHITECOFFIN
www.whitecoffin.com



CoffinTone Records

discount horse records



out now



ace bushy striptease -
outside it's cold just like the inside
of your body and...
indiepunk from birmingham, uk - 30
mins of chaotic + cheeky pop - archers
of loaf meets comet gain

LP



summer salt -
the places you call home
folk pop from denver, CO & bloom-
ington, IN. R1YL the middle ones,
early allo darlin'

CS



onsind - mildred, margie, annie,
clarice
uk acoustic punk, transparent purple 10"
ep, split release with plan it x records

10"



martha - martha
indie punk / power pop from members of
fashanu + onsind - for fans of the house-
martins, white wires

CD

still available

spoonboy - the papas
the middle ones - slow & steady
the middle ones - it is the rehearsal...
onsind - dissatisfactions

www.discount-horse.com

durham city diy est.07

...making art a threat again
artscum.org

ArtBlog from the abyss:
New art, books, magazines, exhibitions,
Artist galleries, interviews, links,
Home of the INSIDE artzine magazine,
Onlineshop.

www.artscum.org
www.inside-artzine.de

INSIDE artzine #16
ARTSCUM WORLDWIDE!
papermagazine

TWO NEW 12"s OUT NOW!



SCHOOL JERKS "S/T" LP
GRAVE054

NIGHT BIRDS "Fresh Kills Vol. 1" LP
GRAVE055

STILL AVAILABLE:

GRAVE043: BAD ADVICE "Do Not Resuscitate" 7"
GRAVE051: SECTARIAN VIOLENCE "S/T" 7"
GRAVE052: BLOODY GEAR "Frozen Rain" 7"
GRAVE053: BIG EYES "Back From The Moon" 7"

UP NEXT:

THE SHIRKS 12"
86 MENTALITY "Goin' Nowhere Fast" IP
THE THUMBS "All Lesser Devils" IP
BIG EYES "Demo" 7" (REPRESS)
SECTARIAN VIOLENCE IP
BRAIN F NEW IP
STRIKING DISTANCE "March to your Grave" IP

MAILORDER: WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM
FULLY STOCKED DISTRO/WEBSTORE

**GRAVE
MISTAKE
RECORDS**
P.O. BOX 18482 RICHMOND, VA 23241
WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM

QUESTIONS?

GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS
AT GMAIL DOT COM

MARGIN MOUTH
punk 7"s from
HOMEOWNERS,
RAINBOW
PERSON, &
SOPORS



Free
shipping if
you buy 2 or
more records!

www.marginmouth.com

grittiness and has refrained from designating himself a super guru fronting a vast organization and ornamenting himself with a cosmically flatulent title like “The Ruchira Buddha Avatar Adi Da Samraj.” After all these years, I still find him to be a breath of fresh air—despite the occasional dogma droppings—in a domain clogged with an ovine Zen form of “Babbitt” —Sinclair Lewis’s term for “the stuffiness of safe, sane, and incredibly dull provincialism.”

As Warner himself writes in the book: “It’s really sad that people have come to believe that Buddhist writing should function like elevator music.” And in that regard, venerate him or revile him, it can be said that Brad Warner is sure as hell no Kenny G in Zen garb. —Aphid Peewit (Cooperative Press, cooperativepress.com)

“Who fuggin’ knew Siouxsie Sioux’s whole shtick was influenced by the evil queen in Disney’s *Snow White*?”

—Jimmy Alvarado, *Punk Rock: An Oral History*

Perfect Youth

By Sam Sutherland, 368 pgs.

I came to discover punk rock in the same way a lot of young people who weren’t there right at the beginning do: a clandestine listen to a friend’s older brother’s Sex Pistols LP followed by the purchase of a Dead Kennedys record and I was well on my way. The point where I veered off slightly came in the form of my aunt’s new boyfriend. Although he didn’t look the part, he was into punk and was about to introduce me to a world of bands that didn’t come from the U.K. or America, but right here in Canada. Suddenly, I had a new batch of weapons in my punk rock arsenal. Along with the Pistols, DKs and Black Flag, I was now listening to Forgotten Rebels, The Subhumans, DOA, and Dayglo Abortions. I was a Canadian punk listening to Canadian punk.

In the rest of the world Canada doesn’t really figure into the big picture of punk rock history. Sure, most books and documentaries on the subject will briefly mention DOA and maybe Nomeansno, but other than those two the frozen North’s contribution to the genre as a whole has been generally ignored. Until now.

Sam Sutherland has taken on the daunting task of going coast to coast and meticulously documenting small punk rock scenes that began springing up in the late 1970s, talking to members of the bands, promoters, managers, and fans. This book was made for a punk like me!

Sutherland criss-crosses around the country in no discernible order, which nicely breaks up the more heavily covered areas (Vancouver and Toronto). Major bands get their own chapters (The Viletones, DOA, Teenage Head, The Subhumans, Forgotten Rebels, and Pointed Sticks) and other chapters are broken up into cities (Montreal, Victoria, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Ottawa, and Calgary) or, in cases of smaller scenes, Provincial areas (The Maritimes and Saskatchewan). There are also chapters on “queercore” and women in Canadian punk.

While incredibly comprehensive, the book is also entertaining; I had a hard time putting it down. While I already knew the stories of many of the bands involved, I didn’t feel like it was repeating anything. And the bands I didn’t know? Well, I gobbled that information up. I feel that much more whole now that I am aware of the early punk scene in Saskatchewan and Newfoundland.

The key to this book working as well as it does is with Sutherland himself. He is an outsider—a fan and journalist—looking in. You can tell he loves his subject deeply but is not above being objective about it. This is where other early Canadian band biographies and autobiographies often fail. Rather than recounting events from his own fuzzy memory, or the desire to insert himself into the story, Sutherland cobbles the history together from fragments of several fuzzy memories from many people involved. The results are fantastic.

For Canadians (both fans of punk rock or not) I think this book will go a long way in showing us how key our role has been in a very important genre and movement. For those outside our borders, I think it will open up a whole new facet to the early punk movement that they may not have seen or heard before. As someone who had previously thought himself somewhat of an expert on the subject of Canadian punk, I am now on the hunt for a lot of music I’ve never heard before. —Ty Stranglehold (ECW Press, 2120 Queen Street East, Suite 200, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M4E 1E2)

Punk Rock: An Oral History

By John Robb, 562 pgs.

These days it’s almost as if you can close your eyes, throw a rock in any direction and hit either a book about U.K. punk’s “golden age,” or some punter who’s writing one. Most of them follow the same template: focus your attention on the Pistols, Clash, and so on, then pontificate liberally about the impact of the whole nonsense on Western Civilization as a whole before declaring the

whole thing deadlier than a swastika-shirted bass player by 1979. The myopia and fallaciousness of that frame of mind is screamingly obvious to anyone who’s spent more than a week paying attention to punk, but nonetheless that attitude has become a bit of a cottage industry unto itself in the punk book world.

That said, this is another book wherein the lion’s share of pages roughly cover the same span of time as all the others. It is, however, a bit different both in structure, scope, and attitude. First, as its title implies, it’s an oral history, and for the most part allows its subjects to do the talking. Second, while there is no shortage of talk about that scene’s iconic bands, it also includes a wealth of information about names the casual punk fan might not be quite as familiar

with—Lurkers, Eater, Subway Sect, Flowers Of Romance, and the Spitfire Boys—and it isn’t afraid to also include lengthy discussions about second and even third wave bands.

Author John Robb—who, having done time in both ‘80s punk sensations The Membranes and, more recently, Goldblade, is no stranger to the subject matter—keeps the tone conversational, allowing his subjects to go on related tangents and even snipe back and forth on occasion (although he also isn’t afraid to call bullshit or interject when he disagrees with someone’s assessment of another’s merits) while adhering to a fairly straightforward timeline. As a result, the book provides a decidedly more holistic view of punk’s explosion in the U.K. than most, giving first-person accounts of where the scene originated and how it developed and mutated, with tons of trivia ‘n’ tidbits (who fuggin’ knew Siouxsie Sioux’s whole shtick was just as influenced by the evil queen in Disney’s *Snow White* as it was by the more frequently cited Weimar Republic-via-Cabaret?) to keep one’s interest piqued throughout.

Best of all, Robb is well versed enough with punk’s history to know better than to pander that same tired “punk died in ____” jazz, stopping roughly in the early ‘80s merely because it’s just as good a place to stop as any, and acknowledging punk rock has continued on and even had some, albeit largely superficial, effect on the dominant culture. I went into this book with no shortage of trepidation, but as it stands, I’d say it’s as close to a go-to tome as you’re gonna get if you’re looking for a street-level account of the origins of Europe’s wing of the punk revolution. —Jimmy Alvarado (PM Press, PO Box 23912, Oakland, CA 94623)

Vegas Knockout: A Novel in Stories

By P Moss, 177 pgs.

Vegas Knockout has the patience of confident noir. Through what at first seem loosely related short stories, a clear, almost invisible filament tightly cinches up the narrative, story by story. The main character of the book isn’t a person, but a city. It’s not the Las Vegas of instantly repeatable catchphrases. It’s not the Las Vegas that attempted to be family friendly. It’s the Las Vegas circumscribed by a local, downtown, non-Strip regular, an author who’s built a reliable bar empire on the surface of what seems like bad ideas: free beers to patrons with multiple missing teeth, bacon-infused spirits.

Moss uses the veined and broken-neon topographical darkness of Vegas as the carbon-silted foil to shape his novel. Shady cunning is balanced with bouts of camp-filled underground sideshows. Darkness and light. Contrast and a steady hand. The novel is enveloped in that almost group hallucination, that aerosol mist of desperate living that fogs everything from Las Vegas’s largest gambling empires to its small-time hustlers and hangers-on. Moss summarizes: “Took the sure thing instead of taking a chance on the real thing... it was like taking insurance on a hand of blackjack. All you got was even money, yet you counted it as a win. Who wants to live their life taking even money?”

Structurally, *Vegas Knockout* follows the narrative timeline up to and through the conclusion of a heavyweight title fight. Caught in the net of intrigue, bad luck, and soiled-and-laugh-tracked redemption is a reporter for a music magazine, people devoted to a world of yesteryear Vegas nostalgia, a petty thief with self-esteem issues, a vetted greasy spoon bookie, and, well, an animal fucking father and son duo. The result is a curious duality. It’s a book that sounds like gimmicks and hyperboles when it’s summarized, but is a genuine article when read page by page. In many ways, *Vegas Knockout* is an honest reaction to a town that I’m familiar with in essence; a living, breathing Vegas I lived with and in for over a decade. No small feat. Recommended. —Todd Taylor (Citylife Books, lvcitylifebooks.com)



QUALITY STREETPUNK ROCK'N'ROLL
FROM ALL AROUND THE WORLD...



MARCHING ORDERS 'LIVING PROOF' 12" LP

This is the sophomore LP from this incredible Australian band that picks up where their successful debut LP 'Days Gone By' left off. This is at the fore-front of streetpunk rock'n'roll full of catchy, anthemic choruses with a distinctly Aussie R'n'R influence!!

STILL AVAILABLE & COMING SOON...

BOOZE & GLORY - 'TROUBLE FREE' 12" LP

RAZORBLADE - 'DAYS OF GLORY' 12" LP

THE CORPS - 'KNOW THE CODE' 12" LP

HARRINGTON SAINTS - 'PRIDE & TRADITION' 12" LP

45 ADAPTERS - 'COLLECTED WORKS' 2X10" LP

NOISE - 'THIS IS WHO WE ARE' 10" LP

LONGSHOT MUSIC • 1301 - 17TH ST • SAN FRANCISCO, CA • 94107

www.longshotmusic.com • www.interpunk.com

ALL RELEASES NOW AVAILABLE ON-LINE AT: www.piratespressrecords.com

IT'S ALIVE RECORDS PRESENTS...

SHOW 'EM THE HAND III



INCLUDES UNRELEASED TRACKS FROM MEAN JEANS,
UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND, CRUSADES,
LIPSTICK HOMICIDE, VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL,
THE CREEPS, GATEWAY DISTRICT, THE VISITORS,
THE BROKEDOWNS, ZATOPEKS, THE TURKLETONS,
CITY MOUSE, THE MAXIES, BE MY DOPPELGANGER,
THE VARSITY WEIRDOS AND MORE!

<http://itsaliverecords.bandcamp.com>



THE ANCHOR
"PARTY" 7"



THE LOSS
Everything You Ever Wanted - CD/LP



THE DAMAGE DONE
Nothing Is Over - LP



BASTARDS OF YOUNG
California Redemption - LP



WE ARE THE ELITIST GENERATION
SUCCESS!
Coming March 2013



THE SHELL CORPORATION
THE MIGHTY FINE
SPLIT 7"

MORE RELEASES FROM - RANDOM ORBITS, PROSTHETIC ARMS, BESIDE MYSELF, FROM SCARS,
MOOSEJAW, OTRO, THE MARSUPIALS, A SCRIBE AMIDST THE LIONS



LAESCALERARECORDS.COM

When the Drumming Stops

By Steven Wishnia, 223 pgs.

One of the things I like about writing book reviews for *Razorcake* is that even when the books are bad, there is still something to say about them. And much more often than the music I get to review, the books are often pleasant surprises—things I would never have picked up on my own, but that I am happy to read and review. *When the Drumming Stops* is a novel and a good example of such a pleasant surprise. It's not the best book I've ever read, but it was enjoyable and something I was interested in coming back to every time I had the chance. The primary reason this book appealed to me is that it deals with a few topics that I am interested in: New York City, New York City punk, and what happens to punk rockers as they get older.

The book looks at the aging punk rocker, Underend Vicodini (yeah, I think it's a stupid name, too, even for a punk rocker), and chapters alternate between his life in the 2000s and the 1980s. The '00s is his current life and during the '80s his band, The Gutter Astronomers, was touring with a somewhat sizeable fan base. Although the band was never huge, they were able to cobble together a living in the '80s in New York. The early material explains how the band formed, the style of the music, their experiences playing shows, and living in New York. The chapters set in the '00s look at how the band members (and primarily Vicodini) struggle in their forties (or are they in their fifties?) as aging punks trying to make something of their lives. Members have labored with drug addiction, raising kids, struggling to find jobs and cheap rent, and just generally trying to understand how a city they loved so dearly could have changed so much. The band members with children constantly feel as though they have no time to do anything. The ones without family seem to have all the time in the world to contemplate how much they miss playing music and what to do with the time they have left in the world.

The band decides to reform in the '00s and see what they can make of themselves in this new age of internet promotion and commercial punk rock. It's not hard to see that the disillusionment they face at the changing landscape is likely a reflection of author Wishnia's feelings, as he was formerly a member of the '80s punk band, the False Prophets. This isn't a book about embitterment or jealousy, however. Rather, it's a book about a great city, people who love music, and their interconnected lives.

Thankfully, Wishnia has a master's degree in journalism and knows how to write. That's not to say this is told in a journalistic fashion, rather Wishnia has the

mechanics down: he can structure a fine sentence, understands how to engage his reader, and gets them to follow along. The story doesn't drag and reads well.

So, what happens to members of '80s punk bands when they grow older? It appears that, in the case of some, they spend time reflecting on what was, what could have been, and what is. And then they write books about it and ask us to think about the same things. There are no easy answers and things don't always work out the way we'd like them to, but it's good to know that there are others out there who are sharing our experiences. —Kurt Morris (Manic D Press, PO Box 410804, SF, CA 94141)



Read 403 independent book reviews at
razorcake.org/punk-book-reviews



Circle Jerks: My Career as a Jerk: DVD

You can't call yourself a fan of hardcore punk without having at least heard of the Circle Jerks. They're mandatory listening for anyone getting into the genre. Historically speaking, the band tends to get overshadowed in punk history books and documentaries by bands like Minor Threat and Black Flag, the latter of which Circle Jerks' vocalist Keith Morris was the original frontman. This documentary, directed by David Markey, shines a light on one of the earliest and most criminally underrated bands to come out of the L.A. punk scene of the late '70s and early '80s.

Markey, a friend and fan of the band, has been filming them since the early '80s. This documentary traces their history better than anyone else could hope to do, mixing archival footage with interviews from virtually every living person



Wuxtry Records is known around the globe and the oldest record store in the state of Georgia. We are currently seeking out record collections.

So if you are looking to make some room at your home, radio station, or record store that might be going out of business please get in touch.

email: athensmusicmuseum@yahoo.com and send us a list or idea of what you have. We pay for the good stuff. Looking: punk, new wave, c86, hardcore, blues, classic r&b, classic rock, jazz, krautrock, & avant-garde.

HHBTM Records of Athens, GA
www.hhbtm.com

HHBTM Records 2012

Sweater Girls - Were Here LP
Sourpatch - Stagger & Fade LP
Eureka California - Big Cats Can Swim LP
Tunabunny - Genius Fatigue CD & LP
Orca Team - Restraint CD & LP

out now but not pictured
Oh Ok - the Complete Reissue LP
Tunabunny / Shrag - split 7"

coming soon
Joanna Gruesome 7", Bam! Bam! 7"
Joe Jack Talcum LP, Muuy Bilen CD & LP
MC12 compilation cassette

whoever took the stage as a member of the band. Keith Morris and Greg Hetson, the only two permanent members of the band throughout its tumultuous existence, are featured in multiple interviews, along with founding drummer “Lucky” Lehrer, and later members Earl Liberty and Zander Schloss, who each handled bass duties at points in the Jerks’ history. Interviews from outside sources Henry Rollins, J. Mascis, and Greg Graffin add color and perspective to the impact the Circle Jerks and their music had on the exploding hardcore punk scene.

Though sometimes grainy, I enjoyed the archival live footage of the band, most shot by Markey himself, and how the live footage is interspersed with interviews to tell the story of the band. The interviews themselves were great, detailing the behind the scenes history of the band, and the revolving-door nature of their lineup over the years. There’s a bit of a jumping back and forth in the early part of the film that makes it difficult to follow the story of how the band came together and their early existence. I had to watch this part a second time to properly understand the chronology of events.

From there, though, the rest of the documentary proceeds relatively smoothly, tracing the band’s history all the way up to their aborted attempt at recording a new album in 2009, which led to Morris’ formation of the band Off! with Burning Brides frontman Dimitri Coats, producing those recording sessions.

It is clear in watching this documentary that director Markey is a great fan of the band. His attention to detail and drive to document everything shines through in every interview and in the live footage. Reaching out and interviewing virtually everyone involved in the band over the years took a lot of time and commitment, and it shows through in the quality of the finished product.

That said, Markey never lets his love for the band color the story. From members’ battles with drug use to tensions between members over participation in other bands over the years, and the unresolved situation that was their attempt at a 2009 return album, Markey gets everything on tape as members bare their frustrations, angers, and fears, felt over nearly thirty years of making music together. What emerges is one of the most honest accounts of a legendary band ever set on film. It’s a story that longtime and newer fans alike should check out. Highly recommended viewing. —Paul J. Comeau (MVD Visual)

John Hillerman: *Dat Woret*: DVD

German party punks John Hillerman (named after the guy who played Higgins on the ‘80s TV classic *Magnum P.I.*) deliver a well-packaged DVD/CD combo with

an extensive booklet. Digging in, I found this to be rather hard to digest, as my fluency in German is nil. From what I could gather, the band seems to have been active in the late ‘90s. The DVD contains the CD tracks, an interview, and a live show from Berlin that is literally half-filled with the band just standing around, drinking beer, and chatting in a room smaller than the bathroom at Razorcake HQ. The interview is all in German so I really couldn’t follow along at all, which was a bummer. From what I can tell though, the band didn’t take itself too seriously and seemed to have had a fun time, which is really all you can ask for from a band like this. As it stands, this DVD is really hard to recommend to anyone other than a punk with a serious Teutonic fascination. —Garrett Barnwell (John Hillerman, jan@trust-zine.de)

Punk Machine, The: DVD

This DVD seems compelling enough based on the cover spiel: “An inspiring story of an aspiring punk band—if only they could actually play!” Being a sucker for a good inspirational story, I plopped the DVD in my player and settled in, ready to be inspired. What I got instead was a load of live videos by many of today’s top purveyors of English punk (Subhumans, Citizen Fish) as well as some decent live footage of Yanks: Leftover Crack and Star Fucking Hipsters. These clips are interspersed with ongoing snippets (would skits be more what is going on here?) of Citizen Fish’s Jasper, Matt and Silas playing the aspiring punk band.

Honestly, these portions of the DVD seem like they were done on the first take and come off pretty goofy. Citizen Matt is pretty much cracking up in each scene, as if not even he can believe he is participating in such tomfoolery (I’ve only dreamt of using that word in print.) But, all in all, credit must be given for even attempting something other than just straight live video clips on a DVD. On that level, it succeeds and is a fun watch initially. Any replay quotient would come from the music clips themselves that are thankfully broken out in the DVD menu so you can just watch those. This DVD would probably appeal to fans of Citizen Fish/Subhumans as well as anyone who is interested in U.K.-based punk. After getting over my obvious disappointment in *not* getting an inspirational story I rather enjoyed it. —Garrett Barnwell (crashassailantrecords.com)



Read 213 more independent video reviews at
razorcake.org/punk-video-reviews








Three new free short stories every month

gorskypress.bandcamp.com

